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THE

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THE

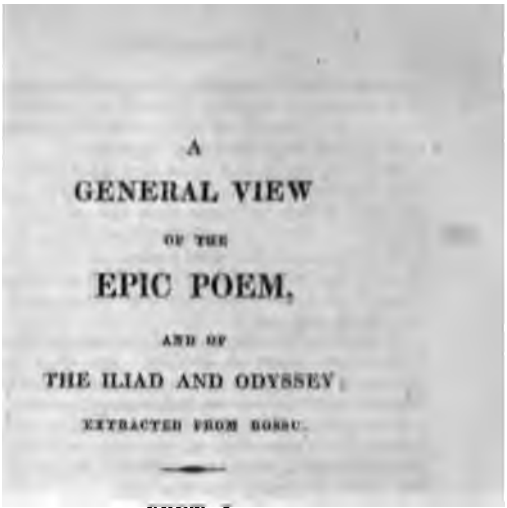
ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER;

TRANSLATED

BY ALEXANDER POPE.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EPIC POEM, AND OF THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY;

EXTRACTED FROM BOSSU.

SECT. I.

THE NATURE OF EPIC POETRY.

e fables of poets were originally employed in senting the Divine Nature, according to the n then conceived of it. This sublime subject ioned the first poets to be called divines, and y the language of the gods. They divided livine attributes into so many persons; because nfirmity of a human mind cannot sufficiently ive, or explain, so much power and action in plicity so great and indivisible as that of God perhaps they were also jealous of the advan- they reaped from such excellent and exalted ing, and of which they thought the vulgar part ankind was not worthy.

ey could not describe the operations of this

almighty cause, without speaking at the same time of its effects: so that to divinity they added physiology, and treated of both, without quitting the umbrages of their allegorial expressions.

But man being the chief and most noble of all that God produced, and nothing being so proper, or more useful, to poets than this subject, they added it to the former, and treated of the doctrine of morality after the same manner as they did that of divinity and physiology: and from morality thus treated, is formed that kind of poem and fable which we call epic.

The poets did the same in morality, that the divines had done in divinity. But that infinite variety of the actions and operations of the Divine Nature (to which our understanding bears so small a proportion) did as it were force them upon dividing the single idea of the only one God into several persons, under the different names of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and the rest.

And, on the other hand, the nature of moral philosophy being such, as never to treat of things in particular, but in general, the epic poets were obliged to unite in one single idea, in one and the same person, and in an action which appeared singular, all that looked like it in different persons, and in various actions; which might be thus contained as so many species under their genus.

The presence of the Deity, and the care such an august cause is to be supposed to take about any action, obliges the poet to represent this action as great, important, and managed by kings and princes.* It obliges him likewise to think and speak in an elevated way, above the vulgar, and in a style that may in some sort keep up the character

* 'Res gestæ regumque ducumque.' HOR. Art. Poet.

s less likely to persuade.

tly, since precepts ought to be concise, to
: more easily conceived, and less oppress the
ory, and since nothing can be more effectual
s end than proposing one single idea, and col
g all things so well together, as to be present
' minds all at once; therefore the poets have
ed all to one single action, under one and
me design, and in a body whose members and
should be homogeneous.

at we have observed of the nature of the epic
gives us a just idea of it, and we may define
:

he epic poem is a discourse invented by art,
n the manners, by such instructions as are
ed under the allegories of some one impor-
ction, which is related in verse, after a pro-
diverting, and surprising manner."

——— ——— 'Cui mens divinior atque os
gna sonaturum, des Nominis hujus honorem.'
HORAT.

iequid præcipies esto brevis, ut cito dicta
'erpiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.'
HOR. Poet.

SECT. II.

THE FABLE OF THE ILIAD.

In every design which a man deliberately undertakes, the end he proposes is the first thing in his mind, and that by which he governs the whole work, and all its parts: thus, since the end of the epic poem is to regulate the manners, it is with this first view the poet ought to begin.

But there is a great difference between the philosophical and the poetical doctrine of manners. The schoolmen content themselves with treating of virtues and vices in general: the instructions they give are proper for all states of people, and for all ages. But the poet has a nearer regard to his own country, and the necessities of his own nation. With this design he makes choice of some piece of morality, the most proper and just he can imagine: and in order to press this home, he makes less use of the force of reasoning, than of the power of insinuation; accommodating himself to the particular customs and inclinations of those who are to be the subject, or the readers, of his work.

Let us now see how Homer has acquitted himself in these respects.

He saw the Grecians, for whom he designed his poem, were divided into as many states as they had capital cities. Each was a body politic apart, and had its form of government independent from all the rest. And yet these distinct states were very often obliged to unite together in one body against their common enemies. These were two very different sorts of government, such as could not be comprehended in one maxim of morality, and in one single poem.

The poet therefore has made two distinct fables

of them. The one is for Greece in general, united into one body, but composed of parts independent on each other; and the other for each particular state, considered as they were in time of peace, without the former circumstances and the necessity of being united.

As for the first sort of government, in the union, or rather in the confederacy, of many independent states, experience has always made it appear, "That nothing so much causes success as a due subordination, and a right understanding among the chief commanders. And on the other hand, the inevitable ruin of such confederacies proceeds from the heats, jealousies, and ambition of the different leaders, and the discontents of submitting to a single general." All sorts of states, and in particular the Grecians, had dearly experienced this truth. So that the most useful and necessary instruction that could be given them, was, to lay before their eyes the loss which both the people and the princes must of necessity suffer, by the ambition, discord, and obstinacy of the latter.

Homer then has taken for the foundation of his fable this great truth; that a misunderstanding between princes is the ruin of their own states. "I sing (says he) the anger of Achilles, so pernicious to the Grecians, and the cause of so many heroes' deaths, occasioned by the discord and separation of Agamemnon and that prince."

But that this truth may be completely and fully known, there is need of a second to support it. It is necessary in such a design, not only to represent the confederate states at first disagreeing among themselves, and from thence unfortunate, but to show the same states afterwards reconciled and united, and of consequence victorious.

Let us now see how he has joined all these in one general action.

"Several princes independent on one another were united against a common enemy. The person whom they had elected their general, offers an affront to the most valiant of all the confederates. This offended prince is so far provoked as to relinquish the union, and obstinately refuse to fight for the common cause. This misunderstanding gives the enemy such an advantage, that the allies are very near quitting their design with dishonour. He himself who made the separation is not exempt from sharing the misfortune which he brought upon his party: for having permitted his intimate friend to succour them in a great necessity, this friend is killed by the enemy's general. Thus the contending princes, being both made wiser at their own cost, are reconciled, and unite again: then this valiant prince not only obtains the victory in the public cause, but revenges his private wrongs by killing with his own hands the author of the death of his friend."

This is the first platform of the poem, and the fiction which reduces into one important and universal action all the particulars upon which it turns.

In the next place, it must be rendered probable by the circumstances of times, places, and persons: some persons must be found out, already known by history or otherwise, whom we may with probability make the actors and personages of this fable. Homer has made choice of the siege of Troy, and feigned that this action happened there. To a phantom of his brain, whom he would paint valiant and choleric, he has given the name of Achilles; that of Agamemnon to his general; that of Hector to the enemy's commander; and so to the rest.

Besides, he was obliged to accommodate himself to the manners, customs, and genius of the Greeks his auditors, the better to make them attend to the

t not being content, in a work of such a length,
pose only the principal point of the moral,
o fill up the rest with useless ornaments and
n incidents, he extends this moral by all its
sary consequences. As, for instance, in the
et before us, it is not enough to know, that a
understanding ought always to be maintained
g confederates, it is likewise of equal impor-
, that if there happens any division, care must
ken to keep it secret from the enemy, that
ignorance of this advantage may prevent their
ng use of it. And in the second place, when
concord is but counterfeit and only in appear-
one should never press the enemy too closely,
is would discover the weakness which we
to conceal from them.

e episode of Patroclus most admirably fur-
s us with these two instructions; for when he
ired in the arms of Achilles, the Trojans, who
him for that prince now reconciled and united
confederates, immediately gave ground, and
d the advantages they had before over the

SECT. III.

THE FABLE OF THE ODYSSEY.

The Odyssey was not designed, like the Iliad, for instruction of all the states of Greece joined in one body, but for each state in particular. As a state is composed of two parts, the head which commands and the members which obey, there are instructions requisite to both, to teach the one to govern, and the others to submit to government.

There are two virtues necessary to one in authority, prudence to order, and care to see his orders put in execution. The prudence of a politician is not acquired but by a long experience in all sorts of business, and by an acquaintance with all the different forms of governments and states. The care of the administration suffers not him that has the government to rely upon others, but requires his own presence; and kings who are absent from their states are in danger of losing them, and give occasion to great disorders and confusion.

These two points may be easily united in one and the same man. "A king forsakes his kingdom to visit the courts of several princes, where he learns the manners and customs of different nations. From hence there naturally arises a vast number of incidents, of dangers, and of adventures, very useful for a political institution. On the other side, this absence gives way to the disorders which happen in his own kingdom, and which end not till his return, whose presence only can re-establish all things." Thus the absence of a king has the same effects in this fable, as the division of the princes had in the former.

The subjects have scarce any need but of one general maxim, which is, To suffer themselves t

be governed, and to obey faithfully, whatever reason they may imagine against the orders they receive. It is easy to join this instruction with the other, by bestowing on this wise and industrious prince such subjects, as in his absence would rather follow their own judgment than his commands; and by demonstrating the misfortunes which this disobedience draws upon them, the evil consequences which almost infallibly attend these particular notions, which are entirely different from the general idea of him who ought to govern.

But as it was necessary that the princes in the Iliad should be choleric and quarrelsome, so it is necessary in the fable of the Odyssey that the chief person should be sage and prudent. This raises a difficulty in the fiction; because this person ought to be absent for the two reasons aforementioned, which are essential to the fable, and which constitute the principal aim of it: but he cannot absent himself, without offending against another maxim of equal importance, viz. That a king should upon no account leave his country.

It is true, there are sometimes such necessities as sufficiently excuse the prudence of a politician in this point. But such a necessity is a thing important enough of itself to supply matter for another poem, and the multiplication of the action would be vicious. To prevent which, in the first place, this necessity and the departure of the hero must be disjoined from the poem; and in the second place, the hero having been obliged to absent himself, for a reason antecedent to the action, and placed distinct from the fable, he ought not so far to embrace this opportunity of instructing himself, as to absent himself voluntarily from his own government. For at this rate, his absence would be merely voluntary, and one might with reason lay to his charge all the disorders which might arise

Thus in the constitution of the fable he ought not to take for his action, and for the foundation of his poem, the departure of a prince from his own country, nor his voluntary stay in any other place; but his return, and this return retarded against his will. This is the first idea Homer gives us of it. His hero* appears at first in a desolate island, sitting upon the side of the sea, which with tears in his eyes he looks upon as the obstacle that had so long opposed his return, and detained him from revisiting his own dear country.

And lastly, since this forced delay might more naturally and usually happen to such as make voyages by sea, Homer has judiciously made choice of a prince whose kingdom was in an island.

Let us see then how he has feigned all this action, making his hero a person in years, because years are requisite to instruct a man in prudence and policy.

"A prince had been obliged to forsake his native country, and to head an army of his subjects in a foreign expedition. Having gloriously performed this enterprise, he was marching home again, and conducting his subjects to his own state; but, spite of all the attempts with which the eagerness to return had inspired him, he was stopped by the way by tempests for several years, and cast upon several countries differing from each other in manners and government. In these dangers, his companions, not always following his orders, perished through their own fault. The grandees of his country strangely abuse his absence, and raise no small disorders at home. They consume his estate, conspire to destroy his son, would constrain his queen to accept of one of them for her husband, and indulge themselves in all violence, so much the

* Odyssey v.

more, because they were persuaded he would never return. But at last he returns, and discovering himself only to his son and some others, who had continued firm to him, he is an eye-witness of the insolence of his enemies, punishes them according to their deserts, and restores to his island that tranquillity and repose to which they had been strangers during his absence."

As the truth, which serves for foundation to this fiction, is, that the absence of a person from his own home, or his neglect of his own affairs, is the cause of great disorders; so the principal point of the action, and the most essential one, is the absence of the hero. This fills almost all the poem; for not only this real absence lasted several years, but even when the hero returned he does not discover himself: and this prudent disguise, from whence he reaped so much advantage, has the same effect upon the authors of the disorders, and all others who knew him not, as his real absence had before, so that he is absent as to them till the very moment of their punishment.

After the poet had thus composed his fable, and joined the fiction to the truth, he then made choice of Ulysses, the king of the isle of Ithaca, to maintain the character of his chief personage, and bestowed the rest upon Telemachus, Penelope, Antinous, and others, whom he calls by what names he pleases.

I shall not here insist upon the many excellent advices, which are so many parts and natural consequences of the fundamental truth; and which the poet very dexterously lays down in those fictions which are the episodes and members of the entire action. Such for instance are these advices;—Not to intrude oneself into the mysteries of government, which the prince keeps secret: this is represented to us by the winds shut up in a

bull's hide, which the miserable companions of Ulysses would needs be so foolish as to pry into. Not to suffer oneself to be led away by the seeming charms of an idle and inactive life, to which the Sirens' song* invited. Not to suffer oneself to be sensualized by pleasures, like those who were changed into brutes by Circe: and a great many other points of morality necessary for all sorts of people.

This poem is more useful to the people than the Iliad, where the subjects suffer rather by the ill conduct of their princes than through their own miscarriages. But in the Odyssey it is not the fault of Ulysses that is the ruin of his subjects. This wise prince leaves untried no method to make them partakers of the benefit of his return. Thus the poet in the Iliad says, "He sings the anger of Achilles, which had caused the death of so many Grecians;" and, on the contrary, in the Odyssey,† he tells his readers, "That the subjects perished through their own fault."

SECT. IV.

OF THE UNITY OF THE FABLE.

ARISTOTLE bestows great encomiums upon Homer for the simplicity of his design, because he has included in one single part all that happened at the siege of Troy. And to this he opposes the ignorance of some poets, who imagined that the unity of the fable or action was sufficiently preserved by

* 'Improba Siren desidia.' HORAT.

† Αυτων γαρ σφετερησιν ατασθαλιησιν ὀλοντο. OD. i.

the unity of the hero; and who composed their Theseids, Heracleids, and the like, wherein they only heaped up in one poem every thing that happend to one personage.

He finds fault with those poets who were for reducing the unity of the fable into the unity of the hero, because one man may have performed several adventures which it is impossible to reduce under any one general and simple head. This reducing of all things to unity and simplicity is what Horace likewise makes his first rule:

'Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat, et unum.'

According to these rules, it will be allowable to make use of several fables, or, to speak more correctly, of several incidents, which may be divided into several fables; provided they are so ordered that the unity of the fable be not spoiled. This liberty is still greater in the epic poem, because it is of a larger extent, and ought to be entire and complete.

I will explain myself more distinctly by the practice of Homer.

No doubt but one might make four distinct fables out of these four following instructions:

1. "Division between those of the same party exposes them entirely to their enemies."
2. "Conceal your weakness, and you will be dreaded as much as if you had none of those imperfections of which they are ignorant."
3. "When your strength is only feigned, and founded only in the opinion of others, never venture so far as if your strength was real."
4. "The more you agree together, the less hurt can your enemies do you."

It is plain, I say, that each of these particu maxims might serve for the groundwork of a t tion, and one might make four distinct fables o of them. May not one then put all these into o single epopee? Not unless one single fable can made out of all. The poet indeed may have much skill as to unite all into one body as membe and parts, each of which taken asunder would imperfect; and if he joins them so, this conjur tion shall be no hindrance at all to the unity a the regular simplicity of the fable. This is wh Homer h. done with such success in the compo tion of the Iliad.

1. "The division between Achilles and his alli tended to the ruin of their designs." 2. "Patr clus comes to their relief in the armour of this her and Hector retreats." 3. "But this young ma pushing the advantage which his disguise gave hi too far, ventures to engage with Hector himse but not being master of Achilles' strength (who he only represented in outward appearance) he killed and by this means leaves the Grecian affai in the same disorder, from which in that disgui he came to free them." 4. "Achilles, provoked the death of his friend, is reconciled, and reveng his loss by the death of Hector." These variou incidents being thus united, do not make differe actions and fables, but are only the incomplete an unfinished parts of one and the same action an fable, which alone, when taken thus complexl can be said to be complete and entire: and all the maxims of the moral are easily reduced into the two parts, which in my opinion cannot be sep rated without enervating the force of both. Th two parts are these,* 'That a right understanding

* 'Concordia res parvæ crescunt: discordia magnæ dilabu tur.' SALLUST. de Bello Jug.

together necessary and regular, namely, its ion and finishing stroke.

SECT. V.

OF THE ACTION OF THE EPIC POEM

action of a poem is the subject which the ndertakes, proposes, and builds upon. So moral and the instructions which are the the epic poem are not the matter of it. the poets leave in their allegorical and figu- obscurity. They only give notice at the m, that they sung some action, the revenge lles, the return of Ulysses, &c.

then the action is the matter of a fable, it nt that whatever incidents are essential to e, or constitute a part of it, are necessary he action, and are parts of the epic matter, which ought to be omitted. Such for in- are the contention of Agamemnon and

the first is its unity, the second its integrity, the third its importance, the fourth its duration.

The unity of the epic action, as well as the unity of the fable, does not consist either in the unity of the hero, or in the unity of time: three things I suppose are necessary to it. The first is, to make use of no episode but what arises from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is as it were a natural member of the body. The second is, exactly to unite these episodes and these members with one another. And the third is, never to finish any episode so as it may seem to be an entire action; but to let each episode still appear, in its own particular nature, as the member of a body, and as a part of itself not complete.

OF THE BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END OF THE ACTION.

Aristotle not only says that the epic action should be one, but adds, that it should be entire, perfect, and complete; and for this purpose ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. These three parts of a whole are too generally and universally denoted by the words, beginning, middle, and end; we may interpret them more precisely, and say, that the causes and designs of an action are the beginning; that the effects of these causes, and the difficulties that are met with in the execution of these designs, are the middle; and that the unravelling and resolution of these difficulties are the end.

THE ACTION OF THE ILIAD.

Homer's design in the Iliad is to relate the anger and revenge of Achilles. The beginning of this action is the change of Achilles from a calm to a

His ardour straight the' obedient prince suppress'd,
And, artful, thus the suitor-train address'd:
"Oh, lay the cause on youth yet immature!
(For heaven forbid, such weakness should endure)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe? [bless'd,
But you! whom heaven with better nerves has
Accept the trial, and the prize contest."
He cast the bow before him; and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Eupithes' son,
The bold Antinous, to the rest begun:
"From where the goblet first begins to flow,
From right to left, in order take the bow;
And prove your several strengths."—The princes heard,
And first Leiodes, blameless priest appear'd:
The eldest born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place.
He, only he, of all the suitor-throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains;
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!
Already in despair he gives it o'er:—
"Take it who will, (he cries) I strive no more.
What numerous deaths attend this fatal bow?
What souls and spirits shall it send below?
Better indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live;
With each new sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we sought?
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought;
And send us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give."
Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd:)

complaints of Minerva against Neptune, who opposed the return of this hero, and against Calypso, who detained him in an island from Ithaca. Is this a beginning? No; doubtless, the reader would know why Neptune is displeased with Ulysses, and how this prince came to be with Calypso? He would know how he came from Troy thither? The poet answers his demands out of the mouth of Ulysses himself, who relates these things, and begins the action by the recital of his travels from the city of Troy. It signifies little whether the beginning of the action be the beginning of the poem. The beginning of this action is that which happens to Ulysses, when upon his leaving Troy he bends his course for Ithaca. The middle comprehends all the misfortunes he endured, and all the disorders of his own government. The end is the reinstating of the hero in the peaceable possession of his kingdom, where he was acknowledged by his son, his wife, his father, and several others. The poet was sensible he should have ended ill, had he gone no further than the death of these princes, who were the rivals and enemies of Ulysses, because the reader might have looked for some revenge which the subjects of these princes might have taken on him who had killed their sovereigns; but this danger over, and the people vanquished and quieted, their was nothing more to be expected. The poem and the action have all their parts, and no more.

But the order of the Odyssey differs from that of the Iliad, in that the poem does not begin with the beginning of the action.

OF THE CAUSES AND BEGINNING OF THE ACTION.

The causes of the action are also what the poet is obliged to give an account of. There are three

sorts of causes, the humours, the interests, and the designs of men: and these different causes of an action are likewise often the causes of one another, every man taking up those interests in which his humour engages him, and forming those designs to which his humour and interest incline him. Of all these the poet ought to inform his readers, and render them conspicuous in his principal personages.

Homer has ingeniously begun his Odyssey with the transactions at Ithaca, during the absence of Ulysses. If he had begun with the travels of his hero, he would scarce have spoken of any one else; and a man might have read a great deal of the poem, without conceiving the least idea of Telemachus, Penelope, or her suitors, who had so great a share in the action; but in the beginning he has pitched upon, besides these personages whom he discovers, he represents Ulysses in his full length; and from the very first opening one sees the interest which the gods take in the action.

The skill and care of the same poet may be seen likewise in inducing his personages in the first book of his Iliad, where he discovers the humours, the interests, and the designs of Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Ulysses, and several others, and even of the deities. And in his second, he makes a review of the Grecian and Trojan armies; which is full evidence, that all we have here said is very necessary.

OF THE MIDDLE OR INTRIGUE OF THE ACTION.

As these causes are the beginning of the action, the opposite designs against that of the hero are the middle of it, and form that difficulty, or intrigue, which makes up the greatest part of the poem; the solution or unravelling commences when

the reader begins to see that difficulty removed, and the doubts cleared up. Homer has divided each of his poems into two parts, and has put a particular intrigue, and the solution of it, into each part.

The first part of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, who is for revenging himself upon Agamemnon by the means of Hector and the Trojans. The intrigue comprehends the three days fight which happened in the absence of Achilles: and it consists on one side in the resistance of Agamemnon and the Grecians, and on the other in the revengeful and inexorable humour of Achilles, which would not suffer him to be reconciled. The loss of the Grecians, and the despair of Agamemnon, prepare for a solution by the satisfaction which the incensed hero received from it. The death of Patroclus, joined to the offers of Agamemnon, which of themselves had proved ineffectual, remove this difficulty, and make the unravelling of the first part.

This death is likewise the beginning of the second part; since it puts Achilles upon the design of revenging himself on Hector. But the design of Hector is opposite to that of Achilles: this Trojan is valiant, and resolved to stand on his own defence. This valour and resolution of Hector are on his part the cause of the intrigue. All the endeavours Achilles used to meet with Hector, and be the death of him; and the contrary endeavours of the Trojan to keep out of his reach, and defend himself, are the intrigue; which comprehends the battle of the last day. The unravelling begins at the death of Hector; and besides that, it contains the insulting of Achilles over his body, the honours he paid to Patroclus, and the entreaties of king Priam. The regrets of this king, and the other Trojans, in the sorrowful obsequies they paid to Hector's bo-

dy, end the unravelling; they justify the satisfaction of Achilles, and demonstrate his tranquillity.

The first part of the Odyssey is the return of Ulysses into Ithaca. Neptune opposed it by raising tempests, and this makes the intrigue. The unravelling is the arrival of Ulysses upon his own island, where Neptune could offer him no further injury. The second part is the reinstating this hero in his own government. The princes that are his rivals, oppose him, and this is a fresh intrigue: the solution of it begins at their deaths: and is completed as soon as the Ithacans were appeased.

These two parts in the Odyssey have not one common intrigue. The anger of Achilles forms both the intrigues in the Iliad; and it is so far the matter of this epopee, that the very beginning and end of this poem depend on the beginning and end of this anger. But let the desire Achilles had to revenge himself, and the desire Ulysses had to return to his own country, be never so near allied, yet we cannot place them under one and the same notion: for that desire of Ulysses is not a passion that begins and ends in the poem with the action; it is a natural habit: nor does the poet propose it for his subject, as he does the anger of Achilles.

We have already observed what is meant by the intrigue, and the unravelling thereof; let us now say something of the manner of forming both. These two should arise naturally out of the very essence and subject of the poem, and are to be deduced from thence. Their conduct is so exact and natural, that it seems as if their action had presented them with whatever they inserted, without putting themselves to the trouble of a further inquiry.

What is more usual and natural to warriors, than anger, heat, passion, and impatience of bearing the least affront or disrespect? This is what forms the

intrigue of the Iliad; and every thing we read there is nothing else but the effect of this humour and these passions.

What more natural and usual obstacle to those who take voyages, than the sea, the winds, and the storms? Homer makes this the intrigue of the first part of the Odyssey: and for the second, he makes use of almost the infallible effect of the long absence of a master, whose return is quite despaired of, viz. the insolence of his servants and neighbours, the danger of his son and wife, and the sequestration of his estate. Besides, an absence of almost twenty years, and the insupportable fatigues joined to the age of which Ulysses then was, might induce him to believe that he should not be owned by those who thought him dead, and whose interest it was to have him really so. Therefore, if he had presently declared who he was, and had called himself Ulysses, they would easily have destroyed him as an impostor, before he had an opportunity to make himself known.

There could be nothing more natural nor more necessary than this ingenious disguise, to which the advantages his enemies had taken of his absence had reduced him, and to which his long misfortunes had inured him. This allowed him an opportunity, without hazarding any thing, of taking the best measures he could, against those persons who could not so much as mistrust any harm from him. This way was afforded him by the very nature of his action, to execute his designs, and overcome the obstacles it cast before him. And it is this contest between the prudence and the dissimulation of a single man on one hand, and the ungoverned insolence of so many rivals on the other, which constitutes the intrigue of the second part of the Odyssey.

OF THE END OR UNRAVELLING OF THE ACTION.

If the plot or intrigue must be natural, and such as springs from the subject, as has been already urged, then the winding up of the plot, by a more sure claim, must have this qualification, and be a probable consequence of all that went before. As this is what the readers regard more than the rest, so should the poet be more exact in it. This is the end of the poem, and the last impression that is to be stamped upon them.

We shall find this in the Odyssey. Ulysses by a tempest is cast upon the island of the Phæacians, to whom he discovers himself, and desires they would favour his return to his own country, which was not very far distant. One cannot see any reason why the king of this island should refuse such a reasonable request to a hero whom he seemed to have in great esteem. The Phæacians indeed had heard him tell the story of his adventures; and in this fabulous recital consisted all the advantage that he could derive from his presence; for the art of war which they admired in him, his undauntedness under dangers, his indefatigable patience, and other virtues, were such as these islanders were not used to. All their talent lay in singing and dancing, and whatsoever was charming in a quiet life. And here we see how dexterously Homer prepares the incidents he makes use of. These people could do no less, for the account with which Ulysses had so much entertained them, than afford him a ship and a safe convoy, which was of little expense or trouble to them.

When he arrived, his long absence, and the travels which had disfigured him, made him altogether unknown; and the danger he would have incurred, had he discovered himself too soon, forced him to a disguise: lastly, this disguise gave

him an opportunity of surprising those young suitors, who for several years together had been accustomed to nothing but to sleep well, and fare daintily.

It was from these examples that Aristotle drew this rule, that "Whatever concludes the poem should so spring from the very constitution of the fable, as if it were a necessary, or at least a probable, consequence."

SECT. VI.

THE TIME OF THE ACTION.

THE time of the epic action is not fixed, like that of the dramatic poem: it is much longer; for an uninterrupted duration is much more necessary in an action which one sees and is present at, than in one which we only read or hear repeated. Besides, tragedy is fuller of passion, and consequently of such a violence as cannot admit of so long a duration.

The Iliad containing an action of anger and violence, the poet allows it but a short time, about forty days. The design of the Odyssey required another conduct; the character of the hero is prudence and long-suffering; therefore the time of its duration is much longer, above eight years

THE PASSIONS OF THE EPIC POEM.

The passions of tragedy are different from those of the epic poem. In the former, terror and pity have the chief place; the passion that seems most peculiar to epic poetry, is admiration.

Besides this admiration, which in general distinguishes the epic poem from the dramatic, each epic poem has likewise some peculiar passion, which distinguishes it in particular from other epic poems, and constitutes a kind of singular and individual difference between these poems of the same species. These singular passions correspond to the character of the hero. Anger and terror reign throughout the Iliad, because Achilles is angry, and the most terrible of all men. The Æneid has all the soft and tender passions, because that is the character of Æneas. The prudence, wisdom, and constancy of Ulysses do not allow him either of these extremes, therefore the poet does not permit one of them to be predominant in the Odyssey. He confines himself to admiration only, which he carries to an higher pitch than in the Iliad: and it is upon this account that he introduces a great many more machines in the Odyssey, into the body of the action, than are to be seen in the actions of the other two poems.

THE MANNERS.

The manners of the epic poem ought to be poetically good, but it is not necessary they be always morally so. They are poetically good, when one may discover the virtue or vice, the good or ill inclinations, of every one who speaks or acts: they are poetically bad, when persons are made to speak or act out of character, or inconsistently, or unequally. The manners of Æneas and of Mezentius are equally good, considered poetically, because they equally demonstrate the piety of the one, and the impiety of the other.

CHARACTER OF THE HERO.

It is requisite to make the same distinction between a hero in morality, and a hero in poetry, as between moral and poetical goodness. Achilles had as much right to the latter as Æneas. Aristotle says, that the hero of a poem should be neither good nor bad: neither advanced above the rest of mankind by his virtues, nor sunk beneath by his vices; that he may be the proper and fuller example to others, both what to imitate and what to decline.

The other qualifications of the manners are, that they be suitable to the causes which either raise or discover them in the persons; that they have an exact resemblance to what history, or fable, have delivered of those persons to whom they are ascribed; and that there be an equality in them, so that no man is made to act, or speak, out of his character.

UNITY OF THE CHARACTER.

But this equality is not sufficient for the unity of the character; it is further necessary, that the same spirit appear in all sorts of encounters. Thus Æneas acting with great piety and mildness in the first part of the Æneid, which requires no other character; and afterwards appearing illustrious in heroic valour, in the wars of the second part; but there, without any appearance either of a hard or a soft disposition; would, doubtless, be far from offending against the equality of the manners: but yet there would be no simplicity or unity in the character. So that, besides the qualities that claim their particular place upon different occasions, there must be one appearing throughout, which

commands over all the rest; and without this, we may affirm, it is no character.

One may indeed make a hero as valiant as Achilles, as pious as Æneas, and as prudent as Ulysses. But it is a mere chimæra to imagine a hero that has the valour of Achilles, the piety of Æneas, and the prudence of Ulysses, at one and the same time. This vision might happen to an author, who would suit the character of a hero to whatever each part of the action might naturally require, without regarding the essence of the fable, or the unity of the character in the same person upon all sorts of occasions: this hero would be the mildest, best-natured, prince in the world, and also the most choleric, hard-hearted, and implacable creature imaginable; he would be extremely tender like Æneas, extremely violent like Achilles, and yet have the indifference of Ulysses, that is incapable of the two extremes. Would it not be in vain for the poet to call this person by the same name throughout?

Let us reflect on the effects it would produce in several poems, whose authors were of opinion, that the chief character of a hero is that of an accomplished man. They would be all alike; all valiant in battle, prudent in council, pious in the acts of religion, courteous, civil, magnificent, and, lastly, endued with all the prodigious virtues any poet could invent. All this would be independent of the action and the subject of the poem; and, upon seeing each hero separated from the rest of the work, we should not easily guess, to what action, and to what poem, the hero belonged. So that we should see, that none of those would have a character, since the character is that which makes a person discernible, and which distinguishes him from all others.

This commanding quality in Achilles is his anger,

in Ulysses the art of dissimulation, in Æneas meekness. Each of these may be styled, by way or eminence, the character in these heroes.

But these characters cannot be alone. It is absolutely necessary that some other should give them a lustre, and embellish them as far as they are capable; either by hiding the defects that are in each, by some noble and shining qualities, as the poet has done the anger of Achilles by shading it with extraordinary valour; or by making them of the nature of a true and solid virtue, as is to be observed in the two others. The dissimulation of Ulysses is a part of his prudence; and the meekness of Æneas is wholly employed in submitting his will to the gods. For the making up this union, our poets have joined together such qualities as are by nature the most compatible; valour with anger, meekness with piety; and prudence with dissimulation. This last union was necessary for the goodness of Ulysses; for without that, his dissimulation might have degenerated into wickedness and double-dealing.

SECT. VII.

OF THE MACHINERY.

We come now to the machines of the epic poem. The chief passion which it aims to excite being admiration, nothing is so conducive to that as the marvellous; and the importance and dignity of the action is by nothing so greatly elevated as by the care and interposition of heaven.

The machines are of three sorts. Some are theological, and were invented to explain the na-

ture of the gods. Others are physical, and represent the things of nature. The last are moral, and are the images of virtues and vices.

Homer and the ancients have given to their deities the manners, passions, and vices of men. Their poems are wholly allegorical; and in this view it is easier to defend Homer, than to blame him. We cannot accuse him for making mention of many gods, for his bestowing passions upon them, or even introducing them fighting against men. The Scripture uses the like figures and expressions.

If it be allowable to speak thus of the gods in theology, much more in the fictions of natural philosophy, where if a poet describes the deities, he must give them such manners, speeches, and actions, as are conformable to the nature of the things they represent under those divinities. The case is the same in the morals of the deities: Minerva is wise because she represents prudence; Venus is both good or bad, because the passion of love is capable of these contrary qualities.

Since among the gods of a poem some are good, some bad, and some indifferently either; and since of our passions we make so many allegorical deities; we may attribute to the gods all that is done in the poem, whether good or evil. But these deities do not act constantly in one and the same manner.

Sometimes they act invisibly, and by mere inspiration; which has nothing in it extraordinary or miraculous: being no more than what we say every day, "That some god has assisted us, or some dæmon has instigated us."

At other times they appear visibly, and manifest themselves to men, in a manner altogether miraculous and preternatural.

The third way has something of both the others;

it is in truth a miracle, but is not commonly so accounted: this includes dreams, oracles, &c.

All these ways must be probable; for, however necessary the marvellous is to the epic action, as nothing is so conducive to admiration; yet we can, on the other hand, admire nothing that we think impossible. Though the probability of these machines be of a very large extent (since it is founded upon divine power,) it is not without limitations. There are numerous instances of allowable and probable machines in the epic poem, where the gods are no less actors than the men. But the less credible sort, such as metamorphoses, &c. are far more rare.

This suggests a reflection on the method of rendering those machines probable, which in their own nature are hardly so. Those which require only divine probability, should be so disengaged from the action, that one might subtract them from it, without destroying the action. But those which are essential and necessary, should be grounded upon human probability, and not on the sole power of God. Thus the episodes of Circe, the Syrens, Polyphemus, &c. are necessary to the action of the Odyssey, and yet not humanly probable: yet Homer has artificially reduced them to human probability, by the simplicity and ignorance of the Phæacians, before whom he causes those recitals to be made.

The next question is, Where, and on what occasions, machines may be used? It is certain Homer and Virgil make use of them every where, and scarce suffer any action to be performed without them. Petronius makes this a precept: "Per ambages, deorumque ministeria, &c." The gods are mentioned in the very proposition of their works, the invocation is addressed to them, and the whole narration is full of them. The gods are the causes

of the action, they form the intrigue, and bring about the solution. The precept of Aristotle and Horace, that the unravelling of the plot should not proceed from a miracle, or the appearance of a god, has place only in dramatic poetry, not in the epic. For it is plain, that both in the solution of the Iliad and Odyssey, the gods are concerned: in the former, the deities meet to appease the anger of Achilles: Iris and Mercury are sent to that purpose, and Minerva eminently assists Achilles in the decisive combat with Hector. In the Odyssey, the same goddess fights close by Ulysses against the suitors, and concludes that peace betwixt him and the Ithacensians which completes the poem.

We may therefore determine, that a machine is not an invention to extricate the poet out of any difficulty which embarrasses him: but that the presence of a divinity, and some action surprising and extraordinary, are inserted into almost all the parts of his work, in order to render it more majestic and more admirable. But this mixture ought to be so made, that the machines might be retrenched, without taking any thing from the action: at the same time that it gives the readers a lesson of piety and virtue; and teaches them, that the most brave and the most wise can do nothing, and attain nothing great and glorious, without the assistance of heaven. Thus the machinery crowns the whole work, and renders it at once marvellous, probable, and moral.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA'S DESCENT TO ITHACA.

THE poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the gods assembled in council, proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the shape of Mentes king of the Taphians: in which she advises him to take a journey, in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned; then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

Tell me, O muse! the man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, O muse! resound;
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
Of sacred Troy, and raz'd her heaven-built wall,
Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day;
The god vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unbless'd!) to touch that natal shore.
O snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial muse! and to our world relate.
Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd,
All who the war of ten long years surviv'd,
And scap'd the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplor'd his absent queen, and empire lost.
Calypso in her caves constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.

At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile powers restrain,
All but the ruthless monarch of the main.
But now the god, remote, a heavenly guest,
In Ethiopia grac'd the genial feast;
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending sun surveys;)
There on the world's extremest verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp preferr'd,
Distant he lay; while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus Jove conven'd the gods;
The' assembly thus the sire supreme address'd,
Egysthus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted ghost:
"Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his lust Egysthus gave the rein,
Did fate, or we, the adulterous act constrain?
Did fate, or we, when great Atrides died,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes, grown
To manly years, should reassert the throne.
Yet impotent of mind, and uncontroll'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which heaven foretold."
Here paus'd the god; and pensive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes:
"O thou! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of power on earth deriv'd to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast
For brave Ulysses, still by fate oppress'd.

Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,
The blameless hero from his wish'd-for home
A goddess guards in her enchanted dome.
(Atlas her sire, to whose far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
The' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who soothes to dear delight his anxious mind:
Successless all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his country's love;
To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
With that contentment could he close his eyes!
And will Omnipotence neglect to save
The suffering virtue of the wise and brave?
Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy pow'r,
Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?"

"Daughter! what words have pass'd thy lips unweigh'd?
(Replied the thunderer to the martial maid)
Deem not unjustly by my doom oppress'd
Of human race the wisest and the best.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, to' avenge his giant son,
Whose visual orb Ulysses robb'd of light;
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoösa bore (the bright increase
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the sounds and seas,)
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty bless'd,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compress'd.
For this, the god constrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeless exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but cease to mourn;
Let all combine to' achieve his wish'd return:

Neptune, aton'd, his wrath shall now refrain,
Or thwart the synod of the gods in vain."
"Father and king ador'd! Minerva cried,
Since all who in the' Olympian bower reside
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to the' Atlantic isle* repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypso's court,
The sanction of the' assembled powers report:
That wise Ulysses to his native land
Must speed, obedient to their high command.
Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine, to form his green unpractis'd years,
In sage debates; surrounded with his peers,
To save the state; and timely to restrain
The bold intrusion of the suitor-train;
Who crowd his palace, and with lawless pow'r
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste
Of sandy Pyle, the royal youth shall haste.
There, warm with filial love, the cause inquire
That from his realm retards his godlike sire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame
The promise of a great, immortal name."
She said: the sandals of celestial mould,
Fledg'd with ambrosial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet: with these sublime she sails
The' aërial space, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponderous and vast; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight she bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca descends:
Her lineaments divine, the grave disguise
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes:

* Ogygia.

(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land)
A glittering spear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heaven born-maid
Enormous riot and misrule survey'd.
On hides of beeves, before the palace-gate,
(Sad spoils of luxury) the suitors sat.
With rival art, and ardour in their mien,
At chess they vie, to captivate the queen;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,
A menial train the flowing bowl supply:
Others, apart, the spacious hall prepare,
And form the costly feast with busy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celestial sweet, with godlike grace
Amid the circle shines: but hope and fear
(Painful vicissitude!) his bosom tear.
Now imag'd in his mind, he sees restor'd,
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.
While his fond soul these fancied triumphs swell'd,
The stranger-guest, the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a visitant so long should wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Instant he flew with hospitable haste,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.
"Stranger! whoe'er thou art, securely rest,
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly guest:
Approach the dome, the social banquet share,
And then the purpose of thy soul declare."
Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome the' unknown celestial leads.
The spear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
Against a column, fair with sculpture grac'd;
Where seemly rang'd in peaceful order stood
Ulysses' arms, now long disus'd to blood.
He led the goddess to the sovereign seat,
Her feet supported with a stool of state;

(A purple carpet spread the pavement wide)
Then drew his seat, familiar, to her side;
Far from the suitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With insolence, and wine, elate and loud;
Where the free guest, unnoted, might relate,
If haply conscious, of his father's fate.
The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver, of capacious size:
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread:
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Delicious wines the' attending herald brought;
The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feast,
In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste:
Marshall'd in order due, to each a sewer
Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxurious then they feast. Observant round
Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets crown'
The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance.
To Phemius was consign'd the chorded lyre,
Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire
Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing
High strains, responsive to the vocal string.
Meanwhile, in whispers to his heavenly guest,
His indignation thus the prince express'd:
"Indulge my rising grief, whilst these, my frien
With song and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
When, for the dear delight, another pays.
His treasur'd stores these cormorants consume,
Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb
And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.

Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear, would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
But, ah, I dream!—the' appointed hour is fled,
And hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's social train?
All who deserv'd his choice he made his own,
And curious much to know, he far was known."

"My birth I boast (the blue-ey'd virgin cries)
From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves em-
A duteous people, and industrious isle, [brace
To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.
Freighted with iron from my native land,
I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand;
To gain by commerce, for the labour'd mass,
A just proportion of refulgent brass.
Far from your capital, my ship resides
At Reithrus, and secure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.
Thence to revisit your imperial dome,
An old hereditary guest I come:
Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unspotted, and its early date;
Who press'd with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural shed prefers,
Where, sole of all his train, a matron sage
Supports with homely food his drooping age;

With feeble steps from marshalling his vines
Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.
With friendly speed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulysses' safe return I came:
But still the frown of some celestial pow'r
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.
Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair;
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
Among a savage race, whose shelfy bounds
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep surrounds.
The thoughts which roll within my ravish'd breast,
To me, no seer, the' inspiring gods suggest;
Nor skill'd, nor studious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the sky.
Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain;
Though adamantine bonds the chief restrain,
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat,
And soon restore him to his regal seat.
But, generous youth! sincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For sure Ulysses in your look appears,
The same his features, if the same his years.
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece assembled stemm'd the tides to Troy;
But parting then for that detested shore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more."

"To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth assenting faith relies;
Thus manifest of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulysses' son: but happier he whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the storms which toss the great!
Happier the son whose hoary sire is bless'd
With humble affluence, and domestic rest!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!"

To whom, with aspect mild, the guest divine:
"O true descendant of a sceptred line!

The gods, a glorious fate, from anguish free,
To chaste Penelope's increase decree.
But say, yon jovial troop so gaily dress'd,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feast?
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unseemly flown with insolence and wine;
Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye?"
"Magnificence of old (the prince replied)
Beneath our roof with virtue could reside;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
Who now, so heaven decrees, is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter constraint! erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,
Had fall'n surrounded with his warlike train;
Or safe return'd, the race of glory pass'd,
New to his friends' embrace, had breath'd his last!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would raise
Historic marbles, to record his praise;
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honour grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost:
Vanish'd at once! unheard of, and unknown!
And I his heir in misery alone.
Nor for a dear lost father only flow
The filial tears, but wo succeeds to wo:
To tempt the spouseless queen with amorous wiles,
Resort the nobles from the neighbouring isles;
From Samos, circled with the' Ionian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign:
E'en with presumptuous hope her bed to' ascend,
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.

They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My stores in riotous expense devour,
In feast and dance the mirthful months employ
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy."
With tender pity touch'd, the goddess cried
"Soon may kind heaven a sure relief provide,
Soon may your sire discharge the vengeance d
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue
Oh! in that portal should the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd
(For so of old my father's court he grac'd,
When social mirth unbent his serious soul,
O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl:
He then from Ephyrè, the fair domain
Of Ilus, sprung from Jason's royal strain,
Measur'd a length of seas, a toilsome length, i
vain.
For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Observant of the gods, and sternly just,
Ilus refus'd to' impart the baneful trust:
With friendlier zeal my father's soul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desir'
Appear'd he now with such heroic port,
As then conspicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon should yon boasters cease their haughty st
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wish'd return the care resign;
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My sentence hear: with stern distaste avow'd,
To their own districts drive the suitor crowd:
When next the morning warms the purple ea
Convoke the peerage, and the gods attest;
The sorrows of your inmost soul relate;
And form sure plans to save the sinking state.
Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,
And the chaste queen connubial rites require;

Dismiss'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail,
To learn your father's fortunes: fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice (the messenger of Jove,)
Propitious to the search. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean first to sandy Pyle;
Of Nestor, hoary sage, his doom demand:
Then speed your voyage to the Spartan strand;
For young Atrides to the' Achaian coast
Arriv'd the last of all the victor host.
If yet Ulysses views the light, forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year:
But if his soul hath wing'd the destin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep disastrous night;
Homeward with pious speed repass the main,
To the pale shade funereal rites ordain.
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaste queen select an equal lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the suitor-train destroy,
And, starting into manhood, scorn the boy.
Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praise acquir'd?
His virgin sword, Egysthus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
O greatly bless'd with every blooming grace!
With equal steps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And shine eternal in the sphere of fame.—
But my associates now my stay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarse-resounding shore.

Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed;
My praise the precept is, be thine the deed."
"The counsel of my friend, (the youth rejoin'd
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild)
Their sage experience to the favourite child.
But, since to part, for sweet refection due
The genial viands let my train renew;
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give."
"Defer the promis'd boon (the goddess cries,
Celestial azure brightening in her eyes,)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temesé return'd, your royal court
I shall revisit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave."
Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky;
Instant invisible to mortal eye.
Then first he recogniz'd the' ethereal guest:
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast;
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate:
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,
At length compos'd, he join'd the suitor throng;
Hush'd in attention to the warbled song.
His tender theme the charming lyrist chose,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.
The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen the silver sounds.
With grief renew'd the weeping fair descends;
Their sovereign's step a virgin train attends:
A veil of richest texture wrought, she wears,
And silent to the joyous hall repairs.
There from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand:
"Phemius! let acts of gods and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,

Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ;
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.
But oh! forbear that dear disastrous name,
To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame:
My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound."
"Why dearest object of my duteous love,
(Replied the prince) will you the bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's ethereal rays, resistless fire,
The chanter's soul and raptur'd song inspire;
Instinct divine! nor blame, severe, his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice.
For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears,
But old, the mind with inattention hears.
Patient permit the sadly-pleasing strain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public wo forget your own;
You weep not for a perish'd lord, alone.
What Greeks, now wandering in the Stygian gloom,
With your Ulysses shar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile,
There rule, from palace cares remote and free,
That care to man belongs, and most to me."
Mature beyond his years, the queen admires
His sage reply, and with her train retires
Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,
With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds,
Till Pallas, pitcous of her plaintive cries,
Lo slumber clos'd her silver streaming eyes.
Meantime, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating bosom warms,
Intemperate rage a wordy war began,
But bold Telemachus assum'd the man.
"Instant (he cried) your female discord end,
Ye deedless boasters! and the song attend,
Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane
With dissonance the smooth melodious strain

Pacific now prolong the jovial feast;
But when the dawn reveals the rosy east,
I to the peers assembled shall propose
The firm resolve, I here to few disclose.
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your several states with speed resort;
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flock shall bleed;
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!—
By him and all the' immortal thrones above,
(A sacred oath) each proud oppressor, slain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain!"
Aw'd by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue.
Silence at length the gay Antinous broke,
Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous spoke:
"What god to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?
May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of state!"
"Those toils (Telemachus, serene, replies)
Have charms, with all their weight, to' allure the wise.
Fast by the throne obsequious fame resides,
And wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinous rage, if strong desire
Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire:
Elect by Jove his delegate of sway,
With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.
Whene'er Ulysses roams the realm of night,
Should factious power dispute my lineal right,
Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
To your pretence their title would precede.

At least, the sceptre lost, I still should reign
Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train."
To this Eurymachus: "To heaven alone
Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.
Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;
Undoubted all your filial claim confess:
Your private right should impious power invade,
The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.
But say, that stranger-guest who late withdrew,
What and from whence? his name and lineage shew.
His grave demeanour, and majestic grace,
Speak him descended of no vulgar race:
Did he some loan of ancient right require,
Or came forerunner of your sceptred sire?"
"O son of Polybus! (the prince replies,)
No more my sire will glad these longing eyes:
The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with encircling seas.
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name, of old
High in Ulysses' social list enroll'd."
Thus he, though conscious of the' ethereal guest,
Answer'd evasive of the sly request.
Meantime the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the star of eve, with golden light
Adorn'd the matron-brow of sable night;
The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,
And to their several domes to rest resort.
A towering structure to the palace join'd;
To this his steps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to sleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the sage Euryclea bears:
(Daughter of Ops, the just Pisenor's son,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;

In rosy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,
With dear esteem: too wise, with jealous strife
To taint the joys of sweet connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her service ends,
A child she nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
Whilst to his couch himself the prince address'd,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple vest:
The purple vest with decent care dispos'd,
The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclos'd;
The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secured the valves. There, wrapt in silent shade,
Pensive, the rules the goddess gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,
And in his raptur'd soul the vision glows.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE COUNCIL OF ITHACA.

TELEMACHUS, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an augur expounds to the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas in the shape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulysses) helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses in Ithaca.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK II.

Now reddening from the dawn the morning ray
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Rose anxious from the' inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd falchion threaten'd by his side,
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd majestic as a god.
Then by his heralds, restless of delay.
To council calls the peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in solemn form the' assembly sat,
From his high dome himself descends in state.
Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin shin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.
His father's throne he fill'd: while distant stood
The hoary peers, and aged wisdom bow'd.
'Twas silence all. At last Ægyptius spoke:
Ægyptius, by his age and sorrows broke:
A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldest hope* in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulysses taught the path to fame;

* Antiphus.

But (hapless youth!) the hideous Cyclops tore
His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.
Three sons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aspires;
The rest with duteous love his griefs assuage,
And ease the sire of half the cares of age.
Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And as he stood, he spoke and wept by turns:
"Since great Ulysses sought the Phrygian plains,
Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.
Say then, ye peers! by whose commands we meet?
Why here once more in solemn council sit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cause disclose:
Arrives some message of invading foes?
Or say, does high necessity of state
Inspire some patriot, and demand debate:
The present synod speaks its author wise;
Assist him, Jove, thou regent of the skies!"
He spoke. Telemachus with transport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majestic rose;
(His royal hand the' imperial sceptre sway'd)
Then thus, addressing to Ægyptius, said:
"Reverend old man! lo here confess'd he stands
By whom ye meet: my grief your care demands.
No story I unfold of public woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the bless'd land, and joys incessant crown:
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my lost sire continual sorrows spring,
The great, the good: your father, and your king!
Yet more; our house from its foundation bows,
Our foes are powerful, and your sons the foes:
Hither, unwelcome to the queen, they come;
Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome?
If she must wed, from other hands require
The dowry: is Telemachus her sire;
Yet through my court the noise of revel rings,
And wastes the wise frugality of kings.

Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours supplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,
Nor in the helpless orphan dread a foe.
But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More powerful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! unsufferable wrong
Cries to the gods, and vengeance sleeps too long.
Rise then, ye peers! with virtuous anger rise;
Your fame revere, but most the' avenging skies.
By all the deathless powers that reign above,
By righteous Themis and by thundering Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies
Success; and humbles, or confirms the wise)
Rise in my aid! suffice the tears that flow
For my lost sire, nor add new wo to wo.
If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,
Or having power to wrong, betray'd the will,
On me, on me your kindled wrath assuage,
And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.
If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume.
Then might we hope redress from juster laws,
And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause:
But while your sons commit the' unpunish'd wrong,
You make the arm of violence too strong."
While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
And dash'd the' imperial sceptre to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye;
The synod griev'd, and gave a pitying sigh,
Then silent sat—at length Antinous burns
With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns:
"O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice displays thy mother's shame.
Elusive of the bridal day, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

Did not the sun, through heaven's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold!
While she, laborious in delusion spread
The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Where as to life the wondrous figures rise,
Thus spoke the' inventive queen, with artful sighs:
'Tho' cold in death Ulysses breathes no more,
Cease yet a while to urge the bridal hour;
Cease, till to great Laërtes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death:
Lest when the fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade.'
"Thus she: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she plied; but studious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the sun his annual journey made,
The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd;
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds the' amazing tale.
We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils;
A wondrous monument of female wiles!
"But you, O peers! and thou, O prince! give ear:
(I speak aloud, that every Greek may hear)
Dismiss the queen; and if her sire approves,
Let him espouse her to the peer she loves:
Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her soul is bless'd,
And all Minerva breathes within her breast,
In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wisdom crown'd;
Though Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boasts of fame,)

Yet thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree
She shines with fatal excellence, to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
Till righteous heaven reclaim her stubborn breast.
What though from pole to pole resounds her name!
The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:
For till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed."
While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:
"E'en nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,
Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dow'r?
How from my father should I vengeance dread;
How would my mother curse my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends arise?
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe.
If this displease, why urge ye hear your stay?
Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all the' immortal host above,
(A sacred oath) if heaven the power supply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die."
With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind.
Above the' assembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;

With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And shrieking loud, denounce approaching fate.
They cuff, they tear, their cheeks and neck they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend:
Then sailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full toward the east, and mount into the sky.
The wondering rivals gaze with cares oppress'd,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.
Till big with knowledge of approaching woes
The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose:
Prescient he view'd the' aërial tracks, and drew
A sure presage from every wing that flew.
"Ye sons (he cried) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, O rivals! hear.
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We, and our guilty Ithaca, must bleed.
Why cease we then the wrath of heaven to stay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye great! the way.
For lo! my words no fancied woes relate:
I speak from science, and the voice is fate.
"When great Ulysses sought the Phrygian shores
To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven seal'd my words, and you those deeds behold.
I see (I cried) his woes, a countless train;
I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from shore to shore he roams:
Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes!"
To whom Eurymachus: "Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wise dreams, and fables of the sky.
Go, prophesy at home; thy sons advise:
Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the skies.
Unnumber'd birds glide through the' aërial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.

Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,
Ulysses lies: O wert thou laid as low!
Then would that busy head no broils suggest,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breast.
From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And interest, not the god, thy voice inspires.
His guideless youth, if thy experienc'd age
Mislead fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deserv'd thy malice shall repress,
And but augment the wrongs thou would'st redress.
Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Till she retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, O prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, till all thy stores in waste decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler suit we cease;
For wealth and beauty less than virtue please."
To whom the youth: "Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in silence let them dwell.
But heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs:
To heaven, and all the Greeks, redress belongs.
Yet this I ask—nor be it ask'd in vain—
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And seek my royal sire from shore to shore:
If, or to fame his doubtful fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?
If yet he lives, with patience I forbear
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year:

But if already wandering in the train
Of empty shades, I measnre back the main,
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his consort to the nuptial bed."
He ceas'd; and while abash'd the peers attend,
Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he sought the scenes of war,
" My friend (he cried) my palace be thy care;
Years roll'd on years my godlike sire decay,
Guard thou his age, and his behests obey."]
Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around,
That flash'd with rage: and, as he spoke, he frown'd:
" O never, never more let king be just,
Be mild in power, or faithful to his trust!
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of God;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I share
Yet now the rivals are my smallest care:
They, for the mighty mischiefs they devise,
Ere long shall pay—their forfeit lives the price.
But against you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my soul is mov'd with just disdain?
Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords
His injúr'd prince the little aid of words."
While yet he spoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
" O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Would'st thou to rise in arms the Greeks advise?
Join all your powers! in arms, ye Greeks, arise!
Yet would your powers in vain our strength oppose;
The valiant few o'ermatch an host of foes.
Should great Ulysses stern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;
Though to his breast his spouse with transport flies
Torn from her breast, that hour, Ulysses dies.

But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the vessel, Mentor! be thy care,
And, Halitherses! thine; be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the son attend,
But, yet, I trust the boaster means to stay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the wat'ry way."
Then with a rushing sound, the' assembly bend,
Diverse their steps: the rival rout ascend
The royal dome; whilst sad the prince explores
The neighbouring main, and sorrowing treads the shores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he shed,
The royal suppliant to Minerva pray'd:
"O goddess! who descending from the skies
Vouchsaf'd thy presence to my wondering eyes;
By whose commands the raging deeps I trace,
And seek my sire through storms and rolling seas!
Hear from thy heavens above, O warrior-maid!
Descend once more, propitious to my aid.
Without thy presence, vain is thy command;
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withstand."
Indulgent to his prayer, the goddess took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor spoke:
"O prince! in early youth divinely wise,
Born, the Ulysses of thy age to rise!
If to the son the father's worth descends,
O'er the wide waves success thy ways attends;
To tread the walks of death he stood prepar'd,
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wise sons descendant of the wise,
And did not heroes from brave heroes rise;
Vain were my hopes: few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy soul inspires,
Go, and succeed! the rivals' aims despise;
For never, never, wicked man was wise.

Blind they rejoice, though now, e'en now they fall;
Death hastes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all.
And lo, with speed we plough the wat'ry way;
My power shall guard thee, and my hand convey:
The winged vessel studious I prepare,
Through seas and realms companion of thy care.
Thou to the court ascend; and to the shores,
When night advances, bear the naval stores:
Bread, that decaying man with strength supplies,
And generous wine which thoughtful sorrow flies.
Meanwhile the mariners by my command
Shall speed abroad, a valiant chosen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by vessel vessel rides;
The best I choose to waft thee o'er the tides."
She spoke: to his high dome the prince returns,
And as he moves, with royal anguish mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawless train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay slain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous press'd,
And thus deriding, with a smile address'd:
"Grieve not, O daring prince! that noble heart;
Ill suits gay youth the stern heroic part.
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to ease thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the swelling tides."
"Is this (returns the prince) for mirth a time?
When lawless gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;
The luscious wines, dishonour'd, lose their taste;
The song is noise, and impious is the feast.
Suffice it to have spent with swift decay
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.
But now the wise instructions of the sage,
And manly thoughts inspir'd by manly age,
Teach me to seek redress for all my wo,
Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your vessels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I pass the main.

Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow,
And where on earth I live, I live your foe."
He spoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to stay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away.
Meantime, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feast,
Derisive taunts were spread from guest to guest,
And each in jovial mood his mate address'd.
"Tremble ye not, O friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the stern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand supplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
Or comes from Ephyré with poisons fraught,
And kills us all in one tremendous draught!"
"Or who can say (his gamesome mate replies)
But while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his sire, may sink depriv'd of breath,
And punish us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To seize his treasures, and divide his state,
The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him she blesses in the bridal day!"
Meantime the lofty rooms the prince surveys,
Where lay the treasures of the' Ithacian race:
Here ruddy brass and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There polish'd chests embroider'd vestures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There casks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome.
(Pure flavorous wine, by gods in bounty given,
And worthy to exalt the feasts of heaven)
Untouch'd they stood, till, his long labours o'er,
The great Ulysses reach'd his native shore.
A double strength of bars secur'd the gates:
Fast by the door the wise Euryclea waits;
Euryclea, who, great Ops! thy lineage shar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard.
To whom the prince; "O thou, whose guardian care
Nurs'd the most wretched king that breathes the air,

Untouch'd and sacred may these vessels stand
Till great Ulysses views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd,
Next, these in worth, and firm those urns be seal'd
And twice ten measures of the choicest flour
Prepar'd, ere yet descends the evening hour.
For when the favouring shades of night arise,
And peaceful slumbers close my mother's eyes,
Me from our coast shall spreading sails convey,
To seek Ulysses through the watery way."
While yet he spoke, she fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
"O whither, whither flies my son?" she cried,
"To realms that rocks and roaring seas divide?
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all must perish, and by fraud you die!
Then stay, my child! storms beat, and rolls the main
O beat those storms, and roll the seas in vain!"
"Far hence (replied the prince) thy fears be driven;
Heaven calls me forth; these counsels are of heaven
But by the powers that hate the perjur'd, swear
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,
Till twice six times descends the lamp of day;
Lest the sad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief destroy what time awhile would spare."
Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Attests the' all-seeing sovereign of the skies.
Then studious she prepares the choicest flour,
The strength of wheat, and wines an ample store.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial goddess with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and size,
With speed divine from street to street she flies,

She bids the mariners prepar'd to stand,
When night descends, embodied on the strand.
Then to Noëmon swift she runs, she flies,
And asks a bark: the chief a bark supplies.
And now, declining with his sloping wheels,
Down sunk the sun behind the western hills.
The goddess shov'd the vessel from the shores,
And stow'd within its womb the naval stores.
Full in the openings of the spacious main
It rides: and now descends the sailor-train.
Next, to the court, impatient of delay
With rapid step the goddess urg'd her way:
There every eye with slumb'rous chains she bound,
And dash'd the flowing goblet to the ground.
Drowsy they rose, with heavy fumes oppress'd,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to rest.
Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid:
"Lo! on the seas prepar'd the vessel stands,
The' impatient mariner thy speed demands."
Swift as she spoke, with rapid pace she leads:
The footsteps of the deity he treads.
Swift to the shore they move: along the strand
The ready vessel rides, the sailors ready stand.
He bids them bring their stores; the' attending train
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The prince and goddess to the stern ascend;
To the strong stroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the west she bids fresh breezes blow;
The sable billows foam and roar below.
The chief his orders gives: the' obedient band
With due observance wait the chief's command;
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
High o'er the roaring waves the spreading sails
Bow the tall mast, and swell before the gales;

The crooked keel the parting surge divides,
And to the stern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ship their oars, and crown with w
The holy goblet to the powers divine:
Imploring all the gods that reign above,
But chief the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they stem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE INTERVIEW OF TELEMACHUS AND NESTOR.

TELEMACHUS, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Nestor and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming; and Nestor relates what passed in their return from Troy how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. The discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor advises him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The sacrifice ending with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva, and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Pisistratus.

The scene lies on the sea-shore of Pylos.

BOOK III.

red sun, above the waters rais'd,
h heaven's eternal brazen portals blaz'd,
le o'er earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
and men to give the golden day.
the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
old Neleus' venerable walls.
suppliant to the monarch of the flood,
green theatres the Pylians stood;
ld five hundred (a deputed train,)
, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
ste the entrails, and the altars load
noking thighs, an offering to the god.
the port the Ithacensians stand,
l their sails, and issue on the land.
clus already press'd the shore;
t, the power of wisdom march'd before,
the sacrificing throng he join'd,
ish'd thus his well-attending mind:

Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And sure he will, for wisdom never lies."
" O tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modesty replied)
How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age;
Awful the' approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years."
To whom the martial goddess thus rejoin'd:
" Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind;
And others dictated by heavenly power
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour:
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heaven thy friend."
She spoke, and led the way with swifter speed:
As swift, the youth pursued the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where sat, encompass'd with his sons, the sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather, to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistratus was first to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore the' illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor sat with youthful Thrasymed.
To each a portion of the feast he bore,
And held a golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent goddess in these words address'd:
" Whoe'er thou art, whom fortune brings to keep
These rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
Thee first it fits, O stranger! to prepare
The due libation and the solemn pray'r;
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine:
Though much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the powers divine:

For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!"
He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,
To see the preference due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of ocean's king she then implores the grace
"O thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last, deign Telemachus and me to bless,
And crown our voyage with desir'd success."
Thus she, and having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine
Suppliant he pray'd. And now the victims dress'd
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleasing conference began
"Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to ask ye, what your native shore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Relate, if business, or the thirst of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main
Where savage pirates seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, venturous of their own."
Urg'd by the precepts by the goddess given,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heaven,
The youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise
And fam'd among the sons of men, replies
"Inquir'st thou, father! from what coast we came?
(O grace and glory of the Grecian name!
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'er-arching shades and pendent woods,
Us to the assiduous or [illegible] draws,
A private sorrow, not a public cause

My sire I seek, where'er the voice of fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulysses, fam'd from shore to shore
For valour much, for hardy suffering more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main?
Of this to learn, oppress'd with tender fears,
Lo, at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear:
And oh! whate'er heaven destin'd to betide,
Let neither flattery smooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I stand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to suffer and to die.
O then, if ever through the ten years' war
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council or thy sword,
True in his deed, and constant to his word;
Far as thy mind through backward time can see,
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
'Tis sacred truth I ask, and ask of thee."

To him experienc'd Nestor thus rejoin'd:
"O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind!
Shall I the long, laborious scene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey
Dauntless we rov'd; Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where mixt in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night:
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wise Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too my son—ah! once my best delight.
Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight,

In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
A faultless body, and a blameless mind:
Antilochus,—what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious series of our fate?
Not added years on years my task could close,
The long historian of my country's woes.
Back to thy native islands might'st thou sail,
And leave half heard the melancholy tale.
Nine painful years on that detested shore,
What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
Still labouring on, till scarce at last we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd
Far o'er the rest, thy mighty father shin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?
With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.
So like your voices, and your words so wise,
Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes
Thy sire and I were one, nor varied aught
In public sentence, or in private thought,
Alike to council or the assembly came,
With equal souls and sentiments the same
But when (by wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ships the conquering Greeks return'd
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn the event, confounding human pride
Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just)
Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
The brother kings inspir'd with fell debate,
Who call'd to council all the Achaian state,
But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,
Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim)
Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came
To these the cause of meeting they explain
And Menelaus moves to cross the main

Not so the king of men: he will'd to stay;
The sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to fate!
The gods not lightly change their love, or hate:
With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
Now different counsels every breast divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:
The' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd.
(So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate ordain'd.)
We with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our stores aboard;
But half the people with respect obey'd
The king of men, and at his bidding stay'd.
Now on the wings of winds our course we keep
(For God had smooth'd the waters of the deep)
For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the powers:
To bless our safe return we join in pray'r,
But angry Jove dispers'd our vows in air,
And rais'd new discord. Then (so heaven decreed)
Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed:
Wise as he was, by various counsels sway'd,
He there, though late, to please the monarch, stay'd.
But I, determin'd stem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the gods.
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haste:
And Menelaus came, but came the last.
He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our watery way;
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The safer road) beside the Psyrian isle;
Or the straight course to rocky Chios plough,
And anchor under Mimas' shaggy brow.
We sought direction of the power divine:
The god propitious gave the guiding sign;
Through the mid seas he bid our navy steer,
And in Eubœa shun the woes we fear.

The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;
Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
And reach Gerestus at the point of day.
There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
The fourth day shone, when all their labours o'er
Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore;
But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
The god still breathing on my swelling sails;
Separate from all, I safely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sat,
And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate;
Curious to know, and willing to relate.
"Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, securely cross'd the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
And how his life by fraud and force he lost,
And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath;
What lands so distant from that scene of death
But trembling heard the fame? and, heard, admire
How well the son appeas'd his slaughter'd sire!
E'en to the' unhappy, that unjustly bleed,
Heaven gives posterity, to' avenge the deed.
So fell Egysthus; and may'st thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy sire descend)
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Orestes was before!"
The prudent youth replied: "O thou, the grace
And lasting glory of the Grecian race!
Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
Shall long posterity resound the praise.

Some god this arm with equal prowess bless!
And the proud suitors shall its force confess:
Injurious men! who while my soul is sore
Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
But heaven denies this honour to my hand,
Nor shall my father repossess the land:
The father's fortune never to return.
And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn!"
Thus he; and Nestor took the word; "My son,
Is it then true, as distant rumours run,
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with insults and alarms?
Say, is the fault, through tame submission thine?
Or leagued against thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by some oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for the' afflicted state;
When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms?
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid
The happy son will, as the father, aid,
(Whose fame and safety was her constant care,
In every danger and in every war:
Never on man did heavenly favour shine
With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,
As those with which Minerva mark'd thy sire)
So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire!
Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed."
"Ah! no such hope (the prince with sighs replies)
Can touch my breast; that blessing heaven denies:
E'en by celestial favour were it given,
Fortune or fate would cross the will of heaven."
"What words are these, and what imprudence
(Thus interpos'd the martial maid divine) [thine?
Forgetful youth! but know, the power above
With ease can save each object of his love;

Wide as he will, extends his boundless grace;
Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who, many sorrows past,
Long labouring gains his natal shore at last;
Than who, too speedy, hastes to end his life
By some stern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miss,
And all is possible to heaven, but this.
The best, the dearest favourite of the sky
Must taste that cup, for man is born to die."

Thus check'd, replied Ulysses' prudent heir:
"Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more must draw his country's breath,
Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death!
Pass we to other subjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable sage:
(Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
Of men decay, and through three ages shin'd,
Like gods majestic, and like gods in mind)
For much he knows, and just conclusions draws
From various precedents, and various laws.
O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell;
By what strange fraud Egysthus wrought, relate,
(By force he could not) such a hero's fate.
Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece? or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to tread;
Or sure Egysthus had not dar'd the deed."

To whom the full of days: "Illustrious youth,
Attend (though partly thou hast guess'd) the truth:
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
Nor earth had hid his carcass from the skies,
Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies,
But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.

While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess,
(Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless)
With flattery's insinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her heart.
At first with worthy shame and decent pride
The royal dame his lawless suit denied.
For virtue's image yet possess'd her mind,
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting for the Trojan war,
Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preserv'd her long
In honour's limits; such the power of song.
But when the gods these objects of their hate
Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate;
The bard they banish'd from his native soil,
And left all helpless in a desert isle:
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
Then virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.
E'en to the temple stalk'd the' adulterous spouse,
With impious thanks; and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold:
And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
"Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaüs, through the curling sea.
But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of the' Athenian dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes there expir'd;
(Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
When the storm thickens, and the billows boil)
While yet he exercis'd the steerman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
E'en with the rudder in his hand he fell.
To pay whose honours to the shades of hell,

We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now the rites discharg'd, our course we keep
Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:
Soon as Malæsa's misty tops arise,
Sudden the thunderer blackens all the skies,
And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
The tempest scatters, and divides our fleet;
Part, the storm urges on the coast of Crete,
Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The streams of Jardan issue to the main.
There stands a rock, high, eminent, and steep,
Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,
And views Gortyna on the western side,
On this rough Auster drove the' impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;
Thus sav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæstan
With shatter'd vessels, and disabled oars: [shores,
But five tall barks the winds and waters toss'd,
Far from their fellows, on the Egyptian coast.
There wander'd Menelaüs through foreign shores,
Amassing gold, and gathering naval stores;
While curs'd Egysthus the detested deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
Seven years the traitor rich Mycenæ sway'd,
And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens to his realm restor'd,
Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,
Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile assassin and adulterous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs cease,
Return'd Atrides to the coast of Greece,
And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price, and ponderous treasure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my son, beware! nor idly stand
Too long a stranger to thy native land;

Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,
While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;
Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the spoil;
And thou return, with disappointed toil,
From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
And seek Atrides on the Spartan shore.
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,
And many-languag'd nations has survey'd;
And measur'd tracts unknown to other ships,
Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps:
(A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly)
Go then; to Sparta take the watery way,
Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay;
Or if by land thou choose thy course to bend,
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend:
Thee to Atrides they shall safe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies;
And sure he will; for Menelaüs is wise."

Thus while he speaks, the ruddy sun descends,
And twilight gray her evening shade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd maid: "O full of days!
Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feast;
Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest."

So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial maid,
The sober train attended and obey'd.
The sacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows;
While to the final sacrifice they rose.

The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the consecrated stream.
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and the' Athenian maid
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to pass the night:
But this the hospitable sage denied:
"Forbid it, Jove! and all the gods! (he cried)
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd son to send
Of such a hero, and of such a friend!
Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,
Whom heaven denies the blessing to relieve?
Me would you leave, who boast imperial sway,
When beds of royal state invite your stay?
No—long as life this mortal shall inspire,
Or as my children imitate their sire,
Here shall the wandering stranger find his home,
And hospitable rites adorn the dome."
"Well hast thou spoke (the blue-ey'd maid re-
Belov'd old man! benevolent, as wise. [plies,)
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus persuade:
He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;
I to the ship, to give the orders due,
Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew:
For I alone sustain their naval cares,
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;
All youths the rest, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the vessel I shall pass the night:
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy strong coursers swift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy son companion of his way."

Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And soars an eagle through the liquid skies:
Vision divine! the throng'd spectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and still amaze.
But chief the reverend sage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and spoke:
"O happy youth! and favour'd of the skies,
Distinguish'd care of guardian deities!
Whose early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For lo! none other of the court above
Than she, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herself, the war-triumphant maid;
Confess'd is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, goddess! so propitious shine
On me, my consort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns."
Submissive thus the hoary sire preferr'd
His holy vow: the favouring goddess heard.
Then slowly rising, o'er the sandy space
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long procession) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arrived, on thrones around him plac'd
His sons and grandsons the wide circle grac'd.
To these the hospitable sage, in sign
Of social welcome, mix'd the racy wine
(Late from the mellowing cask restor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and rosy-bright.)
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And sprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And slept beneath the pompous colonnade;

Fast by his side Pisistratus lay spread,
(In age his equal) on a splendid bed:
But in an inner court, securely clos'd,
The reverend Nestor and his queen repos'd.
When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early rose, walk'd forth, and sat
On polish'd stone before his palace gate:
With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone,
Where ancient Neleus sat, a rustic throne;
But he descending to the' infernal shade,
Sage Nestor fill'd it, and the sceptre sway'd.
His sons around him mild obeisance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.
First Echephron and Stratius quit their bed;
Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed;
The last Pisistratus arose from rest:
They came, and near him plac'd the stranger-guest.
To these the senior thus declar'd his will:
"My sons! the dictates of your sire fulfil.
To Pallas, first of gods, prepare the feast,
Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal guest.
Let one, despatchful, bid some swain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead;
One seek the harbour where the vessels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! ashore;
(Leave only two the galley to attend)
Another to Laerceus must we send,
Artist divine, whose skilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfusile gold.
The rest may here the pious duty share,
And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,
The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living spring."
He said, and busy each his care bestow'd;
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacensian crew,
The dext'rous smith the tools already drew;

His ponderous hammer, and his anvil sound,
And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva absent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.
With reverend hand the king presents the gold,
Which round the' intorted horns the gilder roll'd;
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bow'r
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And canisters of consecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The axe was held by warlike Thrasymed,
In act to strike: before him Perseus stood,
The vase extending to receive the blood.
The king himself initiates to the pow'r;
Scatters with quivering hand the sacred flour,
And the stream sprinkles: from the curling brov
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
And sacred wheat upon the victim laid,
Strong Thrasymed discharg'd the speeding blov
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down sunk the heavy beast: the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling soun
Nor scorn'd the queen the holy choir to join
(The first-born she, of old Clymenus' line;
In youth by Nestor lov'd, of spotless fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice by name.)
From earth they rear him, struggling now w
death;
And Nestor's youngest stops the vents of breat
The soul for ever flies: on all sides round [grou
Streams the black blood, and smokes upon
The beast they then divide, and disunite
The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.

The sacred sage before his altar stands,
Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aspire:
The youths with instruments surround the fire.
The thighs now sacrific'd, and entrails dress'd,
The' assistants part, transfix, and boil the rest.
While these officious tend the rites divine,
The last fair branch of the Nestorean line,
Sweet Polycaste, took the pleasing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery vest he threw,
And issued, like a god, to mortal view.
His former seat beside the king he found,
(His people's father with his peers around)
All plac'd at ease the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirst and hunger now suppress'd,
The monarch turns him to his royal guest;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The smooth-hair'd horses, and the rapid car.
Observant of his word, the word scarce spoke,
The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And presents such as suit the state of kings.
The glittering seat Telemachus ascends:
His faithful guide, Pisistratus attends;
With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew:
The lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and smok'd along the field.
The towers of Pylos sink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till close of day:
Then sunk the sun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pheræ now, Diocleus' stately seat,
Alpheus' race) the weary youths retreat.
house affords the hospitable rite,
pleas'd they sleep (the blessing of the night.)

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the sounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as the chariot roll'd:
Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the night.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE CONFERENCE WITH MENELAUS.

TELEMACHUS, with Pisistratus, arriving at Sparta, i
tably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the e
his coming, and learns from him many particulars c
befel the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He
more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in
turn, from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulys
tained in the island of Calypso.

In the meantime the suitors consult to destroy Tele
in his voyage home. Penelope is apprised of this, but e
ed in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Ipthi

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IV.

And now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,
Sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where sat Atrides midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's pow'r,
To bless his son's and daughter's nuptial hour.
That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd,
Hermione, the fairest of her kind,
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy,
Espous'd before the fatal doom of Troy:
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Magapenthes; from a stol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his handmaid bore:
To Helen's bed the gods alone assign
Hermione, to' extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of graces wait,
Resembling Venus in attractive state.
While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound;
A bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal strings;

Whilst, warbling to the varied strain, advance
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance
'Twas then, that issuing through the palace gate
The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state:
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,
And fast beside him great Ulysses' son.
Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,
And, speeding, thus address'd the royal ear:
"Two youths approach, whose semblant feature prove
Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd, or must they bend
Their doubtful course to seek a distant friend?"
"Insensate! (with a sigh the king replies)
Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wise:
But sure relentless folly steels thy breast,
Obdurate to reject the stranger-guest;
To those dear hospitable rites a foe,
Which in my wanderings oft reliev'd my wo:
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
Till pitying Jove my native realm restor'd—
Strait be the coursers from the car releas'd,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast."
The seneschal, rebuk'd, in haste withdrew;
With equal haste a menial train pursue:
Part led the coursers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharg'd;
Part in a portico, profusely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd;
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight,
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;
Where a bright damsel-train attends the guests
With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.

Refresh'd, they wait them to the bower of state,
Where circled with his peers Atrides sat:
Thron'd next the king, the fair attendant brings
The purest product of the crystal springs;
High on a massy vase of silver mould,
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold:
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a second banquet rose.
When thus the king with hospitable port:
"Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waste of nature let the feast repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare:
Say from what sceptred ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame?
For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace."
Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns
The royal portion of the choicest chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haste
They share the honours of the rich repast.
Suffic'd, soft whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun:
"View'st thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd most!
These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost?
Above, beneath, around the palace shines
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines:
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove."
The monarch took the word, and grave replied:
"Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely bless'd!
With all my affluence when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own, the purchase dearly paid.
For eight slow-circling years by tempest tost,
From Cyprus to the fair Phœnician coast,

(Sidon the capital) I stretch'd my toil
Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next Ethiopia's utmost bound explore,
And the parch'd borders of the' Arabian shore:
Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,
O'er the warm Libyan wave to spread my sails;
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear,
And two fair crescents of translucent horn
The brows of all their young increase adorn;
The shepherd swains with sure abundance bless'd,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feast;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But every season fills the foaming pail.
Whilst heaping unwish'd wealth, I distant roam,
The best of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitress wife,
Ends the sad evening of a stormy life:
Whence with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,
These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:
How favouring heaven repaid my glorious toils
With a sack'd palace, and barbaric spoils.
Oh! had the gods so large a boon denied,
And life, the just equivalent, supplied
To those brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cause expir'd!
Still in short intervals of pleasing wo,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear,
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But oh! Ulysses—deeper than the rest
That sad idea wounds my anxious breast!
My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain;
The bowl, and tasteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor sleep's soft power can close my streaming eyes,
When imag'd to my soul his sorrows rise.

No peril in my cause he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equall'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him to suffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on some friendly coast,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
No fame reveals; but doubtful of his doom,
His good old sire with sorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling steps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaste partner of his bed and throne
Wastes all her widow'd hours in tender moan."
While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke,
From the brave youth the streaming passion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repress'd,
His face he shrouded with his purple vest.
The conscious monarch pierc'd the coy disguise,
And view'd his filial love with vast surprise:
Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth inquire his father's fate:
In this suspense bright Helen grac'd the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume:
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The silver-shafted goddess of the chace!
The seat of majesty Adraste brings,
With art illustrious, for the pomp of kings.
To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of softest woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A silver canister divinely wrought,
In her soft hands the beauteous Phylo brought:
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord (whose sovereign sway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey,)
When to that court Atrides came, caress'd
With vast munificence the' imperial guest,
Two lavers from the richest ore refin'd,
With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd:

And, bounteous, from the royal treasure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, consort of his high command,
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo brought:
The silken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rivall'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The sovereign seat then Jove-born Helen press'd,
And pleasing thus her sceptred lord address'd:
"Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontroll'd
Hear me the bodings of my breast unfold.
With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The feature of the Ulyssean race:
Diffus'd o'er each resembling line appear,
In just similitude, the grace and air
Of young Telemachus, the lovely boy,
Who bless'd Ulysses with a father's joy,
What time the Greeks combin'd their social arms,
To avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms!"
"Just is thy thought, (the king assenting cries)
Methinks Ulysses strikes my wondering eyes:
Full shines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his shape the same:
Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow;
Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow!
And when he heard the long disastrous store
Of cares, which in my cause Ulysses bore,
Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose:
Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear."
"See there confess'd, (Pisistratus replies)
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wise!

Of that heroic sire the youth is sprung,
But modest awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue.
Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a god rever'd.
With him at Nestor's high command I came,
Whose age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverse destiny constrain'd to sue
For counsel and redress, he sues to you.
Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still must the wrong'd Telemachus sustain,
If hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly power alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne."
"Is Sparta bless'd, and these desiring eyes
View my friend's son? (the king exulting cries)
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whose sword was sacred to the man he lov'd:
Mirror of constant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd!—
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,
No Greek an equal space had e'er possess'd,
Of dear affection, in my grateful breast.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we shar'd,
For his abode a capital prepar'd;
Argos the seat of sovereign rule I chose;
Fair in the plan the future palace rose,
Where my Ulysses and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vassals had resign'd a soil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had strove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone dissolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious power the blissful scene destroys;
Vanish'd are all the visionary joys:
The soul of friendship to my hope is lost,
Fated to wander from his natal coast!"

He ceas'd; a gust of grief began to rise:
Fast streams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes:
Fast for the sire the filial sorrows flow;
The weeping monarch swells the mighty wo:
Thy cheeks, Pisistratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appeared in view
Thy martial brother,* on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by swarthy Memnon slain!
But silence soon the son of Nestor broke,
And melting with fraternal pity spoke:
"Frequent, O king, was Nestor wont raise
And charm attention with thy copious praise:
To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that superior attribute control
This unavailing impotence of soul.
Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,
Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd:
But when from dewy shade emerging bright
Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,
Let each deplore his dead: the rites of wo
Are all, alas! the living can bestow:
O'er the congenial dust enjoin'd to shear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame;
With strength and speed superior form'd, in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early snatch'd by fate ere known to me!
I boast a witness of his worth in thee."
"Young and mature! the monarch thus rejoins,
In thee renew'd the soul of Nestor shines:
Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,
In early bloom an oracle of age.

* Antilochus.

Whene'er his influence Jove vouchsafes to show'r
To bless the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great sire transmissive to the race,
The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.
Such, happy Nestor! was thy glorious doom:
Around thee full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;
The gifts of heaven to guard thy hoary state.
But now let each becalm his troubled breast,
Wash, and partake serene the friendly feast.
To move thy suit, Telemachus, delay,
Till heaven's revolving lamp restores the day."
He said. Asphalion swift the laver brings:
Alternate all partake the grateful springs:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen gust the savoury viands share.
Meantime with genial joy to warm the soul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl;
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, to' assuage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the tearful sluices of despair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, the' exalted mind
All sense of wo delivers to the wind:
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian-force,
Fell breathless at his feet a mangled corse;
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene.
These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who sway'd the sceptre where prolific Nile
With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil.
With wholesome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Pæon sprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.

The beverage now prepar'd to inspire the feast,
The circle thus the beauteous queen address'd:
"Thron'd in omnipotence, supremest Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm sanction of his sovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd,
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Myself assisting in the social joy,
Will tell Ulysses' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witness of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who saw) his wonders in the war.
"Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own sabre gave,
In the vile habit of a village slave,
The foe deceiv'd, he pass'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.
In this attire secure from searching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark disguise
The chief I challeng'd; he, whose practis'd wit
Knew all the serpent-mazes of deceit,
Eludes my search: but when his form I view'd
Fresh from the bath with fragrant oil renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dress'd;
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confess'd.
A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his stay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war against the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the secrets of the state,
He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan fate:
And, safe returning to the Grecian host,
Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.
Loud grief resounded through the towers of Troy,
But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy:
For then with dire remorse, and conscious shame,
I view'd the' effects of that disastrous flame,
Which, kindled by the imperious queen of love,
Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove:

And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd
My absent daughter, and my dearer lord;
Admir'd among the first of human race,
For every gift of mind and manly grace." [plays
"Right well, (replied the king) your speech dis-
The matchless merit of the chief you praise:
Heroes in various climes myself have found,
For martial deeds and depth of thought renown'd;
But Ithacus, unrivall'd in his claim,
May boast a title to the loudest fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid storm,
Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.
What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vast fabric of the steed we rear'd!
Some dæmon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deïphobus to come,
To' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around the' insidious pile,
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their spouses spoke:
The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd,
But most Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the steed we both impatient press,
Threatening to answer from the dark recess.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd,
And the vain ardours of our love restrain'd:
But Anticlus, unable to control,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning soul:
Ulysses straight with indignation fir'd,
(For so the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands applied,
Till on his tongue the flutt'ring murmurs died.
Meantime Minerva from the fraudful horse
Back to the court of Priam bent your course."
"Inclement fate! (Telemachus replies)
Frail is the boasted attribute of wise:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mass of matter lost!

But now let sleep the painful waste repair
Of sad reflection, and corroding care."
He ceas'd; the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of state;
Beneath an ample portico, they spread
The downy fleece to form the slumb'rous bed,
And o'er soft palls of purple grain unfold
Rich tapestry, stiff with inwoven gold:
Then through the' illumin'd dome, to balmy rest
The' obsequious herald guides each princely guest:
While to his regal bower the king ascends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.
Soon as the morn, in orient purple dress'd,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roseate east,
The monarch rose; magnificent to view,
The imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw;
The glittering zone athwart his shoulder cast,
A starry falchion low-depending grac'd;
Clasp'd on his feet the' embroider'd sandals shine;
And forth he moves, majestic and divine.
Instant to young Telemachus he press'd,
And thus benevolent his speech address'd:
"Say, royal youth, sincere of soul, report
What cause hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domestic cares constrain
This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main?"
"O highly favour'd delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A suppliant to your royal court I come.
Our sovereign seat a lewd usurping race
With lawless riot and misrule disgrace;
To pamper'd insolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choicest of the stall:
For wild ambition wings their bold desire,
And all to mount the' imperial bed aspire.
But prostrate I implore, O king! relate
The mournful series of my father's fate!

Each known disaster of the man disclose,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with storied grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulysses, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils attest,
To the sire's merit give the son's request."
Deep from his inmost soul Atrides sigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince replied:
"Heavens! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in the fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery lawns:
Meantime return'd, with dire remorseless sway
The monarch-savage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulysses soon shall reassert his claim.
O Jove, supreme, whom gods and men revere!
And thou, to whom 'tis given to gild the sphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when contending on the Lesbian shore
His prowess Philomelides confess'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd:
Then soon the' invaders of his bed and throne,
Their love presumptuous shall with life atone.
With patient ear, O royal youth, attend
The storied labours of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth severe shall dictate to my tongue;
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.
"Long on the' Egyptian coast by calms confin'd,
Heaven to my fleet refus'd a prosperous wind:

No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim slain!
For this the gods each favouring gale restrain:
Jealous, to see their high behests obey'd;
Severe, if men the' eternal rites evade.
High o'er a gulfy sea, the Pharian isle
Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile:
Her distance from the shore, the course begun
At dawn, and ending with the setting sun,
A galley measures; when the stiffer gales
Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.
There, anchor'd vessels safe in harbour lie,
While limpid springs the failing cask supply.
"And now the twentieth sun descending, laves
His glowing axle in the western waves;
Still with expanded sails we court in vain
Propitious winds to waft us o'er the main:
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhausted stores,
When lo! a bright cœrulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to dispel my fears;
Proteus her sire divine. With pity press'd,
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd;
What time, with hunger pin'd, my absent mates
Roam the wild isle in search of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood
Appease the' afflictive fierce desire of food.
'Whoe'er thou art (the azure goddess cries)
Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wise:
Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train,
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?'
"Struck with the kind reproach, I straight reply:
Whate'er thy title in thy native sky,
A goddess sure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks thee descendant of ethereal race:
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heavenly power averse my stay constrains:

O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to show
(For what's sequester'd from celestial view?)
What power becalms the' innavigable seas?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease?
"I ceas'd; when affable the goddess cried:
'Observe, and in the truths I speak confide:
The orac'lous seer frequents the Pharian coast,
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast;
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's watery reign.
Watch with insidious care his known abode;
There fast in chains constrain the various god:
Who bound, obedient to superior force,
Unerring will prescribe your destin'd course.
If studious of your realms, you then demand
Their state, since last you left your natal land;
Instant the god obsequious will disclose
Bright tracts of glory, or a cloud of woes.'
"She ceas'd, and suppliant thus I made reply:
O goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely;
Dictate, propitious, to my duteous ear
What arts can captivate the changeful seer:
For perilous the' essay, unheard the toil,
To elude the prescience of a god by guile.
"Thus to the goddess mild my suit I end.
Then she: 'Obedient to my rule, attend:
When through the zone of heaven the mounted sun
Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;
The seer, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocæ swift surround his rocky cave,
Frequent and full; the consecrated train
Of her,* whose azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, the' enormous herd exhales
An oily steam, and taints the noon-tide gales.

* Amphitrite.

To that recess, commodious for surprise,
When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,
With me repair; and from thy warrior band
Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil,
For strong the god, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys
The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;
Their number summ'd, repos'd in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian god surround:
So with his battening flocks the careful swain
Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain.
With powers united, obstinately bold,
Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold.
Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of every savage shape:
Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,
Or wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet still retentive, with redoubled might
Through each vain passive form constrain his flight.
But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands
Patient of conquest, and your cause demands;
The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And sooth the vanquish'd with a victor's pray'r.
The bands relax'd, implore the seer to say
What godhead interdicts the wat'ry way?
Who straight propitious, in prophetic strain
Will teach you to repass the' unmeasur'd main.'
She ceas'd, and bounding from the shelfy shore,
Round the descending nymph the waves redounding roar.

"High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous to the port I speed:
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
Till night with grateful shade involv'd the skies,
And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,

'es were lost. When o'er the eastern lawn,
on robes the daughter of the dawn
'd her rosy steps; before the bay,
ual honours to the gods I pay;
eek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd,
ree associates of undaunted mind.
, to form along the' appointed strand
h a bed, she scoops the hilly sand:
om her azure car the finny spoils
vast Phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
h the finny spoils extended prone,
il! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
m the corse, the scaly frauds diffuse
ury stench of oil, and brackish ooze:
bright sea-maid's gentle power implor'd,
ctar'd drops the sickening sense restor'd.
us till the sun had travell'd half the skies
n'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise:
hronging quick to bask in open air,
cks of ocean to the strand repair;
l on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep.
roteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
s his charge, unknowing of deceit:
er told, we make the sum complete)
with the false review, secure he lies,
den slumbers press his drooping eyes.
; impetuous forth, we straight prepare
us onset with the sound of war,
outing seize the god: our force to evade
ous arts he soon resumes in aid:
ow, he curls a surgy mane;
, our bands a spotted pard restrain;
m'd with tusks, and lightening in his eyes,
s obscener shape the god belies:
y volumes, there a dragon rides;
rom our strict embrace a stream he glides:
t, sublime his stately growth he rears,
and well-dissembled foliage wears.

Vian efforts! with superior powers compress'd,
Me with reluctance thus the seer address'd:
'Say, son of Atreus, say what god inspir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon desir'd?'
"I thus:—'O thou, whose certain eye forsees
The fix'd event of fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil indur'd,
Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! say,
What godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appease,
To speed a prosperous voyage o'er the seas?'
'To Jove (with stern regard the god replies)
And all the' offended synod of the skies,
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,
Thy guilt absolv'd, a prosperous voyage gain.
To the firm sanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor sight of natal shore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,
Must view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
Then will the gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a safe return accord.'
"He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A shelfy tract, and long!) 'O seer, I cry,
To the stern sanction of the' offended sky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay
Sustain those peers, the relics of our host,
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
Embracing left? Must I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep:
Or did the kind domestic friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore?'

ɜss not too far, (replied the god) but cease
ɔw, what known will violate thy peace:
ırious of their doom! with friendly wo
reast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
ve! the rest, a lamentable train!
the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
: arms with conquest in thy cause were
crown'd,
r disastrous fate: by tempests tost,
l lives wretched on a distant coast.
Neptune rescued from Minerva's hate,
ræ, safe Oilean Ajax sat,
p o'erwhelm'd: but frowning on the floods,
ıs he roar'd defiance to the gods;
own prowess all the glory gave,
ɔwer defrauding who vouchsaf'd to save.
eard the raging ruler of the main;
ear, indignant for such high disdain,
nch'd; dividing with his forky mace
ërial summit from the marble base:
ɔck rush'd sea-ward with impetuous roar
'd, and to the' abyss the boaster bore.
Juno's guardian aid, the wat'ry vast,
: of storms, your royal brother past;
asting nigh the cape, where Malea shrouds
iry cliffs amid surrounding clouds,
·ling gust tumultuous from the shore,
the deep his labouring vessel bore.
ll-fated hour the coast he gain'd,
late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd;
ıen his hoary honours bow'd to fate,
ıus govern'd in paternal state.
rges now subside, the tempest ends;
ıis tall ship the king of men descends;
fondly thinks the gods conclude his toil:
m his own domain salutes the soil:

With rapture oft the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the distant strand,
A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand;
To bribe whose vigilance, Egysthus told
A mighty sum of ill persuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career
And now admonish'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The ministers of blood in dark surprise;
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hospitable treat:
Vain shows of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of coursers, and triumphal cars,
Magnificent he leads: the royal guest,
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudful feast.
The troop forth issuing from the dark recess,
With homicidal rage the king oppress!
So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
The sovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;
Egysthus sole survives to boast the deed.'
"He said; chill horrors shook my shivering soul
Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll;
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the sun, or breathe the vital air:
But when superior to the rage of wo,
I stood restor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying god began—
'Forget the brother, and resume the man:
To fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,
That care be fate's, a speedy passage thine.

Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow,
And swift prevent the meditated blow:
You timely will return a welcome guest,
With him to share the sad funereal feast.'
" He said: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I address'd
The prescient godhead to reveal the rest.
' The doom decreed of those disastrous two
I've heard with pain, but oh! the tale pursue;
What third brave son of Mars the fates constrain
To roam the howling desert of the main:
Or in eternal shade if cold he lies,
Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes.'
' That chief (rejoin'd the god) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes survives;
Laertes' son: girt with circumfluous tides,
He still calamitous constraint abides.
Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd,
When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
The' enamour'd goddess, or elude her love:
His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.
But oh, belov'd by heaven! reserv'd to thee
A happier lot the smiling fates decree!
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay,
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains
Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of the' eternal year:
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime:

From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow;
But from the breezy deep the bless'd inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
This grace peculiar will the gods afford
To thee the son of Jove, and beauteous Helen's lord.'

"He ceas'd, and plunging in that vast profound,
Beneath the god the whirling billows bound.
Then speeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the shore I sought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
Till night with silent shade invests the pole;
Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest.—
Soon as the morn reveals the roseate east,
With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then steering backward from the Pharian isle,
We gain the stream of Jove-descended Nile:
There quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore
With ritual hecatombs the gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.
These rites to piety and grief discharg'd,
The friendly gods a springing gale enlarg'd:
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!

"Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A story, fruitful of disastrous fate:
And now, young prince, indulge my fond request;
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
Till from his eastern goal, the joyous sun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Meantime my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three sprightly coursers, and a polish'd car:

With these, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the gods) shall prove
A pledge and monument of sacred love."
" My quick return young Ithacus rejoin'd)
Damps the warm wishes of my rapture'd mind:
Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,
Charm'd by your speech, so graceful and humane,
Lost in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my listening soul.
But now to Pyle permit my destin'd way,
My lov'd associates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the present of the promis'd vase;
The coursers for the champaign sports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browse,
But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed
The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed:
To sea-surrounded realms the gods assign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine."
His hand the king with tender passion press'd,
And smiling, thus the royal youth address'd:
"O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,
Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung.
Selected from my stores, of matchless price,
An urn shall recompense your prudent choice,
Not mean the massy mould of silver grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd.
A pledge the sceptred power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave."
Thus they alternate, while with artful care
The menial train the regal feast prepare
The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to die,
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply,
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring

Meanwhile, in Ithaca, the suitor pow'rs
In active games divide their jovial hours:
In areas varied with mosaic art,
Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin dart.
Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
Antinous sat spectator of the sport;
With great Eurymachus, of worth confess'd,
And high descent, superior to the rest;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus address'd:
"My ship equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing for the Pylian court,
Requested for his speed; but courteous, say
When steers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I should sail with utmost speed,
To' import twelve mares with their luxurious feed,
And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace."
Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,
A sudden horror seiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.
"Relate (Antinous cries,) devoid of guile,
When spread the prince his sail for distant Pyle?
Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domestic train?
Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,
Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force?"
"With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
(Noëmon cried) the vessel was resign'd.
Who in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts, presume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you;
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or some celestial in his reverend form,
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
Pilots the course: for when the glimmering ray
Of yester dawn disclos'd the tender day,

Mentor himself I saw, and much admir'd "—
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.
Confounded and appall'd, the' unfinish'd game
The suitors quit, and all to council came:
Antinous first the' assembled peers address'd,
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breast.
"O shame to manhood! shall one daring boy
The scheme of all our happiness destroy?
Fly unperceiv'd, seducing half the flower
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?
The ponderous engine rais'd to crush us all,
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.
Instant prepare me, on the neighbouring strand,
With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd;
For ambush'd close beneath the Samian shore
His ship returning shall my spies explore:
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own."
With vast applause the sentence all approve;
Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove:
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the consult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron stands,
And thus the message of his haste demands:
"What will the suitors? must my servant train
The' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form some exquisite repast?
Heaven grant this festival may prove their last!
Or if they still must live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love!
Forbear, ye sons of insolence! forbear,
In riot to consume a wretched heir.
In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise?
Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?

Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant minions vest the pow'r:
Ulysses let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all:
But absent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state."
He thus: "O were the woes you speak the worst;
They form a deed more odious and accurs'd;
More dreadful than your boding soul divines:
But pitying Jove avert the dire designs!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle resailing and the Spartan court;
Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!"
Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital streams a chilling horror froze:
The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love:
"Why rashly would my son his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and a friendly grave?"
"Tis not (replied the sage) to Medon given
To know, if some inhabitant of heaven
In his young breast the daring thought inspir'd,
Or if alone, with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his absent father's doom."
The sage retir'd: unable to control
The mighty griefs that swell her labouring soul,
Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen
The piteous object of a prostrate queen.
Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,
And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.

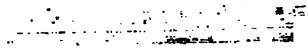
l their sovereign wept the menial fair,
om she thus address'd her deep despair:
hold a wretch whom all the gods consign
! Did ever sorrows equal mine ?
o my joys my dearest lord is lost,
intry's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
om my fond embrace, by tempests torn,
ier column of the state is borne:
ok a kind adieu, nor sought consent!—
l confederates in his dire intent!
; it with your shows of duteous zeal,
ne the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
h at the solemn midnight hour he rose,
id you fear to trouble my repose ?
ier had obey'd my fond desire,
i his mother pierc'd with grief expire.
lius quick attend, the faithful slave
to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
end the fruit-groves: with incessant speed
ll this violence of death decreed,
d Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
nely intercept the ruffian-rage,
ie the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
their power to save his race appeal."
i Euryclea thus: "My dearest dread!
i to the sword I bow this hoary head,
dungeon be the pain decreed,
ne conscious of the' unpleasing deed:
r to his flight, my aid implor'd,
'ine and viands I the vessel stor'd:
nn oath impos'd, the secret seal'd,
: twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal'd.
ig the' effect of a fond mother's fear,
'd not violate your royal ear.
:he, and in imperial robes array'd,
e devotions to the martial maid,
st affianc'd in her guardian aid.

Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of state the miseries of age:
'Tis impious to surmise, the powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-descended line:
Long shall the race of just Arcesius reign,
And isles remote enlarge his old domain."
The queen her speech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears:
She bathes, and, rob'd, the sacred dome ascends:
Her pious speed a female train attends:
The salted cakes in canisters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid:
"Daughter divine of Jove! whose arm can wield
The' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
If e'er Ulysses to thy fane preferr'd
The best and choicest of his flock and herd;
Hear, goddess, hear, by those oblations won;
And for the pious sire preserve the son:
His wish'd return with happy power befriend,
And on the suitors let thy wrath descend!"
She ceas'd; shrill ecstasies of joy declare
The favouring goddess present to the pray'r:
The suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A signal of her hymenæal choice;
Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board:
"Too late the queen selects a second lord:
In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
When o'er her son disastrous death impends."
Thus he unskill'd of what the fates provide.
But with severe rebuke Antinous cried:
"These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;
Alarm not with discourse the menial train:
The great event with silent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counsel must commend."
His speech thus ended short, he frowning rose,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose:
Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides,

: with mail and military store,
er tackle trim to quit the shore.
sperate crew ascend, unfurl the sails;
:a-ward prow invites the tardy gales)
ıke repast, till Hesperus display'd
den circlet in the western shade.
time the queen without refection due,
/ounded, to the bed of state withdrew:
ıad breast the prince's fortunes roll,
pe and doubt alternate seize her soul.
n the woodman's toil her cave surrounds,
th the hunter's cry the grove resounds;
rief and rage the mother-lion stung,
s herself, yet trembles for her young.
e pensive in the silent slumbrous shade,
gentle powers her drooping eyes invade;
ı, life-like on embodied air
ı'd the form of Iphthima the fair:
ı' daughter she, whose blooming charms
Eumelus to her virgin-arms:
ıred lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
ssaly, wide stretch'd his ample reign)
las will'd, along the sable skies
n the queen the phantom-sister flies.
n the regal dome descending right,
ılted valves are pervious to her flight.
o her head the pleasing vision stands,
us performs Minerva's high commands:
why, Penelope, this causeless fear,
der sleep's soft blessing insincere?
levote to sorrow's dire extreme
y reflection, and the midnight dream!
n, the gods propitious will restore,
d thee cease his absence to deplore."
/hom the queen, whilst yet her pensive mind
the silent gates of sleep confin'd:
ter, to my soul for ever dear,
his first visit to reprove my fear?

How in a realm so distant should you know
From what deep source my ceaseless sorrows flow?
To all my hope my royal lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast;
And with consummate wo to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours, and his crown,
My darling son is fled! an easy prey
To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than they;
Who, in a league of blood associates sworn,
Will intercept the' unwary youth's return."
"Courage resume (the shadowy form replied,)
In the protecting care of heaven confide:
On him attends the blue-ey'd martial maid;
What earthly can implore a surer aid?
Me now the guardian goddess deigns to send,
To bid thee patient his return attend."
The queen replies: "If in the bless'd abodes,
A goddess, thou hast commerce with the gods;
Say, breathes my lord the blissful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapt in ever during night?"
"Inquire not of his doom (the phantom cries,)
I speak not all the counsel of the skies;
Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,
The windy satisfaction of the tongue."
Swift through the valves the visionary fair
Repass'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes:
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The vision, manifest of future fate,
Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait.
Meantime the suitors plough the wat'ry plain,
Telemachus in thought already slain!
When sight of lessening Ithaca was lost,
Their sail directed for the Samian coast,
A small but verdant isle appear'd in view,
And Asteris the' advancing pilot knew:

An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling storm:
That safe recess they gain with happy speed,
And in close ambush wait the murderous deed.



THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DEPARTURE OF ULYSSES FROM CALYP

PALLAS, in a council of the gods, complains of the det
Ulysses in the island of Calypso; whereupon Mercu
to command his removal. The seat of Calypso descri
consents with much difficulty, and Ulysses builds a v
his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overt
with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwrecke
the last danger of death; till Leucothea, a sea-godde
him, and after innumerable perils he gets ashore on

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK V.

ɪ saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
w rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
th new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
d gild the courts of heaven with sacred light.
en met the' eternal synod of the sky,
fore the god who thunders from on high,
›reme in might, sublime in majesty.
las, to these, deplores the' unequal fates
wise Ulysses, and his toils relates;
hero's danger touch'd the pitying power,
nymph's seducements, and the magic bower.
ius she began her plaint:—"Immortal Jove!
you who fill the blissful seats above!
:ings no more with gentle mercy sway,
:ss a people willing to obey,
rush the nations with an iron rod,
very monarch be the scourge of God,
ı your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
ul'd his subjects with a father's love.
an isle, encircled by the main,
ın'd, banish'd from his native reign
'd he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
:ss'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
nds are there, nor vessels to convey,
to cut the' immeasurable way.

And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came." [forms
"What words are these? (replied the power who
The clouds of night, and darkens heaven with
Is not already in thy soul decreed, [storms)
The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wisdom do? Thou may'st restore
The son in safety to his native shore;
While the fell foes who late in ambush lay,
With fraud defeated, measure back their way."
Then thus to Hermes the command was given:
"Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heaven!
Go, to the nymph be these our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree Ulysses shall return;
The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding gods;
In twice ten days shall fertile Scheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty line
Is mix'd with gods, half human, half divine,
The chief shall honour as some heavenly guest,
And swift transport him to his place of rest.
His vessels loaded with a plenteous store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore,
(A richer prize than if his joyful isle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble spoil)
His friends, his country, he shall see, though late;
Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate."
He spoke. The god who mounts the winged winds
Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye;
Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.

ıtery fowl, that seek their fishy food,
wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
dip their pinions in the briny deep.
o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
ow the distant island rose in view:
swift ascending from the azure wave,
ok the path that winded to the cave.
: was the grot in which the nymph he found,
fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd)
ıt and sung; the rocks resound her lays:
ave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
and frankincense, an odorous pile,
d on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;
: she with work and song the time divides,
hrough the loom the golden shuttle guides.
ıut the grot, a various sylvan scene
ır'd around, and groves of living green;
rs and alders ever quivering play'd,
ıodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
ıose high branches, waving with the storm,
ırds of broadest wing their mansion form,
hough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
cream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
ıding vines the shelving cavern screen,
purple clusters blushing through the green.
limpid fountains from the clefts distil,
very fountain pours a sev'ral rill,
zy windings wandering down the hill:
e bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
lowing violets threw odours round.
ne, where, if a god should cast his sight,
l might gaze, and wander with delight!
ıuch'd the messenger of heaven: he stay'd
nc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.
entering in the cave, Calypso knew;
owers celestial to each other's view

Stand still confess'd, though distant far they lie
To habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,
Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;
All on the lonely shore he sat to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
Toward his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
Now graceful seated on her shining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
"God of the golden wand! on what behest
Arriv'st thou here, an unexpected guest?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of my bow'r."
Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread:
(Ambrosial cates, with nectar rosy-red)
Hermes the hospitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then, recruited, spoke.
"What mov'd this journey from my native sky,
A goddess asks, nor can a god deny;
Hear then the truth: By mighty Jove's command,
Unwilling, have I trod this pleasing land;
For who, self-mov'd, with weary wing would sweep
Such length of ocean and unmeasur'd deep;
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will submission we must pay;
What power so great, to dare to disobey?
A man, he says, a man resides with thee,
Of all his kind most worn with misery.
The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force on Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckless hour,
With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's pow'r:

Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd,
With storms pursued them through the liquid world.
There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Sav'd from the jaws of death by heaven's decree,
The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.
Him, Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to dismiss; so destiny commands:
Impatient fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country, and his friends."
E'en to her inmost soul the goddess shook;
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke:
"Ungracious gods! with spite and envy curst!
Still to your own ethereal race the worst!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.
Did ever goddess by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora sought Orion's love,
Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,
Till in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapless hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield,
Scarce could Iäsion taste her heavenly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms.
And is it now my turn, ye mighty powers!
Am I the envy of your blissful bowers?
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,
It was my crime to pity, and to save,
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And sunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid-ocean toss'd,
The sport of winds, and driv'n from ev'ry coast,
Hither this man of miseries I led,
Receiv'd the friendless, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd!) to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and wo.

'Tis past——and Jove decrees he shall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.
Go then he may; (he must, if he ordain,
Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again)
But never, never shall Calypso send
To toils like these, her husband and her friend.
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet I'll direct the safest means to go:
That last advice is all I can bestow."

To her the power who bears the charming rod:
"Dismiss the man, nor irritate the god;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove?"
Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
And in a moment vanish'd from her eye.
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To seek Ulysses, pac'd along the sand:
Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native shore;
For now the soft enchantress pleas'd no more;
For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
Absent he lay in her desiring arms,
In slumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and shores consum'd the tedious day;
There sat all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.

Here, on the musing mood the goddess press'd,
Approaching soft; and thus the chief address'd:
"Unhappy man! to wasting woes a prey,
No more in sorrows languish life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the rising ship,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.

To store the vessel let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and rosy wine,
And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,
And prosperous gales to waft thee on the way.
These if the gods with my desires comply,
(The gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better skill'd in dark events to come)
In peace shall land thee at thy native home."

With sighs, Ulysses heard the words she spoke,
Then thus his melancholy silence broke:
"Some other motive, goddess! sways thy mind,
Some close design, or turn of womankind,
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea,
Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety sails
The best built ship, though Jove inspire the gales.
The bold proposal how shall I fulfil;
Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will? [bodes;
Swear then, thou mean'st not what my soul fore-
Swear by the solemn oath that bind the gods!"

Him, while he spoke, with smiles Calypso ey'd,
And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus replied:
"This shows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought.
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise?
But hear, O earth, and hear, ye sacred skies!
And thou, O Styx! whose formidable floods
Glide through the shades, and bind the' attesting gods!
No form'd design, no meditated end
Lurks in the counsel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim;
The same my practice, were my fate the same.
Heaven has not curs'd me with a heart of steel,
But given the sense, to pity, and to feel."

Thus having said, the goddess march'd before:
He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their state;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sat;

For him, the nymph a rich repast ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man sustains;
Before herself were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.
Their hunger satiate, and their thirst repress'd,
Thus spoke Calypso to her godlike guest:
"Ulysses! (with a sigh she thus began)
O sprung from gods! in wisdom more than man!
Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'st thou be,
Nor break the transport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulysses! wert thou given to know
What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;
Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,
And e'en these slighted charms might learn to please.
A willing goddess, and immortal life,
Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Less soft my feature, less august my frame?
Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?"
"Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?
Lov'd and ador'd, O goddess! as thou art,
Forgive the weakness of a human heart.
Though well I see thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the short date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while absent thus I roam,
I languish to return, and die at home.
Whate'er the gods shall destine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to master with a constant mind;
Inur'd to perils, to the worst resign'd.
By seas, by wars, so many dangers run;
Still I can suffer: their high will be done!"

rob'd him in the cloak and vest.
ıph's fair head a veil transparent grac'd;
lling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
wers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
uing thus, she gave him first to wield
ty axe, with truest temper steel'd,
ble edg'd; the handle smooth and plain,
: of the clouded olive's easy grain;
t, a wedge to drive with sweepy sway:
the neighbouring forest led the way.
ɔne island's utmost verge there stood
rs, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
:afless summits to the skies aspire,
by the sun, or scar'd by heavenly fire:
dried.) These pointing out to view,
ıph just show'd him, and with tears with-
drew.
ɔils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
kling round him, and the forests groan:
full twenty on the plain are strow'd
ɔ'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
angles these dispos'd to join,
th'd and squar'd them, by the rule and line,

With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd.
(With yielding osiers fenc'd, to break the forc
Of surging waves, and steer the steady course)
Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails
Supplied the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep
Four days were past, and now, the work compl
Shone the fifth morn: when from her sacred se
The nymph dismiss'd him (odorous garments giv
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of hea
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divin
With water one, and one with sable wine;
Of every kind, provisions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd.
The goddess, last, a gentle breeze supplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the skies.
And now rejoicing in the prosperous gales,
With beating heart Ulysses spreads his sails;
Plac'd at the helm he sat, and marked the skie
Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the northern te
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky
The bear revolving, points his golden eye:
Who shines exalted on the' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left those radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.
Full seventeen nights he cut the foamy way;
The distant land appear'd the following day:
Then swell'd to sight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost;
That lay before him, indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watery waste.
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solymé's aërial brow,

The king of Ocean saw, and seeing burn'd:
(From Ethiopia's happy climes return'd:)
The raging monarch shook his azure head,
And thus in secret to his soul he said:
"Heavens! how uncertain are the powers on high!
Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,
In one man's favour; while a distant guest
I shar'd secure the Ethiopian feast?
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land, affix'd by fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this sceptre yet commands the main."
He spoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery world,
At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.
Down rush'd the night; east, west, together roar;
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore;
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:
"Wretch that I am! what further fates attend
This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?
Too well, alas! the island goddess knew
On the black sea what perils should ensue.
New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of heaven are crown'd!
What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempest rears;
Death, present death, on every side appears.
Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,
Press'd, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I died before that well-fought wall;
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall;
(Such as was that, when showers of javelins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead)
All Greece had paid me solemn funerals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men.

A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead!"
A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne:
While by the howling tempest rent in twain
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long press'd, he heav'd beneath the mighty wave
Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave:
At length emerging, from his nostrils wide
And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tide;
E'en then not mindless of his last retreat,
He seiz'd the raft, and leap'd into his seat,
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast,
Now to, now fro, before the' autumnal blast;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the float, and so its texture held:
And now the south, and now the north bear sway,
And now the east the foamy floods obey,
And now the west wind whirls it o'er the sea.
The wandering chief with toils on toils oppress'
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast:
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,
But now an azure sister of the main)
Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the goddess stood;
Then thus address'd him: "Thou, whom hea
decrees
To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,
(Unequal contest!) not his rage and pow'r,
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
What I suggest thy wisdom will perform:
Forsake thy float, and leave it to the storm;
Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brav
With naked strength, and plunge into the w

To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend:
There fate decrees thy miseries shall end.
This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
Return the gift, and cast in the main;
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away."
With that her hand the sacred veil bestows,
Then down the deeps she div'd, from whence she rose;
A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.
Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,
He stands suspended, and explores his mind.
"What shall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
But other gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:
For scarce in ken appears that distant isle
Thy voice foretells me shall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge: while yet the planks sustain
The wild waves' fury, here I fix'd remain;
But when their texture to the tempest yields,
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of gods the strength of man,
And take this method, since the best I can."
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging god a watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black sheet the whelming billows spread,
Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, disparted fly: the scatter'd wood
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new-shorn,
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a single beam the chief bestrides;
There, pois'd awhile above the bounding tides,
His limbs discumbers of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast;

Then prone on ocean in a moment flung
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuo
"Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes e
Go, wander helpless on the watery way:
Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, an
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could
Shall last remember'd in thy best of days.
This said, his sea-green steeds divide t
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.
Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth
Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favour
Back to their caves she bade the winds to
And hush'd the blustering brethren of the
The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
And bear him soft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that shore
Where fate has destin'd he shall toil no m
And now two nights, and now two days w
Since wide he wander'd on the watery wa
Heav'd on the surge with intermitting bre
And hourly panting in the arms of death:
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the
Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plai
The winds were hush'd, the billows scarce
And a dead silence still'd the watery worl
When, lifted on a ridgy wave, he spies
The land at distance, and with sharpen'd
As pious children joy with vast delight
When a lov'd sire revives before their sigh
(Who lingering long has call'd on death
Fix'd by some demon to the bed of pain,
Till heaven by miracle his life restore)
So joys Ulysses at the' appearing shore;
And sees (and labours onward as he sees
The rising forests, and the tufted trees,

it of her word, he turn'd aside
, and cast it on the rolling tide.
im far, upon the purple waves
:rs waft it, and the nymph receives.
arting from the stream, Ulysses found
bank with pliant rushes crown'd;
:he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground;
n the flowery herb as soft he lay,
iis soul the sage began to say:
t will ye next ordain, ye powers on high!
ah yet, what fates are we to try!
tie stream, if I the night outwear,
nt already, how shall nature bear
s descending, and nocturnal air;
vapours, breathing from the flood
orning rises?——If I take the wood,
iick shelter of innumerous boughs
e comfort gentle sleep allows;
:enc'd from cold, and though my toil be
pass'd,
'age beasts may wander in the waste?
I yet may fall a bloody prey
ing bears, or lions in the way."
ong debating in himself he stood:
i he took the passage to the wood,
iady horrors on a rising brow
gh, and frown'd upon the stream below.
ew two olives, closest of the grove,
ts entwin'd, and branches interwove;
ir leaves, but not alike they smil'd
er-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
the sun's meridian rays had power,
. sharp piercing, nor the rushing shower;
ant arch so close its texture kept:
this covert great Ulysses crept.
'd leaves an ample bed he made,
trown by tempest through the bowery
shade)

His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands:
So the rough rock had shagg'd Ulysses' hands.
And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
The' unhappy man; e'en fate had been in vain:
But all-subduing Pallas lent her pow'r,
And prudence sav'd him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating surge his course he bore,
(A wider circle, but in sight of shore)
With longing eyes, observing, to survey
Some smooth ascent, or safe-sequester'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he spied
A falling stream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the seas the shelving shore declin'd,
And form'd a bay, impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad Ulysses press'd,
And hail'd the river, and its god address'd:
"Whoe'er thou art, before whose streams un-
I bend, a suppliant at thy watery throne, [known
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred e'en to gods is misery:
Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
And save a suppliant, and a man distress'd."
He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream sub-
Detains the rushing current of his tides, [sides,
Before the wanderer smooths the wat'ry way,
And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,
He dropp'd his sinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office; or his weight upheld:
His swol'n heart heav'd; his bloated body swell'd:
From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;
And lost in lassitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The soul scarce waking, in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound;

Observant of her word, he turn'd aside
His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.
Now parting from the stream, Ulysses found
A mossy bank with pliant rushes crown'd;
The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground;
Where on the flowery herb as soft he lay,
Thus to his soul the sage began to say:
"What will ye next ordain, ye powers on high!
And yet, ah yet, what fates are we to try!
Here by the stream, if I the night outwear,
Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
The dews descending, and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood
When morning rises?——If I take the wood,
And in thick shelter of immumerous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows;
Though fenc'd from cold, and though my toil be pass'd,
What savage beasts may wander in the waste?
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in the way."
Thus long debating in himself he stood:
At length he took the passage to the wood,
Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the stream below.
There grew two olives, closest of the grove,
With roots entwin'd, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they smil'd
With sister-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the sun's meridian rays had power,
Nor wind sharp piercing, nor the rushing shower;
The verdant arch so close its texture kept:
Beneath this covert great Ulysses crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made,
(Thick strown by tempest through the bowery shade)

Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
Though Boreas rag'd along the' inclement sky.
This store, with joy the patient hero found,
And, sunk amidst them, heap'd the leaves around
As some poor peasant, fated to reside
Remote from neighbours in a forest wide,
Studious to save what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preserves the seeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lies,
Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)
Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

PALLAS appearing in a dream to Nausicaa (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phæacia) commands her to descend to the river, and wash the robes of state, in preparation to her nuptials. Nausicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are spread on the bank, they divert themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses, who, addressing himself to the princess, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the island.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VI.

While thus the weary wanderer sunk to rest,
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious breast,
The martial maid from heaven's aërial height
Swift to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the soft Phæacian train
In ease possess'd the wide Hyperian plain;
Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,
A lawless nation of gigantic foes;
Then great Nausithous from Hyperia far,
Through seas retreating from the sound of war,
The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never science rear'd her laurel'd head:
There, round his tribes a strength of wall he rais'd;
To heaven the glittering domes and temples blaz'd;
Just to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And shar'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
Now in the silent grave the monarch lay,
And wise Alcinous held the regal sway.
To his high palace through the fields of air
The goddess shot: Ulysses was her care.
Here as the night in silence roll'd away,
Heaven of charms divine Nausicaa lay:
Through the thick gloom the shining portals blaze:
O nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a grace.

Light as the viewless air, the warrior-maid [
Glides through the valves, and hovers rour
A favourite virgin's blooming form she took,
From Dymas sprung, and thus the vision spo
"Oh indolent! to waste thy hours away!
And sleep'st thou careless of the bridal day?
Thy spousal ornament neglected lies;
Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise!
A just applause the cares of dress impart,
And give soft transport to a parent's heart.
Haste, to the limpid stream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray:
Haste to the stream! companion of thy care,
Lo, I thy steps attend, thy labours share.
Virgin, awake! the marriage hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and distant rolls the wav
Where their fair vests Phæacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the g
And majesty derives a grace from state."
Then to the palaces of heaven she sails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:
The seat of gods! the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of ease.
There no rude winds presume to shake the s
No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise;
But on immortal thrones the bless'd repose!
The firmament with living splendours glows.
Hither the goddess wing'd the' aërial way,
Through heaven's eternal gates that blaz'd wit
Now from her rosy car Aurora shed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red
Uprose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night.
The queen she sought: the queen her hou
stow'd
In curious works; the whirling spindle glow

With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull
The snowy fleece, to twist the purpled wool,
Meanwhile Phæacia's peers in council sat:
From his high dome the king descends in state,
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him passing, and submissive said:
"Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain?
Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?
A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
Five sons thou hast: three wait the bridal day,
And spotless robes become the young and gay:
So when with praise amid the dance they shine,
By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is mine."
Thus she: but blushes, ill-re[illegible], betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day.
The conscious sire the dawning blush survey'd,
And smiling thus bespoke the blooming maid:
"My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give."
Swift at the royal nod the' attending train
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
The blooming virgin with despatchful cares
Tunics, and stoles, and robes imperial bears.
The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flavorous wines.
The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,
A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold;
Odour divine! whose soft refreshing streams
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins
Shine in her hand: along the sounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.
They seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;

Where, gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.
The mules unharness'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave:
(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand)
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play
(Their shining veils unbound.) Along the skies
Toss'd, and retoss'd, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And warbling sweet, makes earth and heaven rejoice.
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' resounding groves;
A sylvan train the huntress-queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds;
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace:
Distinguished excellence the goddess proves;
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.
With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
And shone transcendant o'er the beauteous train.
Meantime (the care and favourite of the skies)
Wrapt in embowering shade, Ulysses lies,
His woes forgot! but Pallas now address'd
To break the bands of all-composing rest.
Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And swam the stream: loud shrieks the virgin-trai
And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.

Wak'd by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
And to the deaf woods, wailing, breath'd his woes:
"Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
On what new region is Ulysses tost:
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?
What sounds are these that gather from the shores:
The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan bow'rs,
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood,
Or azure daughters of the silver flood;
Or human voice? but, issuing from the shades,
Why cease I straight to learn what sound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends,
With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintry show'rs,
Descends terrific from the mountain's brow:
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way
Majestically fierce, to seize his prey
(The steer or stag;) or with keen hunger bold
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.
No less a terror, from the neighbouring groves
(Rough from the tossing surge) Ulysses moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storms;
The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.
Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly;
All but the nymph: the nymph stood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.
Meantime in dubious thought the king awaits,
And self-considering, as he stands, debates;
Distant his mournful story to declare,
Or prostrate at her knee address the pray'r.

But fearful to offend, by wisdom sway'd,
At awful distance he accosts the maid:
"If from the skies a goddess, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boast thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright disguise
Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntress of the groves
So shines majestic, and so stately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bless'd is the father from whose loins you sprung,
Bless'd is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Bless'd are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms allied:
Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
When stately in the dance you swim the' harmonious maze.
But bless'd o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms,
Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this bless'd hour
Such finish'd grace! I gaze and I adore!
Thus seems the palm with stately honours crown'd
By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coast
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior-host,
But ah how chang'd! from thence my sorrow flows;
O fatal voyage, source of all my woes!)
Raptur'd I stood, and as this hour amaz'd,
With reverence at the lofty wonder gaz'd:
Raptur'd I stand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.
Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
For misery, O queen, before thee stands!
Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven bade the deep to spare! but heaven, my foe,
Spares only to inflict some mightier wo!

Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms;
Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms!
Once more I view the face of humankind:
O let soft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants, a vest supply
To guard the wretched from the' inclement sky;
So may the gods who heaven and earth control,
Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,
On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed;
Bless'd with a husband be thy bridal bed;
Bless'd be thy husband with a blooming race,
And lasting union crown your blissful days.
The gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and heaven is in our state."
To whom the nymph: "O stranger, cease thy care.
Wise is thy soul, but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails:
Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from above.
But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide—
Know, the Phæacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinous' royal loins I spring,
A happy nation, and a happy king."
Then to her maids—"Why, why, ye coward train,
These fears, this flight? ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,
'Tis death with hostile step these shores to tread:
Safe in the love of heaven, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;

'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheer the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.
Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving shades obscure the mazy stream:
Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the secret tide;
Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
A vest and robe, with rich embroidery gay:
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy sk
To them the king: "No longer I detain
Your friendly care; retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my wearied limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave:
Ye gods! since this worn frame refection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view?
But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes."
The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant shower, he sheds:
Then, dress'd in pomp magnificently treads.
The warrior-goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine:
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould
And o'er the silver pours the fusil gold:
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heavenly bloom, and like a god he moves.
A fragrance breathes around: majestic grace
Attend his steps: the' astonish'd virgins gaze.

reclines along the murmuring seas,
· freshness from the fanning breeze.
'ondering nymph his glorious port survey'd,
ıer damsels, with amazement, said:
without care divine the stranger treads
ıd of joy: his steps some godhead leads:
love destroy him, sure he had been driven
ı this realm, the favourite isle of heaven.
ad spectacle of wo he trod
ert sands, and now he looks a god.
n! in my connubial hour decree
n my spouse, or such a spouse as he!
e, the viands and the bowl provide"—
ds the viands and the bowl supplied:
e fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
h the generous vintage thirst assuag'd.
)n return her care Nausicaa bends,
ıes resumes, the glittering car ascends,
ming o'er the field: and as she press'd
:ndid seat, the listening chief address'd:
nger, arise! the sun rolls down the day,
ıe palace I direct thy way:
n high state the nobles of the land
ny royal sire, a radiant band.
', though wisdom in thy soul presides,
from thy tongue, and every action guides:
: at distance, while I pass the plain
)'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
reascend—With airy mounds
'th of wall the guarded city bounds:
ing land two ample bays divides;
ough the narrow mouths descend the tides:
cious basins arching rocks enclose,
lefence from every storm that blows.
the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;
r, a forum flank'd with marble shines,
he bold youth, the numerous fleets to store,
ıe broad sail, or smooth the taper oar:

For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
But the tall mast above the vessel rear,
Or teach the fluttering sail to float in air.
They rush into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the steep surge, and through the tempest fly;
A proud, unpolish'd race—To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues:
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name:
'What stranger this, whom thus Nausicaa leads?
Heavens! with what graceful majesty he treads!
Perhaps a native of some distant shore,
The future consort of her bridal hour;
Or, rather, some descendant of the skies;
Won by her prayer, the' aërial bridegroom flies.
Heaven on that hour its choicest influence shed,
That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed!
All, all the godlike worthies that adorn
This realm, she flies; Phæacia is her scorn.'
"And just the blame; for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but shuns the' offence:
The' unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame;
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,
Till our consenting sires a spouse provide,
And public nuptials justify the bride.
"But would'st thou soon review thy native plain?
Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main:
Nigh where a grove, with verdant poplars crown'd,
To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,
We bend our way: a bubbling fount distils
A lucid lake, and thence decends in rills;
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waste of flowers.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.

vait embower'd, while I ascend alone
it Alcinous on his royal throne.
advance impatient of delay,
the lofty palace bend thy way:
:y palace overlooks the town,
very dome by pomp superior known;
may point the way. With earnest gait
ou the queen along the rooms of state;
al hand a wondrous work designs;
a circle of bright damsels shines,
ist the threads, and part the wool dispose,
vith the purple orb the spindle glows.
ı a throne, amid the Scherian pow'rs,
ıl father shares the genial hours;
he queen thy mournful tale disclose,
e prevailing eloquence of woes:
thou view with joy thy natal shore,
ı mountains rise between, and oceans roar."
.dded not, but waving as she wheel'd
ver scourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:
ill the virgin guides the' embroider'd rein,
lls the car before the' attending train.
ıirling down the heavens, the golden day
rough the western clouds a dewy ray;
ove they reach, where from the sacred shade
as thus the pensive hero pray'd:
ıghter of Jove! whose arms in thunder wield
enging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield;
: by thee, in vain I sought thy aid
)looming billows clos'd above my head:
unconquer'd maid; accord my vows,
great hear, and pitying heal my woes."
heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
ptune aw'd) apparent from the sky;
od! who rag'd with vengeance unrestrain'd,
at Ulysses hail'd his native land.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE COURT OF ALCINOUS.

THE princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Arete. She then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with respect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypso, and his arrival on their dominions.

The same day continues, and the book ends with the night.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VII.

Thus patient heavenly man thus suppliant pray'd;
While the slow mules draw on the' imperial maid;
Through the proud streets she moves, the public gaze:
The turning wheel before the palace stays.
With ready love her brothers, gathering round,
Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.
She seeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The rising fire supplies with busy care,
Whose charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymedusa nam'd:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
natch'd from Epirus, her sweet native shore,
A grateful prize) and in her bloom bestow'd
n good Alcinous, honour'd as a god:
ırse of Nausicaa from her infant years,
ıd tender second to a mother's cares.
Now from the sacred thicket were he lay,
town Ulysses took the winding way.
›pitious Pallas, to secure her care,
›und him spread a veil of thicken'd air;
shun the' encounter of the vulgar crowd,
lting still, inquisitive and loud.
:n near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
beauteous city opening to his view,

His step a virgin met, and stood before:
A polish'd urn the seeming virgin bore,
And youthful smil'd; but in the low disguise
Lay hid the goddess with the azure eyes.
"Show me, fair daughter (thus the chief de
mands,)
The house of him who rules these happy lands.
Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hospitable dome.
Far from my native coast, I rove alone,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!"
The goddess answer'd: "Father, I obey,
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For fast beside it dwells my honour'd sire;
But silent march, nor greet the common train
With question needless, or inquiry vain.
A race of rugged mariners are these;
Unpolish'd men, and boisterous as their seas:
The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he that breathes a foreign air.
These did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;
On canvass wings to cut the watery way;
No bird so light, no thought so swift as they."
Thus having spoke, the' unknown celestial lead
The footsteps of the deity he treads,
And secret moves along the crowded space,
Unseen of all the rude Phæacian race.
(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The mist objected, and condens'd the skies)
The chief with wonder sees the extended streets,
The spreading harbours, and the riding fleets;
He next their princes' lofty domes admires.
In separate islands crown'd with rising spires;
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of stone,
That gird the city like a marble zone.

h the kingly palace gates he view'd:
topp'd the goddess, and her speech re-
new'd:
task is done: the mansion you inquire
before you; enter, and admire.
on'd, and feasting, there thou shalt behold
otred rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
: boldness ever meets with friends,
s, and e'en a stranger recommends.
:he queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
' queen, Arete is her name,
e her parents, and her power the same.
w, from Ocean's god Nausithous sprung,
ibæa, beautiful and young;
:don's last hope, who rul'd of old
: of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
the nation in unrighteous war,
the prince, and left this only heir)
v by Neptune's amorous power compress'd,
l a monarch that his people bless'd,
nd prince of the Phæacian name;
n Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
by Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
n his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.
urviv'd: Arete heir'd his state,
, Alcinous chose his royal mate.
iours yet to womankind unknown,
en he graces, and divides the throne:
tenderness her sons conspire,
he children emulate their sire.
irough the street she gracious deigns to
move,
blic wonder, and the public love)
ues of all with transport sound her praise,
s of all, as on a goddess gaze.
s the triumph of a generous breast,
divisions, to relieve the' oppress'd;
: rich; in blessing others, bless'd.

Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her."
With that the goddess deign'd no longer stay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forsaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore;
Thence, where proud Athens rears her towery head,
With opening streets and shining structures spread,
She pass'd, delighted with the well-known seats;
And to Erectheus' sacred dome retreats.
Meanwhile Ulysses at the palace waits,
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendours gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.
The walls were massy brass: the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver, the lintels deep-projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of stately dogs, on either hand,
In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd,
The work of matrons: these the princes press'd,
Day following day, a long-continued feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move
Like poplar leaves, when Zephyr fans the grove:

e renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
ng arts and all the naval toil,
ɔrks of female skill their women's pride,
ng shuttle through the threads to guide:
' these her double gifts imparts,
e genius, and industrious arts.
to the gates a spacious garden lies,
ɔrms defended, and inclement skies.
'es was the' allotted space of ground,
vith a green enclosure all around:
ving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
dening apple ripens here to gold:
ɛ blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
eper red the full pomegranate glows,
nch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
dant olives flourish round the year.
ny spirit of the western gale
breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
ɔpping pear a following pear supplies,
es apples, figs on figs arise:
ıe mild season gives the blooms to blow,
ls to harden, and the fruits to grow.
order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
the' united labours of the year:
unload the fertile branches run;
y the blackening clusters in the sun,
o tread the liquid harvest join,
aning presses foam with floods of wine.
e the vines in early flower descried,
apes discolour'd on the sunny side,
re in autumn's richest purple dyed.
of all various herbs, for ever green,
teous order terminate the scene.
plenteous fountains the whole prospect
crown'd; [around,
ırough the gardens leads its streams
ach plant, and waters all the ground;

While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows:
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.
Such were the glories which the gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land!
E'en from the chief, who men and nations knew,
The' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er,
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepar'd for rest, and offering to the god
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.
Unseen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And prostrate fell before the' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropp'd the veil of night;
Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight.
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress'd;
Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike guest.
"Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began,
Low at her knees, the much-enduring man)
To thee, thy consort, and this royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends! O pity human wo!
'Tis what the happy to the' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the gods your better days increase,
And all your joys descend on all your race;
So reign for ever on your country's breast,
Your people blessing, by your people bless'd!"
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the ashes took his place.
Silence ensued. The eldest first began,
Echenеus sage, a venerable man!

Whose well-taught mind the present age surpass
And join'd to that the' experience of the last.
Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.
"Oh sight, (he cried) dishonest and unjust!
A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!
To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
Let first the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way;
Then set the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due."
His sage advice the listening king obeys;
He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,
And from his seat Laodamas remov'd,
(The monarch's offspring, and his best belov'd)
There next his side the godlike hero sat;
With stars of silver shone the bed of state.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies
A silver laver, of capacious size.
The table next in regal order spread,
The glittering canisters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
The choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Thus feasting high, Alcinous gave the sign,
I bade the herald pour the rosy wine.
Set all around the due libation pay
Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way."
He said. Pontonus heard the king's command:
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
He drinks the juice that glads the heart of man.
Thous then, with aspect mild, began:
Princes and peers, attend! while we impart
To the thoughts of no inhuman heart.

Now pleas'd and satiate from the social rite
Repair we to the blessings of the night:
But with the rising day, assembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious observe our hospitable laws,
And heaven propitiate in the stranger's cause:
Then join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to transport him to the wish'd-for shore:
(How distant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the wo)
Meantime, nor harm nor anguish let him bear:
This interval, heaven trusts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge resign'd,
Heaven's is his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then must he suffer what the fates ordain;
For fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins, e'en from the birth, are misery and man!

"But if, descended from the' Olympian bower,
Gracious approach us some immortal power;
If in that form thou com'st a guest divine,
Some high event the conscious gods design.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feast,
The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest;
Then manifest of heaven the vision stood,
And to our eyes familiar was the god.
Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
And shine before him all the desert way:
With social intercourse, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celestial kind,
By justice, truth, and probity of mind;
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopæan birth
Match in fierce wrong the giant-sons of earth."

"Let no such thought (with modest grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) possess the royal mind.

Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure sky:
In form, ah, how unlike their heavenly kind!
How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! most oppress'd of those
Whom fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a sad train of miseries alone
Distinguish'd long, and second now to none!
By heaven's high will compell'd from shore to shore;
With heaven's high will prepar'd to suffer more.
What histories of toil could I declare?
But still long-wearied nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and shrunk with pining fast,
My craving bowels still require repast.
Howe'er the noble, suffering mind, may grieve
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live;
Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.
But finish, O ye peers! what you propose,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes:
Pleas'd will I suffer all the gods ordain,
To see my soil, my son, my friends, again.
That view vouchsaf'd, let instant death surprise
With ever-during shade these happy eyes!"
The' assembled peers with general praise ap-
prov'd
's pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd.
ch drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
d to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
sses in the regal walls alone
nain'd: beside him, on a splendid throne,
ine Arete and Alcinous shone.
queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd
'd in the garments her own hands had made;
without wonder seen. Then thus began,
words addressing to the godlike man:
Cam'st thou not hither, wondrous stranger!
lands remote, and o'er a length of sea? [say,

Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely air?
And robes like these, so recent and so fair?"
"Hard is the task, O princess! you impose,
(Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes)
The long, the mournful series to relate
Of all my sorrows, sent by heaven and fate!
Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd, in Ocean's wat'ry arms;
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore,
Unbless'd! to tread that interdicted shore,
When Jove tremendous in the sable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships:
Then, all my fleet, and all my followers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges toss'd,
Heaven drove my wreck the' Ogygian isle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the goddess there with open arms,
She brib'd my stay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and wo.
But all her blandishments successless prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love.
I stay reluctant seven continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
The eighth, she voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
A raft was form'd to cross the surging sea;
Herself supplied the stores and rich array;
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;

The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;
The splitting raft the furious tempest tore;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.
Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this isle: but there my hopes were lost,
The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.
I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth, inpervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the shelter of the neighbouring wood.
'Twas night; and cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.
All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd, and Phœbus shin'd in vain,
Nor till oblique he slop'd his evening ray,
Had Somnus dried the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd:
To her I sued, she pitied my distress;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.
Who from such youth could hope considerate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.
This is the truth: and oh, ye powers on high!
Forbid that want should sink me to a lie."
To this the king: "Our daughter but express'd
Her cares imperfect to our godlike guest.
Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,
Why not herself did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?"
"Hero and king! (Ulysses thus replied)
"To blame her, faultless, nor suspect of pride:
"She bade me follow in the' attendant train;
I fear and reverence did my steps detain,

Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind."
"Far from my soul (he cried) the gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base!
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve;
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son:
In such alliance couldst thou wish to join,
A palace stor'd with treasures should be thine.
But if reluctant, who shall force thy stay?
Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,
And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray.
Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
And seize the moment when the breezes rise:
Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.
Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
Thither of old, Earth's giant-son to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:
This land, from whence their morning course begun,
Saw them returning with the setting sun.
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dext'rous, and how fleet our sail,
When justly tim'd with equal sweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracks below."
Thus he. No word the' experienc'd man replies,
But thus to heaven (and heavenward lifts his eyes:)
"O Jove! O father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! sacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory shine;
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!"
Meantime Arete, for the hour of rest,
Ordains the fleecy couch, and covering vest
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.

With torches blazing in their hands they pass'd,
And finish'd all their queen's command with haste:
Then gave the signal to the willing guest:
He rose with pleasure, and retir'd to rest.
There, soft-extended, to the murmuring sound
Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound!
Within, releas'd from cares Alcinous lies;
And fast beside, were clos'd Arete's eyes.

THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALCINOUS calls a council, in which it is resolved to tra
Ulysses into his country. After which splendid entertain
are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demo
plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the g
the race, the wrestling, discus, &c. where Ulysses casts a
gious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. Th
turn again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the lo
Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the po
sires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse
Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inqui
his guest his name, parentage, and fortunes.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VIII.

Now fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the council-seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.
Meanwhile Minerva, in her guardian care,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
In form the herald of the king, she flies
From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries:
"Nobles and chiefs who rule Phæacia's states,
The king in council your attendance waits:
A prince of grace divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores."
She spoke, and sudden with tumultuous sounds
Of thronging multitudes the shore rebounds:
At once the seats they fill: and every eye
Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien to awe;
With strength, the future prize of fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.

Then from his glittering throne Alcinous rose:
"Attend (he cried) while we our will disclose.
Your present aid this godlike stranger craves,
Tost by rude tempest through a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray.
Then grant, what here all sons of wo obtain
(For here affliction never pleads in vain.)
Be chosen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order every oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Instant, you sailors, to this task attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers ascend;
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the bard of fame,
Taught by the gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay, responsive to the strings."
Thus spoke the prince: the' attending peers obey,
In state they move; Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the sailors to their charge arise;
They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
And stretch the swelling canvass to the gales;
Then to the palace move: a gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:
Now all accesses to the dome are filled;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd:
Two beeves, twelve fatlings from the flock, they bring
To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous king.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song:
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.

e his seat a polish'd table shines,
a full goblet foams with generous wines:
ood a herald bore : and now they fed ;
now the rage of craving hunger fled.
en fir'd by all the muse, aloud he sings
mighty deeds of demigods and kings :
that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
made Ulysses and Achilles foes :
o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
stern debate Atrides hears with joy :
eaven foretold the contest, when he trod
marble threshold of the Delphic god,
us to learn the counsels of the sky,
et he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.
uch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
ft affliction all his manly mind :
e his eyes the purple vest he drew,
trious to conceal the falling dew:
vhen the music paus'd, he ceas'd to shed
flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd,
our'd a pure libation to the ground.
ansported with the song, the listening train
n with loud applause demand the strain :

Incessant in the games your strength display,
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day!
That pleas'd the' admiring stranger may proclain
In distant regions the Phæacian fame:
None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway,
Or swifter in the race devour the way;
None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground."

Thus spoke the king: the' attending peers obe
In state they move; Alcinous leads the way:
His golden lyre Demodocus unstrung,
High on a column in the palace hung;
And guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majestic to the lists of fame repairs.

Now swarms the populace; a countless throng
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along:
The games begin; ambitious of the prize,
Acroneus, Thoön, and Eretmeus rise;
The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of fame:
There Proreus, Nautes, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir:
Euryalus, like Mars terrific, rose,
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes:
Naubolides with grace unequal shone
Or equall'd by Laodamas alone.
With these came forth Ambasineus the strong,
And three brave sons from great Alcinous sprung

Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand,
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand:
Swift as on wings of wind upborne they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky:
Before the rest, what space the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox, from plough to plough
Clytoneus sprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore the' unrivall'd honours of the day.
With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers join:
The conquest, great Euryalus, is thine,

ıialus sprung forward with a bound,
rior in the leap a length of ground:
, Eratreus' strong arm the discus flies,
sings with unmatch'd force along the skies.
Laodam whirls high, with dreadful sway,
gloves of death, victorious in the fray.
ıile thus the peerage in the games contends,
t to speak Laodamas ascends: [skill'd
) friends (he cries,) the stranger seems well
y the' illustrious labours of the field:
m him brave; then grant the brave man's claim,
: the hero to his share of fame.
: nervous arms he boasts! how firm his tread!
imbs how turn'd! how broad his shoulders
spread!
ge unbroke!—but all-consuming care
·oys perhaps the strength that time would
is the ocean, dread in all its forms! [spare:
must decay, when man contends with storms."
Well hast thou spoke (Eurydus replies,)
e is the guest, invite him thou to rise."
at the word advancing from the crowd
ıade obeisance, and thus spoke aloud:
Vouchsafes the reverend stranger to display
ıanly worth, and share the glorious day?
:r, arise! for thee thy port proclaims
rt to conquer in the solemn games.
ıme arise! for what more fame can yield
the swift race, or conflict of the field?
from corroding care one transient day,
lory give the space thou hast to stay;
: is the time, and lo! e'en now the gales
:hee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails."
whom with sighs Ulysses gave reply:
why the' ill-suiting pastime must I try?
loomy care my thoughts alone are free;
e gay sports with troubled hearts agree:

Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who suppliant to the king and peers, implores
A speedy voyage to his native shores."
"Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The sports of glory to the brave belong
(Retorts Euryalus:) he boasts no claim
Among the great, unlike the sons of fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main,
Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
But dreads the' athletic labours of the field."
Incens'd Ulysses with a frown replies:
"O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise!
With partial hands the gods their gifts dispense:
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense;
Here heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wisdom the defect of form supplies:
This man with energy of thought controls,
And steals with modest violence our souls,
He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And as he moves the gazing crowd reveres:
While others, beauteous as the' ethereal kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward show heaven gives thee to excel.
But heaven denies the praise of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous soul resents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim
A post of honour with the sons of fame:
Such was my boast while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.—Slander stings the brave."

striding forward with a furious bound,
ıch'd a rocky fragment from the ground,
ıore ponderous, and more huge by far,
ıat Phæacia's sons discharg'd in air.
·om his arm the' enormous load he flings;
s through the shaded air it sings:
to the earth, tempestuous as it flies,
wd gaze upward while it cleaves the skies.
all marks, with many a giddy round
ıshing, it upturns a hill of ground.
nstant Pallas, bursting from a cloud,
listinguish'd mark, and cried aloud:
ı he who sightless wants his visual ray,
his touch alone award the day:
ıal throw transcends the utmost bound
champion by a length of ground:
/ bid the strongest of the train
throw: the strongest throws in vain."
)oke; and momentary mounts the sky:
ndly voice Ulysses hears with joy;
us aloud, elate with decent pride:
/e Phæacians, try your force (he cried;)
his throw the strongest caster vie,
ther still, I bid the discuss fly.
rth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
the swiftest racers of the field!
rth, ye wrestlers! who these pastimes grace!
he gauntlet, and I run the race.
heroic games I yield to none,
to brave Laodamas alone:
/ith brave Laodamas contend?
is sacred, and I style him friend.
:ous were the man, and base of heart,
:es the kind, and pays the' ungrateful part:
the man in foreign realms confin'd,
his friend, to his own interest blind:
·our heroes I this day defy;
a man, that we our might may try.

Expert in every art, I boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,
My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone superior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.
From all the sons of earth unrivall'd praise
I justly claim; but yield to better days,
To those fam'd days when great Alcides rose
And Eurytus, who bade the gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whose art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime;
Sudden the' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durst defy the bowyer-god)
In fighting fields as far the spear I throw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the contest I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints; and I resign,
By storms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
When storms and hunger both at once assail."
Abash'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
Till great Alcinous mildly thus began: [tongue
"Well hast thou spoke, and well thy generous
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, secure in men of sense:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's
And bear to heroes our heroic fame; [claim,
In distant realms our glorious deeds display,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day; [end,
When bless'd with ease thy woes and wanderings
Teach them thy consort, bid thy sons attend;
How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our sires with praise,
How we, their offspring, dignify our race
"Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boast the glories of the' athletic field;
We in the course unrivall'd speed display,
Or through cœrulean billows plough the way;

To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight.
The feast or bath by day, and love by night:
Rise then, ye skill'd in measures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a distant air,
And faithful say, to you the powers belong
To race, to sail, to dance, to chaunt the song.
But, herald, to the palace swift repair,
And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear."
Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey
The future games, the judges of the day:
With instant care they mark a spacious round,
And level for the dance the' allotted ground:
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
The bard advancing meditates the lay:
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
Graceful before the heavenly minstrel stand;
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they rise,
Their feet half-viewless quiver in the skies:
Ulysses gaz'd, astonish'd to survey
The glancing splendours as their sandals play.
Meantime the bard, alternate to the strings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;
How the stern god, enamour'd with her charms,
Clasp'd the gay panting goddess in his arms,
By bribes seduc'd: and how the sun whose eye
Views the broad heavens, disclos'd the lawless joy
Stung to the soul, indignant through the skies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
Contriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant place
The' eternal anvil on the massy base.
Wondrous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay;
Dissolubly strong! Then instant bears
His immortal dome the finish'd snares.
Above, below, around, with art dispread,
Secure enclosure folds the genial bed;

Whose texture e'en the search of gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.
Then, as withdrawing from the starry bow'rs,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian shores,
His favourite isle! Observant Mars descries
His wish'd recess, and to the goddess flies;
He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd queen of lov
Descends smooth-gliding from the courts of Jove
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he press'
With eager joy, and with a sigh address'd:
"Come, my belov'd! and taste the soft deligh
Come, to repose the genial bed invites:
Thy absent spouse, neglectful of thy charms,
Prefers his barbarous Sintians to thy arms!"
Then, nothing loth, the' enamour'd fair he led
And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
Down rush'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay
The careless lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they strive, the' intangling snares deny
(Inextricably firm) the power to fly.
Warn'd by the god who sheds the golden day.
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way:
Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns
Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven retur
"O Jove (he cried) O all ye powers above,
See the lewd dalliance of the queen of love!
Me, awkward me, she scorns, and yields her charr
To that fair lecher, the strong god of arms.
If I am lame, that stain my natal hour
By fate impos'd; such me my parent bore:
Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
O sight tormenting to an husband's eyes?
But yet, I trust, this once e'en Mars would fly
His fair-one's arms—he thinks her, once, too nig
But there remain, ye guilty, in my power,
Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dowe
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace."

Meanwhile the gods the dome of Vulcan throng,
Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along,
With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain;
But modesty withheld the goddess-train.
All heaven beholds, imprison'd as they lie,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.
Then mutual, thus they spoke: "Behold on wrong
Swift vengeance waits; and art subdues the strong!
Dwells there a god on all the' Olympian brow
More swift than Mars, and more than Vulcan slow?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the god of arms
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms."
Thus serious they: but he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
"Would'st thou enchain'd like Mars, O Hermes, lie,
And bear the shame like Mars, to share the joy?"
"O envied shame! (the smiling youth rejoin'd)
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye gods, and every goddess gaze,
Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace."
Loud laugh the rest, e'en Neptune laughs aloud,
Yet sues importunate to loose the god:
"And free (he cries) O Vulcan! free from shame
Thy captives; I ensure the penal claim."
"Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithless trust?
He suffers who gives surety for the' unjust:
But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky,
To liberty restor'd, perfidious fly;
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct?" He instant cries,
"The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.
To whom appeas'd: "No more I urge delay!
When Neptune sues, my part is to obey.
Then to the snares his force the god applies;
They burst; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the soft Cyprian shores the goddess moves,
To visit Paphos and her blooming groves,
Where to the power an hundred altars rise,
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies:

Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bowers,
The Graces unguents shed, ambrosial showers,
Unguents that charm the gods! she last assumes
Her wondrous robes; and full the god-less blooms.
Thus sung the bard: Ulysses hears with joy,
And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.
Then to the sports his sons the king commands:
Each blooming youth before the monarch stands,
In dance unmatch'd! A wondrous ball is brought,
(The work of Polybus, divinely wrought)
This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,
And bending wackward whirls it to the sky;
His brother springing with an active bound,
At distance intercepts it from the ground:
The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the strand,
Turn and return, and scarce imprint the sand,
The' assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes,
And send in shouts applauses to the skies.
Then thus Ulysses: "Happy king, whose name
The brighest shines in all the rolls of fame:
In subjects happy! with surprise I gaze;
Thy praise was just; their skill transcends thy praise."
Pleas'd with his people's fame the monarch hears,
And thus benevolent accosts the peers:
"Since wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,
Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion share,
O'er whom supreme, imperial power I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A vest, a robe; and imitate your king:
Be swift to give; that he this night may share
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong:
A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue."
The' assenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring.

en thus Euryalus: "O prince, whose sway
les this bless'd realm, repentant I obey!
his this sword, whose blade of brass displays
uddy gleam; whose hilt, a silver blaze;
ose ivory sheath, inwrought with curious pride,
ds graceful terror to the wearer's side."
Ie said, and to his hand the sword consign'd;
nd if (he cried) my words affect thy mind,
from thy mind those words, ye whirlwinds, bear,
l scatter them, ye storms, in empty air!
wn, O ye heavens, with joy his peaceful hours,
l grant him to his spouse and native shores!"
And bless'd be thou, my friend, (Ulysses cries)
wn him with every joy, ye favouring skies;
thy calm hours continued peace afford,
l never, never may'st thou want this sword!"
Ie said, and o'er his shoulder flung the blade.
w o'er the earth ascends the evening shade:
e precious gifts the' illustrious heralds bear,
l to the court the' embodied peers repair.
ore the queen Alcinous' sons unfold
e vests, the robes, and heaps of shining gold;
en to the radiant thrones they move in state:
ft, the king in pomp imperial sat.
hence to the queen: "O partner of our reign,
ole belov'd! command thy menial train
olish'd chest and stately robes to bear,
l healing waters for the bath prepare:
at, bath'd, our guest may bid his sorrows cease,
ar the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.
owl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
self we give, memorial of our name;
raise in offerings to almighty Jove,
d every god that treads the courts above."
nstant the queen, observant of the king,
mmands her train a spacious vase to bring;
e spacious vase with ample streams suffice,
ap high the wood, and bid the flames arise.

The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herself the chest prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the vests are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dress inwrought with art,
A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,
Thus spoke to Ithacus: "To guard with bands
Insolvable these gifts, thy care demands;
Lest, in thy slumbers on the wat'ry main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain."
Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the king ascends:
(Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour
He sail'd, ill-fated, from Calypso's bow'r,
Where, happy as the gods that range the sky,
He feasted every sense, with every joy)
He bathes; the damsels with officious toil
Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a shower of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
And to the feast magnificently treads.
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Nausicaa blooming as a goddess stands,
With wondering eyes the hero she survey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid:
"Hail godlike stranger! and when heaven restores
To thy fond wish thy long-expected shores,
This, ever grateful, in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'st, to me, the vital air."
"O royal maid, (Ulysses straight returns)
Whose worth the splendours of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove, whose arm in vengeance forms
The writhen bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,
Restore me safe, through weary wanderings tost,
To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,

As while the spirit in this bosom glows,
To thee, my goddess, I address my vows:
My life, thy gift I boast!"—He said and sat,
Fast by Alcinous, on a throne of state.
Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion shares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeisance as he moves along:
Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then from the chine, Ulysses carves with art,
Delicious food, an honorary part;
"This, let the master of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
Who sacred honours to the bard denies?
The Muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind;
The Muse indulgent loves the' harmonious kind."
The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the lyrist wise Ulysses said:
"O more than man! thy soul the Muse inspires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:
For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
The wo of Greece, and sing so well the wo?
Just to the tale, as present at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day!
The song recalls past horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.
Once more harmonious strike the sounding string,
The' Epæan fabric, fram'd by Pallas, sing:
How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of fame,
The god himself inspires thy breast with flame:
And mine shall be the task, henceforth, to raise
In every land thy monument of praise."

Full of the god he rais'd his lofty strain,
How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main:
How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies;
While from the shores the winged navy flies:
How e'en in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands:
All Troy up-heav'd the steed; of different mind,
Various the Trojans counsell'd; part consign'd
The monster to the sword, part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
The' unwise award to lodge it in the towers,
An offering sacred to the' immortal powers:
The' unwise prevail, they lodge it in the walls,
And by the gods' decree proud Ilion falls;
Destruction enters in the treacherous wood,
And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.
He sung the Greeks stern-issuing from the steed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! ascends
The Spartan king; how Ithacus attends,
(Horrid as Mars) and how with dire alarms
He fights, subdues; for Pallas strings his arms.
Thus while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew.
As some fond matron views in mortal fight
Her husband falling in his country's right:
Frantic through clashing swords she runs, she flies,
As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies:
Close to his breast she grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, she shrieks; the fierce insulting foe
Relentless mocks her violence of wo:
To chains condemn'd, as wildly she deplores;
A widow, and a slave on foreign shores.
So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes
Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:

ıen to the bard aloud: "O cease to sing,
ımb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string:
› every note his tears responsive flow,
ıd his great heart heaves with tumultuous wo;
ıy lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay,
ıd o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
ıis social right demands: for him the sails,
oating in air, invite the' impelling gales:
s are the gifts of love: the wise and good
ceive the stranger as a brother's blood.
" But, friend, discover faithful what I crave,
tful concealment ill becomes the brave:
y what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
pos'd by parents in the natal hour?
or from the natal hour distinctive names,
ıe common right, the great and lowly claims)
y from what city, from what regions tost,
ıd what inhabitants those regions boast?
shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd,
wondrous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind;
› helm secures their course, no pilot guides;
ke man intelligent, they plough the tides,
ınscious of every coast and every bay,
ıat lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray:
ıough clouds and darkness veil the' encumber'd
sky,
arless through darkness and through clouds they
fly: [main,
hough tempests rage, though rolls the swelling
he seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain;
'en the stern god that o'er the waves presides,
ıfe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
/ith fury burns; while careless they convey
romiscuous every guest to every bay.
hese ears have heard my royal sire disclose
dreadful story big with future woes:
ow Neptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
ırm rooted in a surge a ship should stand

A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury these proud towers beneath the grou
But this the gods may frustrate or fulfil,
As suits the purpose of the' eternal will.
But say through what waste regions hast t
stray'd,
What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tea
Just are the ways of heaven; from heaven proc
The woes of man; heav'n doom'd the Greeks
bleed,
A theme of future song! Say then if slain
Some dear-lov'd brother press'd the Phrygian pl
Or bled some friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CICONS, LOTOPHA CYCLOPS.

ULYSSES begins the relation of his adventures; hov destruction of Troy, he with his companions made a on the Cicons, by whom they were repulsed; and in a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. F they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose man tuation are particularly characterized. The gia mus and his cave described: the usage Ulysses and nions met with there; and, lastly, the method and which he escaped.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IX.

hus Ulysses:—"Thou, whom first in sway,
; in virtue, these thy realms obey;
rest the products of a peaceful reign!
aven-taught poet, and enchanting strain;
ll-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
rejoicing, and a people bless'd!
oodly seems it, ever to employ
ocial days in union and in joy;
nteous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
r the foaming bowl the laughing wine!
id these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
happy series of a wanderer's wo;
brance sad, whose image to review,
nust open all my wounds anew?
, what first, what last shall I relate,
s unnumber'd sent by heaven and fate?
ow first the man (though now a wretch dis-
tress'd)
pes thee, monarch, for his future guest:
Ulysses! no ignoble name,
ounds my wisdom, and high heaven my fame.
native soil is Ithaca the fair,
high Neritus waves his woods in air:

Dulichium, Same, and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around.
(These to the north and night's dark regions run,
Those to Aurora and the rising sun.)
Low lies our isle, yet bless'd in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores;
And none, ah none so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that heaven o'erspreads with light!
In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circé strove,
And added magic, to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.
"Hear then the woes, which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my passage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus, our vessels bore.
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their possessions shar'd.
And every soldier found a like reward.
I then advis'd to fly; not so the rest,
Who staid to revel, and prolong the feast:
The fatted sheep and sable bulls they slay,
And bowls fly round, and riot wastes the day.
Meantime the Cicons, to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons, with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country swarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick as the budding leaves or rising flowers
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in showers:
All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.

Now fortune changes (so the fates ordain,)
Our hour was come to taste our share of pain.
Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.
With sails outspread we fly the unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life.
Yet as we fled, our fellow's rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.
"Meanwhile the god, whose hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with storms:
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we plied the labouring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvass wings
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd;
But, the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd
Strong was the tide, which by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast
Nine days our fleet the' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore

The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,
The land of Lotos, and the flowery coast.
We climb the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent, deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess'd the place.
They went, and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them, all their fruit produce;
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off the' enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they sweep
The sea's smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide,
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untried.

"The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolific show'r.
By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne;
But high on hills or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.

ɔos'd to the Cyclopean coasts, there lay
, whose hills their subject fields survey;
e Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
savage goats through pathless thickets rove:
ly mortals here, with hunger bold,
:ched hunters, through the wintry cold,
their flight; but leave them safe to bound
ill to hill, o'er all the desert ground.
ɔws the soil to feed the fleecy care,
the labours of the crooked share;
nhabited, untill'd, unsown
ınd breeds the bleating goat alone.
re no vessel with vermilion prore,
of traffic, glides from shore to shore;
ged race of savages, unskill'd
s to traverse, or the ships to build,
the coast, nor cultivate the soil;
'd in all the' industrious arts of toil.
all products and all plants abound,
from the fruitful genius of the ground;
aving high with heavy crops are seen,
es that flourish in eternal green,
ng meads along the murmuring main,
ntains streaming down the fruitful plain.
ɔrt there is, enclos'd on either side,
ihips may rest, unanchor'd and untied,
glad mariners incline to sail,
sea whitens with the rising gale.
its head, from out the cavern'd rock,
rills a gushing fountain broke:
it, and above, for ever green
hing alders form'd a shady scene.
ome favouring god, beyond our thought,
ı all-surrounding shade our navy brought;
ımy night descended on the main,
ımer'd Phœbe in the' ethereal plain:

But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay.
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown,
With wonder seiz'd we view the pleasing groun
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous'd by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats came bounding o'er the law
In haste our fellows to the ships repair,
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we par
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart:
The bounteous gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away;
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supplied (for twelve were all the fleet.

"Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the lig
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from ample jar
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.
The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near;
The voice of goats and bleeting flocks we hear,
And from their mountains rising smokes appear
Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things: along the sea-beat shore
Satiate we slept: but when the sacred dawn,
Arising, glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and these words address'd:
'My dear associates, here indulge your rest;
While with my single ship, adventurous, I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjust, of barbarous might,
Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right;
Or such who harbour pity in their breast,
Revere the gods, and succour the distress'd.'

"This said, I climb my vessel's lofty side;
My train obey'd me, and the ship untied.
In order seated on their banks, they sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with darkening laurels cover'd o'er;
Where sheep and goats lay slumbering round the shore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'er-arching pine, and spreading oak.
A giant-shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature, or in face;
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood,
I left my vessel at the point of land,
And close to guard it, gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldest and the best,
I seek the' adventure, and forsake the rest.
Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of Maron of Evantheus' line
(The priest of Phœbus at the' Ismarian shrine.)
In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood
Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood;
Him, and his house, heaven mov'd my mind to save,
And costly presents in return he gave;
Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,
A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!
Which now some ages from his race conceal'd,
The hoary sire in gratitude reveal'd:

Such was the wine; to quench whose fervent steam,
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd
Breath'd aromatic fragrancies around.
Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
And brought another with provisions stor'd.
My soul foreboded I should find the bower
Of some fell monster, fierce with barbarous power,
Some rustic wretch who liv'd in heaven's despite,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within
(His flock the giant tended on the green;)
But round the grot we gaze; and all we view,
In order rang'd, our admiration drew:
The bending shelves with loads of cheeses press'd.
The folded flocks each separate from the rest
(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies:)
The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends:
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!
"Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and pray'r.
The loaden shelves afford us full repast;
We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the pond'rous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.

driven before him, through the arching rock,
tumbling, heaps on heaps, the' unnumber'd flock;
dder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
males were penn'd in outward courts behind.)
, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
e cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate.
:e twenty four-wheel'd cars, compact and strong,
nassy load could bear, or roll along.)
:xt betakes him to his evening cares,
sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
lf their udders eases first the dams,
to the mother's teat submits the lambs.
he white stream to hardening cheese he press'd,
ıigh in wicker-baskets heap'd: the rest,
v'd in bowls, supplied the nightly feast.
bour done, he fir'd the pile that gave
.den blaze, and lighted all the cave.
:and discover'd by the rising fires;
ıce the giant glares, and thus inquires:
hat are ye, guests; on what adventure say,
far ye wander through the watery way?
:s, perhaps, who seek through seas unknown
ives of others, and expose your own?"
lis voice like thunder through the cavern sounds:
ɔld companions thrilling fear confounds,
ll'd at sight of more than mortal man!
ıgth, with heart recover'd, I began:
rom Troy's fam'd fields, sad wanderers o'er
ld the relics of the Grecian train! [the main,
ıgh various seas by various perils toss'd,
orc'd by storms unwilling, on your coast;
om our destin'd course, and native land,
was our fate, and such high Jove's command!

Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,
Atrides' friends, (in arms a mighty name,)
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
Respect us, human: and relieve us, poor.
At least some hospitable gift bestow;
Tis' what the happy to the' unhappy owe:
'Tis what the gods require: those gods revere,
The poor and stranger are their constant care;
To Jove their cause and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs."

'Fools that ye are! (the savage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the gods.
Know then we Cyclops are a race, above
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove:
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
Where lies she anchor'd? near or off the shore?'

"Thus he. His meditated fraud I find,
(Vers'd in the turns of various humankind)
And, cautious, thus: 'Against a dreadful rock,
Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke:
Scarce with these few I 'scap'd: of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main;
The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.'

"He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band,
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain beast:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.

: the death from which we cannot move,
mbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
ɔle maw with human carnage fill'd,
ɣ deluge next the giant swill'd;
retch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
ıseless, and supine, amidst the flock.
e the time, and with a sudden wound
he slumbering monster to the ground,
l impels me; and in act I stand
v the sword; but wisdom held my hand.
so rash had finish'd all our fate;
tal forces from the lofty gate
'oll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
h, expecting the return of day.
w did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
ɛd her sacred light along the skies.
ɛes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
the mother's teat submits the lambs.
k thus finish'd of his morning hours,
ɔre he snatches, murders, and devours.
leas'd and whistling, drives his flock before;
ɛs the rocky mountain from the door,
ıts again: with equal ease dispos'd,
ht quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
ıt voice the echoing region fills:
ks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.
ıs left behind, e'en in the last despair,
ht, devis'd, and Pallas heard my pray'r.
e, and doubt, and caution work'd my breast
ı of many counsels seem'd the best:
nster's club, within the cave I spied,
ɔf stateliest growth, and yet undried,
rom the wood; of height and bulk so vast,
gest ship might claim it for a mast.
ıorten'd of its top, I gave my train
m's length, to shape it and to plane;
rower end I sharpen'd to a spire;
point we harden'd with the force of fire.

And hid it in the dust that strow'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd who first the venturous deed should try,
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.
Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four:
Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock;
Not one, or male or female, stay'd behind:
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some god design'd)
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock; his second dire repast.
I then approach'd him recking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:
'Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet potent to digest:
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare.
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.'
"He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat
Delighted, swill'd the large luxurious draught.
'More! give me more! (he cried) the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art, that bear'st celestial wine!
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as the' unbless'd Cyclopean climes produce.

ough sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
d Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our
fields)
: this descended from the blest abodes,
ill of nectar streaming from the gods.'
He said, and greedy, grasp'd the heady bowl,
rice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.
sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
ile thus my fraudful speech I reassume:
hy promis'd boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
I plead my title: Noman is my name.
that distinguish'd from my tender years,
what my parents call me, and my peers.'
The giant then: 'Our promis'd grace receive,
hospitable boon we mean to give:
en all thy wretched crew have felt my pow'r,
nan shall be the last I will devour.'
He said: then nodding with the fumes of wine
pp'd his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,
ss'd with the weight of sleep that tames the
strong!
re belch'd the mingled steams of wine and
l human flesh, his indigested food. [blood,
den I stir the embers, and inspire
h animating breath the seeds of fire;
h drooping spirit with bold words repair,
l urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
een as it was) and sparkled fiery red.
n forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
h beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
'd by some present god, they swift let fall
pointed torment on his visual ball.
elf above them from a rising ground [round.
le the sharp stake, and twirl it round and
vhen a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;

Urg'd on all hands it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow black;
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when armourers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd poleaxe, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake:
Thus in his eyeball hiss'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their inmost winding caves resound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand,
He tore and dash'd on earth the gory brand.
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-eyed race repair,
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.
'What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange affright
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal in the' unguarded hour
Of sleep oppress thee, or by fraud or pow'r?
Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprise?'
Thus they. The Cyclop from his den replies:
'Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep oppresses me with fraudful pow'r.'
'If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,'
The brethren cried, and instant strode away.
"Joy touch'd my secret soul and conscious heart,
Pleas'd with the' effect of conduct and of art.
Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round:

t last the stone removing from the gate,
'ith hands extended in the midst he sate;
nd search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
:cure to seize us ere we reach'd the door.
iuch as his shallow wit, he deem'd was mine)
it secret I revolv'd the deep design;
'was for our lives my labouring bosom wrought;
ich scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd every thought;
his way and that, I cast, to save my friends,
ill one resolve my varying counsel ends.
" Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
'ell fed, and largest of the fleecy care.
iese three and three, with osier bands we tied;
'he twining bands the Cyclop's bed supply'd)
ie midmost bore a man; the outward two
:cur'd each side: so bound we all the crew.
ie ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
id fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
iere cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
hen rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
: drove to pasture all the lusty males:
ie ewes still folded, with distended thighs
imilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
it heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
: felt their fleeces as they pass'd along:
'ool that he was) and let them safely go,
I unsuspecting of their freight below.
" The master ram at last approach'd the gate,
iarg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.
m, while he pass'd, the monster blind bespoke:
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
rst thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
rst to the field and river's bank to lead,
id first with stately step at evening hour
iy fleecy fellows usher to their bow'r.
ow far the last, with pensive pace and slow
iou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's wo!

Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but fate the power of speech afford;
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to
rock,
His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke
No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,
While such a monster as vile Noman lives.'

"The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No sooner freed, and through the enclosure past,
First I release myself, my fellows last:
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd.
Big tears of transport stand in every eye:
I check their fondness, and command to fly.
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.

"Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear;
With taunts the distant giant I accost,
'Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou medit:at'st thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.
Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,
The god, the god revenges by my hands.'

"These words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thundering on the flood.

ıst brush'd the helm, and fell before:
hole sea shook, and refluent beat the shore.
rong concussion on the heaving tide
back the vessel to the island's side:
I shov'd her off; our fate to fly,
ıerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.
:ap'd impending death, when now again
ice as far had furrow'd back the main,
nore I raise my voice; my friends afraid
nild entreaties my design dissuade:
: boots the godless giant to provoke,
: arm may sink us at a single stroke?
y, when the dreadful rock he threw,
:ean shook, and back his surges flew.
ıunding voice directs his aim again;
ck o'erwhelms us, and we 'scap'd in vain.'
t I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
vith new taunts insult the monster's ear:
ıp! if any, pitying thy disgrace;
ho disfigured thus that eyeless face?
vas Ulysses; 'twas his deed, declare,
s' son of Ithaca the fair;
s, far in fighting fields renown'd,
whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.'
ıe' astonish'd savage with a roar replies;
ıvens! O faith of ancient prophecies!
Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
nighty seer who on these hills grew old;
the dark fates of mortals to declare,
:arn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
ince he menac'd, such was fate's command;
ım'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.
ı'd some godlike giant to behold,
y hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
is weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,
ıot by strength subdued me but by wine.
me, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Neptune's blessing on the watery way:

For his I am, and I the lineage own:
The' immortal father no less boasts the son.
His power can heal me, and re-light my eye:
And only his, of all the gods on high.'
'Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,
And send thee howling to the realms of night!
As sure, as Neptune cannot give thee sight.'
"Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the starry skies:
'Here me, O Neptune! thou whose arms are hurl'd
From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.
If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,
And if the' unhappy Cyclop be thy son;
Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it through toils and sufferings, long and late;
His lost companions let him first deplore:
Some vessel, not his own, transports him o'er;
And when at home from foreign sufferings freed,
More near and deep, domestic woes succeed!'
"With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard the' unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain:
He whirl'd it round: it sung across the main;
It fell, and brush'd the stern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the shore.
With all our force we kept aloof to sea,
And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.
Our sight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
There disembarking on the green sea-side,
We land our cattle, and the spoil divide:
Of these due shares to every sailor fall;
The master ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)
With pious mind to heaven I consecrate.

But the great god, whose thunder rends the skies,
Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice;
And sees me wandering still from coast to coast,
And all my vessels, all my people, lost!
"While thoughtless we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;
Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest,
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east.
Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now rang'd in order on our banks, we sweep
With hasty strokes the hoarse-resounding deep;
Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears."

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

ADVENTURES WITH ÆOLUS, THE LÆSTRIGONS, AND CIRCE.

ULYSSES arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and incloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Læstrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares at her instigation for his voyage to the infernal shades.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK X.

ngth we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt shore,
great Hippotades the sceptre bore;
ng isle! high rais'd by toil divine,
walls of brass the rocky coast confine.
oming youths, in private grandeur bred,
: fair daughters, grac'd the royal bed:
ions their sisters wed, and all remain
arents' pride, and pleasure of their reign.
they feast, all day the bowls fly round,
and music through the isle resound:
t each pair on splendid carpets lay,
wn'd with love the pleasures of the day.
s happy port affords our wandering fleet
h's reception, and a safe retreat.
the monarch urg'd me to relate
l of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
I told: at length for parting mov'd;
ig with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
verse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
ss'd their force, and lock'd each struggling
1 the mighty sire of gods assign'd [blast:
npest's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
d alone the listening storms obey,
oth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
n my hollow ship the monarch hung,
y fetter'd by a silver thong;

But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails?
"Nine prosperous days we plied the labouring oar;
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress'd,
Complied to take the balmy gifts of rest;
Then first my hands did from the rudder part,
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart)
When lo! on board a fond debate arose;
What rare device those vessels might enclose?
What sum, what prize from Æolus I brought!
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought:
'Say, whence, ye gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan spoils;
Whilst we, the wretched partners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store;
But come, my friends, these mystic gifts explore.'
They said: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs unbound!
The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round:
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
Rous'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
If still to live, or desperate plunge to fate:
Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.
"Meanwhile our vessels plough the liquid plain,
And soon the known Æolian coast regain,
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main.

We leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;
That done, two chosen heralds straight attend
Our second progress to my royal friend;
And him amidst his jovial sons we found;
The banquet streaming, and the goblets crown'd:
There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and
For nearer than the gate presum'd to draw. [awe,
But soon his sons their well-known guest descried,
And starting from their couches loudly cried:
Ulysses here! what dæmon couldst thou meet
To thwart thy passage and repel thy fleet?
Hast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear?'
Thus they; in silence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length these words with accent low return'd:
Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
Of all the blessings of your godlike gift!
But grant, O grant our loss we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.'
"Thus I with art to move their pity tried,
And touch'd the youths; but their stern sire replied:
Vile wretch, be gone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful suit pollutes these bless'd abodes,
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the gods.'
"Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
The sailors spent with toils their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no prospect of return.
Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,
The next proud Lamos' stately towers appear,
And Læstrigonia's gates arise distinct in air.
The shepherd quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain:
But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear,
And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care,

So near the pastures, and so short the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.

"Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;
The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet:
For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halsers to the shore.
"From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy brow
Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracks of beasts, or signs of men, we found,
But smoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten road
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's silver streams came down
(Artacia's streams alone supply the town:)
The damsel they approach, and ask'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid the' unwary strangers heard,
And show'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but as they entering saw the queen
Of size enormous, and terrific mien,
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height)
A sudden horror struck their aching sight,
Swift at her call her husband scour'd away
To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey

One for his food the raging glutton slew,
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.
"Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;
A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
And pouring down the mountains, crowd the shore,
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And dash the ruins on the ships below:
The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise:
And mingled horrors echo to the skies!
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And cramm'd their filthy throats with human food.
Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay,
My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;
And charg'd my men, as they from fate would fly,
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.
The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas;
Clear of the rocks the' impatient vessel flies;
Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
With earnest haste my frighted sailors press,
While kindling transports glow'd at our success;
But the sad fate that did our friends destroy
Cool'd every breast, and damp'd the rising joy.
"Now dropp'd our anchors in the' Ææan bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day;
Her mother Persè, of old Ocean's strain:
Thus from the sun descended, and the main;
(From the same lineage stern Æætes came,
The far-fam'd brother of the' enchantress dame)
Goddess, and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic, and commanding song,
Some god directing, to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay, [on,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd
And now the third succeeding morning shone.
I climb'd a cliff with spear and sword in hand,
Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land;

To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or cheerful voice of mortal strike the ear!
From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
A stream of curling smoke, ascending blue,
And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's palace bosom'd in the grove.
"Thither to haste, the region to explore,
Was first my thought: but speeding back to shore
I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
And send out spies the dubious coast to view.
As down the hill I solitary go,
Some power divine who pities human wo
Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
To cool his fervour in the crystal flood;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
I launch'd my spear, and with a sudden wound
Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
Through the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
I drew, and casting on the river side
The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I tied
With twining osiers which the bank supplied.
An ell in length the pliant wisp I weav'd,
And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd:
Then leaning on the spear with both my hands,
Upbore my load, and press'd the sinking sands
With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw
The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew:
'Cheer up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghosts through Pluto's gloomy gate.
Food in the desert land, behold! is given,
Live, and enjoy the providence of heaven.'
"The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
And on the future banquet feast their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beast;
Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.

There till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
They sat indulging in the genial rite.
When evening rose, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things, we slept along the shore.
But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
My men I summon'd and these words address'd:
'Followers and friends; attend what I propose:
Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes!
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counsel, any hope remain.
Alas! from yonder promontory's brow,
I view'd the coast, a region flat and low;
An isle encircled with the boundless flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some smoke I saw amid the forest rise,
And all around it only seas and skies!'
"With broken hearts my sad companions stood,
Mindful of Cyclops and his human food,
And horrid Læstrigons, the men of blood.
Presaging tears apace began to rain:
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
In equal parts I straight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command,
I led the one, and of the other side
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And fortune casts Eurylochus to go:
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.
"The palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of stone; a shaded space around:
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.

As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give:)
Domestic thus the grizzly beasts drew near:
They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
And heard a voice resounding through the wood:
Plac'd at her loom within, the goddess sung;
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the rest the question mov'd
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd:)
'What voice celestial, chanting to the loom,
Or nymph or goddess, echoes from the room?
Say shall we seek access?' With that they call;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
"The goddess, rising, asks her guests to stay,
Who blindly follow where she leads the way.
Eurylochus alone of all the band,
Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
With semblance fair the' unhappy men she plac'd.
Milk newly press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,
And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines, the treat:
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force to darken all the soul:
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.
Instant her circling wand the goddess waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine;
Head, face, and members bristle into swine:
Still curs'd with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.
Meanwhile the goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows

The fruits of cornel, as their feast around;
Now prone and grovelling on unsavoury ground.
"Eurylochus with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns; the messenger of wo,
And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His swelling heart denied the words their way:
But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We press to hear what sadly he relates.
'We went, Ulysses! (such was thy command)
Through the lone thicket, and the desert land.
A palace in a woody vale we found
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.
A voice celestial echoed from the dome,
Or nymph, or goddess, chanting to the loom.
Access we sought, nor was access denied:
Radiant she came; the portals open'd wide:
The goddess mild invites the guests to stay:
They blindly follow where she leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train:
I waited long, and ey'd the doors in vain:
The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.'
"I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung
The belt in which my weighty falchion hung;
(A beamy blade) then seiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.
He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and weeping thus his suit address'd:
'O king belov'd of Jove! thy servant spare,
And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never shalt return,
Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And save the few not fated yet to die.'

"I answer'd stern: 'Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;
The laws of fate compel, and I obey.'
"This said, and scornful turning from the shore
My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.
Till now approaching nigh the magic bower,
Where dwelt the' enchantress skill'd in herbs of power;
A form divine forth issued from the wood,
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod)
In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each opening grace.
He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began:
'Ah, whither roam'st thou? much-enduring man'
O blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove?
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of styes.
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,
Fall prone their equal: first thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the gods bestow.
The plant I give through all the direful bow'r
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
For temper'd drugs and poisons shall be vain.
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword,
And menace death: those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms;
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,
And thy lost friends return to human kind.

But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie
The powers below, the blessed in the sky;
Lest to thee, naked, secret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee, cold and impotent.'
"Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew;
Where on the' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And show'd its nature and its wondrous power:
Black was the root, but milky-white the flower;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is easy to the' ethereal kind.
This Hermes gave, then gliding off the glade
Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.
"While full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I speed my passage to the' enchanted dome:
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I stay'd;
The lofty gates the goddess wide display'd;
She leads before, and to the feast invites;
I follow sadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat
Receiv'd my limbs; a footstool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul;
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heaven:
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was given.
'Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful she began)
Go, be a beast!'—I heard, and yet was man.
"Then sudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy falchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,
She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping eyes.
'What art thou? say! from whence, from whom you came?
O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain!
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he, the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold,)

The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean roun
The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulysses? oh! thy threatening fury cease,
Sheathe thy bright sword, and join our hand
peace;
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence be thine.'
'And how, dread Circe! (furious I rejoin)
Can love and love-born confidence be mine?
Beneath thy charms when my companions groa
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their ow
O thou of fraudful heart! shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed:
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have ver
And magic bind me, cold and impotent?
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
Or swear that oath by which the gods are tied,
Swear in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain!'
"'The goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, a
To the sweet transports of the genial bed. [
Ministrant to their queen with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from sh
woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The silver stands with golden flaskets grac'd:
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoking wave;
And, in the bath prepar'd my limbs I lave:
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.

nd tunic o'er me next she threw,
)m the bath, and dropping balmy dew,
l and plac'd me on the sovereign seat,
'pets spread; a footstool at my feet.
len ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
h'd from the cool translucent springs;
)ious water the bright vase supplies
aver of capacious size.
. The table in fair order spread,
ap the glittering canisters with bread;
f various kinds allure the taste,
est sort and savour, rich repast!
vain invites the feast to share;
ponder, and absorb'd in care:
:enes of wo rose anxious in my breast,
:en beheld me, and these words address'd:
' sits Ulysses silent and apart,
ard of grief close harbour'd at his heart?
'd before thee stand the cates divine,
egarded laughs the rosy wine.
a doubt, or any dread remain,
vorn that oath which never can be vain?'
swer'd, 'Goddess! humane is thy breast,
:e sway'd, by tender pity press'd:
me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
f thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
ldst thou please? for them thy cares employ,
m to me restore, and me to joy.'
h that, she parted: in her potent hand
e the virtue of the magic wand.
stening to the styes, set wide the door,
)rth, and drove the bristly herd before;
ly, out they rush'd, with general cry,
us beasts dishonest to the eye.
ch'd by counter-charms, they change again,
nd majestic, and recall'd to men.
airs of late that bristled every part,
; miraculous effect of art!

Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They saw; they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace;
Sad pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-echoed through the bow'r:
E'en Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.
'Son of Laertes! (then the queen began)
Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!
Haste to the vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor:
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grottos stow thy spoils and arms.'
"She said. Obedient to her high command
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand,
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
'Ah, master!' ever honour'd, ever dear,
(These tender words on every side I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn,
The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
But, ah! relate our lost companions' death.'
"I answer'd cheerful: 'Haste, your galley moor,
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise and follow where I lead the way.

ellows live: believe your eyes, and come
te the joys of Circe's sacred dome.'
ith ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Eurylochus persuades their stay.
:her (he cried) ah whither will ye run?
re to meet those evils ye should shun?
ou the terrors of the dome explore,
ne to grovel, or in lions roar,
lf-like howl away the midnight hour
adful watch around the magic bow'r?
nber Cyclops, and his bloody deed;
ader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.'
ıeard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed
ing falchion at the rebel's head.
s he was, by ties of kindred bound,
hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground;
l at once my interposing train
ercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.
e here the man who dares his prince desert,
to repentance and his own sad heart,
ard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades
ce's palace, where Ulysses leads.'
his with one voice declar'd, the rising train
ıe black vessel by the murmuring main.
: touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast,
.r'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.
eanwhile the goddess, with indulgent cares
ocial joys, the late-transform'd repairs;
ath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
ı refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
ening with joy their eager eyes behold
ther's face, and each his story told;
gushing tears the narrative confound,
ith their sobs the vaulted roofs resound.
hush'd their passion, thus the goddess cries:
ses, taught by labours to be wise,
is short memory of grief suffice.

To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
Forget whatever was in fortune's pow'r,
And share the pleasures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast,
Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
Exiles and wanderers now, where'er ye go,
Too faithful memory renews your woe:
The cause renew'd, habitual griefs remain,
And the soul saddens by the use of pain.'

"Her kind entreaty mov'd the general breast,
Tir'd with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
We plied the banquet and the bowl we crown'd
Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the seasons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours again;
As from a lethargy at once they rise,
And urge their chief with animating cries.

'Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?'

"Melting I heard; yet till the sun's decline
Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine:
But when the shades came on at evening hour,
And all lay slumbering in the dusky bow'r;
I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said:

'Be mindful, goddess, of thy promise made;
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.

'Go then (she cry'd,) ah go! yet think, not I
Not Circe, but the fates your wish deny.
Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey first demands thy care;

the' uncomfortable paths beneath,
/ the realms of darkness and of death.
ek the Theban bard, depriv'd of sight;
rradiate with prophetic light;
ı Persephone, entire and whole,
'etain the' unseparated soul:
are forms, of empty æther made;
: semblance, and the flitting shade.'
:k at the word, my very heart was dead:
sat; my tears bedew'd the bed;
he light and life my soul begun,
that all was grief beneath the sun.
l at length, the gushing tears suppress'd,
:oss'd limbs now wearied into rest,
ıll I tread (I cried,) ah, Circe! say,
descent, and who shall guide the way?
ş eyes behold the realms below?
k to waft me, and what wind to blow?"
'ated road (the magic power replied,)
lysses! asks no mortal guide.
the mast, the spacious sail display,
ıern winds shall wing thee on thy way.
t thou reach old ocean's utmost ends,
the main the shelving shore descends;
ɔn trees of Proserpine's black woods,
nd willows trembling o'er the floods:
thy vessel in the lonely bay,
r there the kingdoms void of day:
hlegeton's loud torrents rushing down,
ıe flaming gulf of Achion;
re, slow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
lamentable waters spread:
ıe dark rock o'erhangs the' infernal lake,
ş̈ling streams eternal murmurs make.
v thy falchion, and on every side
ıe black earth a cubit long and wide;
ɔ shades around libations pour,
the' ingredient strew the hallow'd flour:

New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring,
And living water from the crystal spring.
Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,
With promis'd offerings on thy native shore;
A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,
And, heap'd with [illegible] wealth, a blazing pile:
These to the rest; [illegible] he seer must blood
A sable r[illegible] the pr[illegible] ll thy breed.
These [illegible] vows and [illegible]oly offerings paid
To all t[illegible] s of the dead;
Be nex[illegible]ly c[illegible] sheep to place
Full o'er the pit, [illegible]ward turn their face:
But from the infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to ocean glance with reverend awe.
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
Thin airy shoals of visionary shades.
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
Let the flay'd victims in the flame be cast,
And sacred vows, and mystic song applied
To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool, thy falchion wav'd around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the shades arise the seer.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.'

"So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone
The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
The goddess with a radiant tunic dress'd
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.
Long flowing robes, of purest white, array
The nymph that added lustre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouse man by man, and animate my crew.
'Rise, rise, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.'

ise and follow, yet depart not all,
fate decreed one wretched man to fall.
A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
much for sense, nor much for courage, fam'd;
youngest of our band, a vulgar soul
ı but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
hot and careless, on a turret's height
ı sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay,
down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;
endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
snapp'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in hell.
The rest crowd round me with an eager look:
t them with a sigh, and thus bespoke:
eady, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
hopes already touch your native shore:
! far otherwise the nymph declares,
)ther journey first demands our cares;
ead the' uncomfortable paths beneath,
dreary realms of darkness and of death:
eek Tiresias' awful shade below,
thence our fortunes and our fates to know.'
My sad companions heard in deep despair:
tic they tore their manly growth of hair;
arth they fell; the tears began to rain;
ears in mortal miseries are vain.
/ they far'd along the sea-beat shore;
heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran o'er.
ready victims at our bark we found,
sable ewe, and ram, together bound:
swift as thought the goddess had been there,
thence had glided, viewless as the air:
paths of gods what mortal can survey?
eyes their motion, who shall trace their way?

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

ULYSSES continues his narration—How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient heroines, afterwards of the heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Sisyphus, Hercules: till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XI.

w to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
) the tall bark an launch into the main:
oe the mast we rear, at once unbind
pacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:
. pale and pensive stand, with cares oppress'd,
olemn horror saddens every breast.
shening breeze the magic power supplied,
e the wing'd vessel flew along the tide;
ars we shipp'd: all day the swelling sails
rom the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.
Vow sunk the sun from his aërial height,
o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:
1 lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
e rocks control his waves with ever-during
mounds.
There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
sun ne'er views the' uncomfortable seats,
1 radiant he advances, or retreats:
ppy race! whom endless night invades,
s the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.
The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
rk the sheep, an offering to the gods;
hell-ward bending, o'er the beach descry
lolesome passage to the' infernal sky.

The victims vow'd to each Tartarean pow'r,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.
"Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;
And trenching the black earth on every side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the crystal spring;
O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.
"Now the wan shades we hail, the' infernal gods,
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods:
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our safe return
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile shall burn;
So shall a ram the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.
"Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead.
Then died the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blood.
When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids;
And wither'd elders, pale, and wrinkled shades;
Ghastly with wounds, the forms of warriors slain
Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
These and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shriek'd around,
Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering through my blood;
Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
Straight the flay'd victims to the flames are cast,
And mutter'd vows, and mystic song, apply'd
To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.

' swift I wav'd my falchion o'er the blood;
rted the pale throngs and trembling stood,
ıe black trench the gore untasted flows,
ıl from the shades Tiresias rose.
re wandering through the gloom, I first
survey'd,
he realms of death, Elpenor's shade:
remains all naked to the sky,
nt shores unwept, unburied lie.
ıe sight I stand, deep fix'd in wo,
I spoke the tears began to flow.
what angry power Elpenor led
in shades, and wander with the dead?
ld thy soul, by realms and seas disjoin'd,
e nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind?'
ghost replied: 'To hell my doom I owe,
accurs'd, dire ministers of wo!
through wine unfaithful to their weight,
me tumbling from a towery height:
ıg I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
e neck-joint—my soul descends to hell.
me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
ɔft tie and sacred name of friend!
ınd consort! by thy father's cares!
Telemachus's blooming years!
I know that soon the heavenly pow'rs
: thee back to day and Circe's shores:
ous on my cold remains attend,
ll to mind thy poor departed friend;
ıte of a tear is all I crave,
possession of a peaceful grave.
ıheard, in vain compassion plead,
he gods, the gods avenge the dead!
.long the watery margin raise,
ɔ with manly arms and trophies grace,
posterity Elpenor was.
gh in air, memorial of my name,
mooth oar, and bid me live to fame.'

"To whom with tears: 'These rites, O mournful shade!
Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid.'
"Still as I spoke, the phantom seem'd to moan,
Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.
But as my waving sword the blood surrounds,
The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.
"There as the wondrous visions I survey'd,
All pale ascends my royal mother's shade:
A queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
Struck at the sight I melt with filial wo,
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow:
Yet as I shook my falchion o'er the blood,
Regardless of her son the parent stood.
"When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold:
Awful he trod! majestic was his look!
And from his holy lips these accents broke:
'Why, mortal, wanderest thou from cheerful day,
To tread the downward melancholy way?
What angry gods to these dark legions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But sheathe thy poniard, while my tongue relates
Heaven's steadfast purpose, and thy future fates.'
"While yet he spoke, the prophet I obey'd,
And in the scabbard plung'd the glittering blade.
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then express'd
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast.
'Weary of light, Ulysses here explores,
A prosperous voyage to his native shores:
But know—by me unerring Fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes;
I see! I see, thy bark by Neptune tost,
For injur'd Cyclops, and his eye-ball lost!
Yet to thy woes the gods decree an end,
If heaven thou please; and how to please attend:

n Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
ımerous herds along the verdant shores;
hunger press, yet fly the dangerous prey,
ls are sacred to the god of day,
surveys with his extensive eye,
elow, on earth, and in the sky!
the god, and so propitious gales
hy voyage, and impel thy sails;
ı herds ye seize, beneath the waves
friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
ful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!
ıt his country scarce arrives!
s thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
ı arise, domestic ills attend!
ul adulterers to thy bride resort,
ly gluttons riot in thy court.
;eance hastes amain! These eyes behold
hful scene, princes on princes roll'd!
ıe, a people far from sea explore,
er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
ay vessel stem the watery plain,
d wonder flying on the main!
:hy back an oar: with strange amaze
:rd meeting thee, the oar surveys,
es a van: there fix it on the plain,
the god that holds the watery reign;
)ld offering to his altar bring,
ram, a boar; and hail the ocean-king.
ɜ return'd, to each ethereal power
due victim in the genial hour:
ful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
l thyself from life by slow decays:
ı to pain, in age resign thy breath,
ıte stern Neptune points the shaft with
ark grave retiring as to rest, [death,
)le blessing, by thy people bless'd!
ing truths, O man, my lips relate;
ıy life to come, and this is fate.'

"To whom unmov'd; 'If this the gods prepare,
What heaven ordains, the wise with courage bear.
But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands?
Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?
Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?
The latent cause, O sacred seer, reveal?"
'Nor this (replies the seer) will I conceal.
Know; to the spectres, that thy beverage taste,
The scenes of life recur, and actions pass'd;
They, seal'd with truth, return the sure reply;
The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.'
"The phantom-prophet ceas'd, and sunk from sight
To the black palace of eternal night.
"Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood.
Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And, owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks:
'Com'st thou, my son, alive; to realms beneath,
The dolesome realms of darkness and of death:
Com'st thou alive from pure, ethereal day?
Dire is the region, dismal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their waves,
There the wide sea with all his billows raves!
Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her tow'rs)
Com'st thou a wanderer from the Phrygian shores?
Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride, beheld?"
'Source of my life, (I cried) from earth I fly
To seek Tiresias in the nether sky,
To learn my doom; for, tost from wo to wo,
In every land Ulysses finds a foe:
Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,
Since in the dust proud Troy submits her tow'rs.
'But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,
Say, what distemper gave thee to the dead?

's fair lamp declin'd by slow decays,
t expir'd it in a sudden blaze?
my sire, good old Laertes, lives?
elemachus, my son, survives?
his rule is my dominion aw'd,
h'd by traitors with an iron rod?
my spouse maintains her royal trust,
tempted chaste, and obstinately just?
more her absent lord she wails,
false woman o'er the wife prevails?'
us I, and thus the parent-shade returns:
ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns:
er the night descends, or day prevails,
ie by night, and thee by day bewails:
Telemachus thy realm obeys;
d groves celestial rites he pays,
ares the banquet in superior state,
with such honours as become the great.
e in solitude foments his care:
urt is joyless, for thou art not there!
ly carpets raise his hoary head,
embroidery shines to grace his bed;
hen keen winter freezes in the skies,
with his slaves, on earth the monarch lies:
re his sighs, his visage pale, his dress
rb of wo and habit of distress.
ien the autumn takes his annual round,
fy honours scattering on the ground;
less of his years, abroad he lies,
l the leaves, his canopy the skies.
ures on cares his painful days consume,
w his age with sorrow to the tomb!
thee, my son, I wept my life away;
e through hell's eternal dungeons stray:
ne my fate by lingering pains and slow,
it the silver-shafted queen her bow;
disease bereav'd me of my breath;
hou, my son, wert my disease and death;

Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd,
For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.'
" Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice through my arms she slipp'd like empty wind.
Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind.
Wild with despair, I shed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs replied:
'Fly'st thou, lov'd shade, while I thus fondly mourn?
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye powers that smile at human harms,
Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's queen an empty image sent,
That wretched I might e'en my joys lament?'
'O son of woe! (the pensive shade rejoin'd)
O most inur'd to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the queen of hell who thee deceives:
All, all are such, when life the body leaves;
No more the substance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
These the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air;
While the impassive soul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream, to these infernal skies.
But from the dark dominions speed thy way,
And climb the steep ascent to upper day;
To thy chaste bride the wondrous story tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.'
" Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's empress brings
Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;
Thick, and more thick, they gather round the blood,
Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood!
Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew;
Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,
Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.

ro began: whom great Salmoneus bred;
yal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.
Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
rs his watery store, the virgin burns;
flows the gentle stream with wanton pride,
soft mazes rolls a silver tide.
ús bank the maid enamour'd roves,
)narch of the deep beholds and loves;
Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,
ıorous god descends into her arms:
ı, a spacious arch of waves he throws,
ʒh in air the liquid mountain rose;
ı surrounding floods conceal'd he proves
:asing transport, and completes his loves.
)ftly sighing, he the fair address'd,
he spoke her tender hand he press'd.
happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd
prolific raptures of a god:
.en nine times the moon renews her horn,
)ther heroes shall from thee be born;
rly care the future worthies claim,
ıt them to the arduous paths of fame;
:hy breast the' important truth conceal,
'e the secret of a god reveal:
)w, thou Neptune view'st! and at my nod
rembles, and the waves confess their god.'
added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain
lung'd into the chambers of the main.
w in the time's full process forth she brings
lread vicegerents, in two future kings;
oud Iolcos Pelias stretch'd his reign,
dlike Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain:
uitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
lant Pheres and fam'd Æson bred:
ıe same fountain Amythaon rose,
with the din of war, and noble shout of foes.
ere mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
.ess'd the' almighty thunderer in her arms:

Hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name;
Though bold in open fi[illegible], they yet surround
The town with walls, [illegible] mound inject on mound
Here ramparts stood, there towers rose high in air
And here through seven wide portals rush'd the war
"There with soft step the fair [illegible]mena trod,
Who bore Alcides to the thundering god;
And Megara, who [illegible]d the son of Jove,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.
"Sullen and sour with discontented mien
Jocasta frown'd, the' incestuous Theban queen;
With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,
Though father's blood imbrued his murderous hands;
The gods and men the dire offence detest,
The gods with all their furies rend his breast:
In lofty Thebes he wore the' imperial crown,
A pompous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends,
And her foul soul to blackest hell descends;
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings
And the fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.
"And now the beauteous Chloris I descry
A lovely shade, Amphion's youngest joy!
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus sought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequall'd charms;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
He sway'd the sceptre with imperial state.
Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,
Sage Nestor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius last; but of the softer race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.
Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn,
The sire denies, and kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whose arm should ravish from Phylacian fields

The herds of Iphyclus, detain'd in wrong;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong!
This dares a seer, but nought the seer prevails,
In beauty's cause illustriously he fails;
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains;
The foe at last, from durance where he lay,
His art revering, gave him back to day;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfil
The steadfast purpose of the' almighty will.
"With graceful port advancing now I spy'd
Leda the fair, the godlike Tyndar's bride:
Hence Pollux sprung, who wields with furious sway
The deathful gauntlet, matchless in the fray:
And Castor, glorious on the' embattled plain
Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they visit this ethereal sky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:
In hell beneath, on earth, in heaven above,
Reign the twin-gods, the favourite sons of Jove.
"There Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the monarch of the boundless main;
Hence Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
More fierce than giants, more than giants strong;
The earth o'erburden'd groan'd beneath their weight,
None but Orion e'er surpass'd their height:
The wondrous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
Proud of their strength, and more than mortal size,
The gods they challenge, and affect the skies;
Heav'd on Olympus tottering Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood:
Such were they youths! had they to manhood grown,
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.

But ere the harvest of the beard began
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
His shafts Apollo aim'd; at once they sound,
And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.
"There mournful Phædra with sad Procris moves,
Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their wo;
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theseus lov'd; from Crete with Theseus fled;
Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,
And towards his Athens bears the lovely prize;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.
"There Clymenè and Mera I behold;
There Eriphylè weeps, who loosely sold
Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale;
And all-composing rest my nature craves,
Here in the court or yonder on the waves:
In you I trust, and in the heavenly pow'rs,
To land Ulysses on his native shores."
He ceas'd; but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear,
Till rising up, Aretè silence broke,
Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke:
"What wondrous man heaven sends us in our guest!
Through all his woes the hero shines confess'd;
His comely port, his ample frame, express
A manly air, majestic in distress.
He, as my guest, is my peculiar care;
You share the pleasure,—then in bounty share;
To worth in misery, a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his stay;
For since kind heaven with wealth our realm has bless'd,
Give it to heaven, by aiding the distress'd."

age Echeneus, whose grave reverend brow
l of time had silver'd o'er with snow,
ı wisdom rose: "Your words (he cries)
obedience, for your words are wise.
ır king direct the glorious way
ous acts; our part is to obey."
e life informs these limbs (the king re-
plied)
leserve, be all my cares employ'd:
this night the royal guest detain,
un flames along the' ethereal plain:
task to send with ample stores
ıger from our hospitable shores:
u my steps! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
in glory, as the first in place."
om the prince: "This night with joy I stay,
:h great in virtue as in sway!
ıe circling year my stay control,
a bounty noble as thy soul;
ling year I wait, with ampler stores
r pomp to hail my native shores:
my realms due homage would be paid;
thy kings are loyally obey'd!"
ıg! for such thou art, and sure thy blood
veins (he cried) of royal fathers flow'd;
ıose vagrants who on falsehood live,
ı smooth tales, and artful to deceive;
er soul abhors the liar's part,
hy voice, and noble is thy heart.
ds like music every breast control,
ough the ear, and win upon the soul;
ıome song divine, thy story flows,
er could the muse record thy woes.
say, upon the dark and dismal coast
ıou the worthies of the Grecian host;
like leaders who, in battle slain,
ıre Troy, and nobly press'd the plain?

And lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening stars still mount the' ethereal plains,
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wondrous scenes in hell,
Till in the vault of heaven the stars decay,
And the sky reddens with the rising day."
"O worthy of the pow'er the gods assign'd,
(Ulysses thus replies) a king in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
If scenes of misery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train.
Prepare to hear of murder and of blood;
Of godlike heroes who uninjur'd stood
Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
"Now summon'd Proserpine to hell's black hall
The heroine shades; they vanish'd at her call.
"When lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes slain
By stern Egysthus, a majestic train,
And high above the rest, Atrides press'd the
He quaff'd the gore; and straight his soldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he stretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty shade.
"Mov'd at the sight, I for a space resign'd
To soft affliction all my manly mind;
At last with tears—"Oh what relentless doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say, while the sea, and while the tempest raves,
Has fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?"
"The ghost returns: 'O chief of humankind
For active courage and a patient mind:

le the sea, nor while the tempest raves,
oppress'd me on the roaring waves;
ly seiz'd me in the dire alarms
ınd slaughter, and the clash of arms.
by a murderous hand Atrides died,
dulterer, and a faithless bride;
my mirth, and at the friendly feast,
full bowl, the traitor stabb'd his guest.
the gory arm of slaughter falls
ely ox, and bleeds within the stalls.
with me the direful murder ends, [friends:
these expir'd! their crime, they were my
ı the boars, which some luxurious lord
the feast, to crown the nuptial board.
ar has thunder'd with its loudest storms,
ıou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;
met her on the listed ground,
and to hand they wound return for wound;
er have thy eyes astonish'd view'd
ı deed, so dire a scene of blood.
the flow of joy, when now the bowl
ı our veins, and opens every soul.
ın, we faint; with blood the dome is dyed,
r the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
ast all gore, with lamentable cries,
eding innocent Cassandra dies!
ough pale death froze cold in every vein,
d I strive to wield, but strive in vain;
my traitress wife these eyelids close,
ntly in death my limbs compose.
ın, woman! when to ill thy mind
all hell contains no fouler fiend:
h was mine! who basely plung'd her sword
ı the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!
hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
: soft quiet and repose at home:
: hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
jur'd sex, and blacken all the race;

Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame,
Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.'
'Illustrious shade (I cried) of Peleus' fates
No circumstance the voice of fame relates:
But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,
The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:
With me from Scyros to the field of fame
Radiant in arms the blooming hero came.
When Greece assembled all her hundred states
To ripen counsels, and decide debates;
Heavens! how he charm'd us with a flow of sense,
And won the heart with manly eloquence!
He first was seen of all the peers to rise,
The third in wisdom, where they all were wise;
But when, to try the fortune of the day,
Host mov'd toward host in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
With martial port he strode, and stern delight;
Heaps strew'd on heaps beneath his fury groan'd,
And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
The time would fail should I in order tell
What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell;
How, lost through love, Eurypylus was slain,
And round him bled his bold Cetæan train.
To Troy no hero came of nobler line,
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.
'When Ilion in the horse receiv'd her doom,
And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour the' imprison'd war:
Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Flush'd in his cheek, or sallied in his blood;
Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;

A friendly pair! near these the Pylian stray'd,
And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade!
War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.
" Through the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
And as he speaks the tears descend in dew:
' Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,
Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead?'
" To whom with sighs: ' I pass these dreadful gates
To seek the Theban, and consult the fates:
For still distress'd I rove from coast to coast,
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost.
But sure the eye of time beholds no name
So bless'd as thine in all the rolls of fame;
Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian gods,
And, dead, thou rul'st a king in these abodes.'
' Talk not of ruling, in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom
Rather I'd choose laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead
But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
And emulates his godlike father's deeds?
If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
Say if my sire, the reverend Peleus, reigns
Great in his Pthia, and his throne maintains,
Or weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the sceptre steadfast in his hands?
O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
And death release me from the silent urn!
This arm that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
And swell'd the ground with mountains of the slain

Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame,
Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.'
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Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Flush'd in his cheek, or sallied in his blood;
Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;

His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glittering spear.
And when the gods our arms with conquest crown'd,
When Troy's proud bulwarks smok'd upon the ground,
Greece, to reward her soldier's gallant toils,
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.
'Thus great in glory, from the din of war
Safe he return'd, without one hostile scar;
Though spears in iron tempests rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.'
"While yet I spoke, the shade with transport glow'd,
Rose in his majesty, and nobler trod;
With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
Of warrior kings, and join'd the' illustrious shades.
"Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
All wailing with unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in discontented mood,
A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;
For ever sad, with proud disdain he pin'd,
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;
Though to the contest Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause.
Oh why was I victorious in the strife;
O dear bought honour with so brave a life!
With him the strength of war, the soldiers' pride,
Our second hope to great Achilles, died!
Touch'd at the sight from tears I scarce refrain,
And tender sorrow thrills in every vein;
Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost
With accents mild the' inexorable ghost:
'Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls re sent
E'en after death? Relent, great shade, relent!
Perish those arms which by the gods' decree
Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!

With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless fates;
And shook astonish'd through her hundred states;
Not more, when great Achilles press'd the ground,
And breath'd his manly spirit through the wound.
O deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!
Turn then, O peaceful turn, thy wrath control,
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.'
" While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.
" Touch'd at his sour retreat, through deepest night,
Through hell's black bounds I had pursu'd his flight,
And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply;
But wondrous visions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold;
Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
Through the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band.
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
" There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom a giant hunter flies;
A pond'rous mace of brass with direful sway
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.
" There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspread nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast, [feast:
The immortal liver grows, and gives the' immortal
For as o'er Panopé's enamell'd plains
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,

With haughty love the' audacious monster strove
To force the goddess, and to rival Jove.
" There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans; (with groans all hell resounds)
E'en in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs sky-dyed, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.
" I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.
Again the restless orb his toil renews,
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.
" Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould,
A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a god among the gods;
There in the bright assemblies of the skies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,
And clang their pinions with terrific sound;
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
The aërial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wondrous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold:

There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar;
There war and havoc and destruction stood,
And vengeful murder red, with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.
The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
And, turning his grim visage, sternly spoke:
'O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
Such, such was I! still toss'd from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
E'en I who from the Lord of thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a generous mind!)
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
E'en hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the martial maid.'
"Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But turning stalk'd with giant-strides away.
"Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolv'd I stand; and haply had survey'd
The godlike Theseus, and Pirithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,
They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal sounds
Stun my scar'd ears, sad pierce hell's utmost bounds.
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins;
Lest Gorgon rising from the' infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!

Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freshening gales
Sing through the shrouds, and stretch the swelling sails."

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SIRENS, SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

HE relates how, after his return from the shades, he w
Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by
of Scylla and Charybdis; the manner in which h
those dangers: how, being cast on the island Trin
companions destroyed the oxen of the sun; the veng
followed: how all perished by shipwreck except him
swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the isl
Ogygia. With which his narration concludes.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XII.

'aus o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
ll from the waves the' Ææan hills arise.
re the gay Morn resides in radiant bow'rs,
re keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
re Phœbus, rising in the' ethereal way,
rough heaven's bright portals pours the beamy day.
once we fix our halsers on the land,
once descend, and press the desert sand;
ere, worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep,
the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep.
"Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd
pulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.
w by the axe the rushing forest bends,
d the huge pile along the shore ascends.
ound we stand, a melancholy train,
d a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
ere o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
e hungry flame devours the silent dead.
rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
at by the roarings of the main we place;
e rising tomb a lofty column bore,
d high above it rose the tapering oar.
"Meantime the goddess our return survey'd
om the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.

Swift she descends: a train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine.
In act to speak, the power of magic stands,
And graceful thus accosts the listening bands:
'O sons of wo! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass through hell's eternal gates!
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you, twice number'd with the dead!
This day adjourn your cares; exalt your souls,
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls;
And when the morn unveils her saffron ray,
Spread your broad [illegible] and plough the liquid way:
Lo I this night, y[illegible]ful guide, explain
Your woes by [illegible] dangers on the main.'
"The god [illegible]n feasts we waste the day,
Till Phœbus [illegible]ung'd his burning ray;
Then sable [illegible], and balmy rest
Seals every [illegible]s the troubled breast.
Then, [illegible]ands me to relate
The dreadful secrets of [illegible]luto's dreary state;
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,
The wondrous visions, and the laws of hell.
"Then thus: 'The lot of man the gods dispose;
These ills are past; now hear thy future woes.
O prince attend; some favouring power be kind,
And print the important story on thy mind!
'Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the seas;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unbless'd the man, whose music wins to stay
Nigh the curs'd shore, and listen to the lay;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.

Fly swift the dangerous coast; let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song: 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to the enchanting sound.
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.
'These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage through the tide.
'High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratic by the gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to the' ethereal king,
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies.
Not the fleet bark, when prosperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
E'en she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.
'High in the air the rock its summit shrouds
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion, bright with day,
Glows with the autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with twenty hands;

Smooth as the polish of the mirror, rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the centre of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales:
Here Scylla bellows [illegible]er dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! [illegible]d by man and gods!
Hideous her voice, and w[illegible] less terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet, deform'd and [illegible]oul, the fiend dispreads,
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth,
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the wat'ry way;
The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars, [roars.
At once six mouths expands, at once six men de-
'Close by, a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous strait;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boist'rous reign
'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
Oh if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,

Ye perish all! though he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly,
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.'
"I then: 'O nymph propitious to my pray'r,
Goddess divine, my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?'
"Then she: 'O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to heav'n resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
E'en with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might:
O fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away.
From her foul womb Cratæis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy pray'r,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your way,
Where graze thy herds, illustrious source of day!
Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred plains,
Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains;
The wondrous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay.
Two sister goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and Phaethusa young,
From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung:
Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.

Rob not the god! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The gods, the gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast.'
"She cease'd: and now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then [illegible]ing to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up sprung a brisker breeze: with freshening gales
The friendly goddess stretch'd the swelling sails:
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.
When rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:
'O friends, oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what heaven foredooms disclose:
Hear all! fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
To live, or perish; to be safe, be wise!
'In flowery meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, be added band to band.'
"While yet I speak the winged galley flies,
And lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!
Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply;
Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;

The' aërial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from excess of frenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.
" While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren quire descries;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:
' O stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Bless'd is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Achiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise!'
" Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;
My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free:
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea!
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then scudding swiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.
Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;
Amaz'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood:
Trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,
Seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
Dropp'd his oar: but swift from man to man
I look serene I turn'd, and thus began:

'O friends! Oh often tried in adverse storms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.
Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:
Lo! still the same Ulysses is your guide!
Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;
Strain every nerve, and bid the vessel fly.
If from yon justling rocks and wavy war
Jove safety grants, he grants it to your care.
And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive listen and obey;
Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry waves
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves:
Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around
We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.'
"While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas.
Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress'd;
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.
"Meantime, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous stand,
Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand;
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
Around the dungeon, studious to behold
The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd;
In vain! the dismal dungeon, dark as night,
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.
"Now through the rocks, appall'd with deep dismay,
We bend our course, and stem the desperate way.
Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves.

They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
Eternal mists obscure the' aërial plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main!
When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the refluent tides:
The rock rebellows with a thund'ring sound;
Deep, wondrous deep below, appears the ground.
"Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
When lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise;
I turn and view them quivering in the skies;
They call, and aid with outstretch'd arms implore:
In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no more.
As from some rock that overhangs the flood,
The silent fisher casts the' insidious food,
With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky;
In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd!
My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow:
Aghast I stood, a monument of wo!
"Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;
To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,
And now the glittering mountains rise to view.
There, sacred to the radiant god of day,
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray:
Then suddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train!

Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd
The words of Circe and the Theban shade;
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun:
'O friends! Oh ever exercis'd in care!
Hear heaven's commands, and reverence what ye hear!
To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd!
Some mighty wo relentless heaven forebodes:
Fly these dire regions, and revere the gods!'
"While yet I spoke, a sudded sorrow ran
Through every breast, and spread from man to man,
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:
'O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes,
And, cruel, enviest thou a short repose?
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
The sun descending, and so near the shore?
And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;
Oh should the fierce south west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the wat'ry way,
Though gods descend from heaven's aërial plain
To lend us aid, the gods descend in vain:
Then while the night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!
Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beams, pursue the destin'd way.'
"A sudden joy in every bosom rose;
So will'd some dæmon, minister of woes!
"To whom with grief: 'O swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bid me shun.
But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear;
Attest the heavens, and call the gods to hear:

nt, an innocent repast display,
rce given, and fly the dangerous prey.'
ius I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
hands uplifted they attest the skies;
where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
rush to land, and end in feasts the day:
feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)
or their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
ase the tears, till each in slumber shares
et forgetfulness of human cares.
ow far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
tting stars roll'd down the azure plain:
, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,
louds and double darkness veil the skies;
ioon, the stars, the bright ethereal host,
as extinct, and all their splendours lost;
rious tempest roars with dreadful sound:
unders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
ght it rag'd; when morning rose, to land
ul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
e in a beauteous grotto's cool recess
: the green Nereids of the neighbouring seas.
here while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,
careful I address'd the listening train:
friends, be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy
se fair pastures:—if ye touch, ye die.
d by the high command of heaven, be aw'd;
he flocks, and dreadful is the god!
god who spreads the radiant beams of light,
iews wide earth and heaven's unmeasur'd height.'
nd now the moon han run her monthly round,
outh-east blustering with a dreadful sound;
t the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train,
hrough the grove, or range the flowery plain:
fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
vl that screaming haunt the wat'ry way.

Till now from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre want besieg'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,
From the loud storms to find a sylvan shade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And heaven and heaven's immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the gods soft slumber shed,
While thus Eurylochus, arising, said:
'O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful most, when by a slow decay
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then to' implore the powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove?
Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Arise unanimous; arise and slay!
And if the gods ordain a safe return,
To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
But should the powers that o'er mankind preside,
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to rush at once to shades below,
Than linger life away, and nourish wo!'
"Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey;
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine.
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake supplied.
"With prayer they now address the' ethereal train,
Slay the selected beeves, and flay the slain;
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from every part.
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.

thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dress'd,
roast the fragments and prepare the feast.
'was then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;
to the bark I speed along the main.
ı lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
ıds o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;
lly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
thus, obtesting heaven, I mourn'd aloud:
sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!
l ye blissful powers that reign above!
were my cares beguil'd in short repose?
ıl slumber, paid with lasting woes!
:d so dreadful all the gods alarms,
'eance is on the wing, and heaven in arms!'
leantime Lampetie mounts the' aërial way,
kindles into rage the god of day:
engeance, ye powers (he cries,) and thou whose hand
the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand!
are those herds which I with pride survey,
ı through the ports of heaven I pour the day,
:ep in ocean plunge the burning ray.
eance, ye gods! or I the skies forego,
)ear the lamp of heaven to shades below.'
'o whom the thundering power: 'O source of day!
ıe radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
nay thy beams through heaven's bright portals rise,
'oy of earth and glory of the skies;
ny red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
ısh the' offenders in the whelming tide.'
'o fair Calypso from the bright abodes,
ıes convey'd these councils of the gods.
leantime from man to man my tongue exclaims,
rath is kindled, and my soul in flames,

In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed;
" Now heaven gave signs of wrath; along th
ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sou
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrail
groan'd.
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy:
The seventh arose, and now the sire of gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the to
floods;
With speed the bark we climb; the spacious
Loos'd from the yards invite the' impelling g
Past sight of shore along the surge we bound
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
When lo! a murky cloud the thunderer forms
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven
storms.
Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out f
The gloomy west, and whistles in the skies.
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blast
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the
The mast gives way, and crackling as it bend
Tears up the deck; then all at once descends
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flam
Full on the bark it fell: now high, now low,
Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blas
At once into the main the crew it shook:
Sulphureous odours rose, and smouldering sm
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, th
rise, [crie
Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadf
And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies.

'irm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main
tush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in twain;
\gain impetuous drove the furious blast,
napt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.
'irm to the mast with cords the helm I bind,
\nd ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,
hrough tumbling billows, and a war of wind.
"Now sunk the west, and now a southern breeze,
Iore dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;
'or on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
\nd dire Charybdis roll her thundering waves.
\ll night I drove; and, at the dawn of day,
'ast by the rocks beheld the desperate way:
'ust when the sea within her gulfs subsides,
\nd in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides,
wift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
he lofty fig-tree seiz'd, and clung around;
o to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
\nd pendent round it clasps his leathern wings.
ligh in the air the tree its boughs display'd,
\nd o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade;
\ll unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
eneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
Vhat time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
'o take repast, and stills the wordy war,
harybdis, rumbling from her inmost caves,
he mast refunded on her refluent waves.
wift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
udden I dropp'd amidst the flashing main;
nce more undaunted on the ruin rode,
\nd oar'd with labouring arms along the flood,
nseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
o Jove decreed (dread sire of men and gods;)
hen nine long days I plough the calmer seas,
eav'd by the surge, and wafted by the breeze.
Veary and wet the' Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.

There in Calypso's ever-fragrant bowers
Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.
"My following fates to thee, O king, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough; in misery can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?"

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ARRIVAL OF ULYSSES IN ITHACA.

ULYSSES takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time Ulysses, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the goddess, appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIII.

His ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conference then the king resumes:
"Whatever toils the great Ulysses pass'd,
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.
But hear me, princes! whom these walls enclose,
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
With wine unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage:)
Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest
Lie heap'd already for our godlike guest;
Without new treasures let him not remove,
Large, and expressive of the public love:
Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,
A general tribute, which the state shall owe."
This sentence pleas'd: then all their steps addressed
To separate mansions, and retir'd to rest.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.

The king himself the vases rang'd with care:
Then bade his followers to the feast repair.
A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove the' eternal (power above all powers!
Who wings the winds, and darkens heaven with showers,)
The flames ascend: till evening they prolong
The rites, more sacred made by heavenly song:
For in the midst, with public honours grac'd,
Thy lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd.
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight:
[illegible] and ev'd the [illegible] and wish'd the night;
[illegible] ve, the hours to roll,
[illegible] native [illegible] [illegible] 'd in his soul.
[illegible] the tir'd [illegible] [illegible] ent with stubborn toil,
Whose oxen [illegible] [illegible] n the furrow'd soil,
Sees with de[illegible] [illegible] he [illegible] declining ray,
When home, with feeble knees, he bends his way
To late repast (the day's hard labour done:)
So to Ulysses welcome set the sun.
Then instant, to Alcinous and the rest
(The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus address'd:
"O thou, the first in merit and command!
And you the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the least,
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
Safe to my home to send your happy guest.
Complete are now the bounties you have given,
Be all those bounties but confirm'd by heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings cease,
My consort blameless, and my friends in peace.
On you be every bliss; and every day,
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away;
Yourselves, your wives, your long-descending race,
May every god enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand,
And public evil never touch the land!"

His words well weigh'd, the general voice approv'd
Benign, and instant his dismission mov'd.
The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine.
"Great Jove the father, first (he cried) implore;
Then send the stranger to his native shore."
The luscious wine the' obedient herald brought;
Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught:
Each from his seat to each immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in the' Olympian bowers.
Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus: "O queen, farewell! be still possess'd
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and bless'd!
Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,
(Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)
Farewell! and joys successive ever spring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!"
Thus he; then parting prints the sandy shore
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,
Sent by Alcinous: of Arete's train
Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful mates
Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates;
Upon the deck, soft painted robes they spread,
With linen cover'd, for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently press'd
The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.
Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills, and lessening shores.
While on the deck the chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.

As fiery coursers in the rapid race,
Urg'd by fierce drivers through the dusty space,
Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies,
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies:
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man in wisdom equal to a god!
Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.
But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and promis'd day;
Like distant clouds the mariner descries,
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise.
Far from the town a spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcy's power, whose name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their halsers ride.
High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas;
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
And massy beams in native marble shone;
On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave, the clustering bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either side;
Sacred the south, by which the gods descend,
But mortals enter at the northern end.

ser they bent, and haul'd there ship to land
rooked keel divides the yellow sand;)
sleeping on his couch they bore,
ntly plac'd him on the rocky shore.
sures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
wild olive's unfrequented shade,
from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
d their oars, and measur'd back the main.
vet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme
ngeance vow'd for eyeless Polypheme.
the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
ught the secret counsels of the god.
ll then no more, O sire of gods! be mine
hts and honours of a power divine?
e'en by man, and (oh severe disgrace)
Phæacians, my degenerate race!
yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
mac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;
h his natal shore was thy decree;
bey'd, for who shall war with thee?
him landed, careless and asleep,
l the' eluded dangers of the deep!
re he lies, amidst a shining store
, rich garments, and refulgent ore;
ars triumphant to his native isle
more worth than Ilion's noble spoil."
hom the . ther of the' immortal powers,
wells the clouds, and gladdens earth with
showers:
ighty Neptune thus of man complain?
e, tremendous o'er the boundless main!
l and awful e'en in heaven's abodes,
: and great! a god above the gods!
ow race offend thy power divine,
, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
n, the guilty at thy will chastise."
: the shaker of the earth replies:

"[illegible] do [illegible] to fix [illegible] ship
A [illegible] on the sable deep:
To warn [illegible] self-confiding train,
No mor[illegible] to brave the main,
Full in [illegible] shady hill shall rise,
If such [illegible] "We will it, (Jove replies)
E'en when [illegible] nsport blackening all the strand,
The swarm [illegible] people hail their ship to land,
Fix her for [illegible], a memorial stone:
Still let her seem t[illegible] and seem alone;
The trembling cro[illegible] ll see the sudden shade
Of whelming moun[illegible] overhang their head!"
With that, the god whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Fierce to Phæacia cross'd the vast profound.
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace shot along the sea.
The god arrests her w[illegible] a sudden stroke,
And roots her down a[illegible] erlasting rock.
Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise;
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!
Thus they unconscious of the deed divine:
Till great Alcinous, rising, own'd the sign.
"Behold the long-predestin'd day! (he cries)
O certain faith of ancient prophecies!
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
A dreadful story, big with future woes;
How, mov'd with wrath that careless we convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay,
Stern Neptune rag'd; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand;
(A monument of wrath) and mound on mound
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.
"The fates have follow'd as declar'd the seer.
Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear:

s unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
very stranger pass from shore to shore;
y Neptune now for mercy call:
ugh name let twelve black oxen fall.
the god reverse his purpos'd will,
r our city hang the dreadful hill."
nonarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd,
n the sands the victim oxen led:
her'd tribes before the altars stand,
efs and rulers, a majestic band.
g of ocean all the tribes implore;
ning altars redden all the shore.
while Ulysses in his country lay,
l from sleep, and round him might survey
itary shore, and rolling sea.
his mind through tedious absence lost
r remembrance of his native coast;
, Minerva, to secure her care,
around a veil of thicken'd air:
he gods ordain'd to keep unseen
l person from his friends and queen;
proud suitors for their crimes afford
le vengeance to their injur'd lord.
ll the land another prospect bore,
port appear'd, another shore,
g-continued ways, and winding floods,
nown mountains, crown'd with unknown
woods.
and slow, with sudden grief oppress'd
g arose, and beat his careful breast;
ng look o'er all the coast and main,
ght, around, his native realm in vain:
th erected eyes stood fix'd in wo,
e spoke, the tears began to flow.
ods! (he cried) upon what barren coast,
new region, is Ulysses tost?
d by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
whose bosom tender pity warms?

Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?
And whither, whither its sad owner fly?
Ah why did I Alcinous' grace implore?
Ah why forsake Phæacia's happy shore?
Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And safe restor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd, long-expected coast,
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boast?
Oh righteous gods! of all the great, how few
Are just to heaven, and to their promise true!
But he, the power to whose all-seeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without disguise,
'Tis his alone to' ave[illegible]e wrongs I bear:
For still the' opp[illegible] his peculiar care.
To count these pres[illegible]nd from thence to prove
Th[illegible] faith, is mine: [illegible]est belongs to Jove."
[illegible] n [illegible] ng'd his wealthy store,
The [illegible] t ripods, number'd o'er:
All these [illegible] l, in error lost,
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-resounding main.
When lo! the guardian goddess of the wise,
Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
Who seem'd descended from some princely line;
A graceful robe her slender body dress'd,
Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,
Her decent hand a shining javelin bore
And painted sandals on her feet she wore.
To whom the king: "Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wand'rest in this desert place!
With joy to thee, as to some god, I bend,
To thee my treasures and myself commend.
O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
What air I breathe, what country I survey?
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,
Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms surround?"

what fair clime (said she) remote from fame
hou here, a stranger to our name?
st an island, not to those unknown
lls are brighten'd by the rising sun,
: that plac'd beneath his utmost reign
im sinking in the western main.
ed soil allows no level space
chariots, or the rapid race;
ngrateful to the peasant's pain,
ulness to the swelling grain:
ed trees their various fruits produce,
ering grapes afford a generous juice:
own our mountains, and in every grove
ding goats and frisking heifers rove:
and kindly dews refresh the field,
g springs eternal verdure yield.
ose shores is Ithaca renown'd,
roy's majestic ruins strow the ground."
, the chief with transport was possess'd,
ng heart exulted in his breast;
dissembling his untimely joys,
ng truth in plausible disguise,
th an air sincere, in fiction bold,
tale the' inventive hero told.
ave I heard in Crete this island's name;
from Crete, my native soil, I came;
h'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
my children and my friends behind.
ce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
n, the swift Orsilochus, I slew:
ital force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
e toils of many a bloody day)
'scap'd; and favour'd by the night
ician vessel took my flight,
or Elis bound: but tempests toss'd,
g billows drove us on your coast.

In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd:
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in the embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapless exile on a foreign shore."

Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd maid began
With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man:
Then chang'd her form; and now, divinely bright,
Jove's heavenly daughter stood confess'd to sight:
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the' illustrious labours of the loom.

"O still the same Ulysses! she rejoin'd,
In useful craft successfully refin'd!
Artful in speech, in action and in mind!
Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours past'd,
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well.
To me, whose wit exceeds the powers divine,
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Through ten years' wandering, and through ten years' war;
Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid;
And now appear, thy treasures to protect,
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
And tell what more thou must from fate expect:
Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!
The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn.
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind;
The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind."

"Goddess of wisdom! (Ithacus replies,)
He who discerns thee must be truly wise,
So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!
When the bold Argives led their warring powers
Against proud Ilion's well-defended towers,
Ulysses was thy care, celestial maid!
Grac'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.
But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery way;
Our fleet dispers'd and driven from coast to coast.
Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost:
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.
But, by the' almighty author of thy race,
Tell me, O tell, is this my native place?
For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea
Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
To sooth my hopes, and mitigate my woes."

Thus he. The blue-ey'd goddess thus replies:
"How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flattering show,
And taste not half the bliss the gods bestow.
The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,
And guard the wisdom which herself inspires.
Others, long absent from their native place,
Straight seek their home, and fly with eager pace
To their wives' arms, and children's dear embrace.
Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove
His subjects' faith, and queen's suspected love;
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)
Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy coast:
Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore.

Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas:
Whose now-neglected altars, in thy reign
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.
Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
And shakes the waving forests on his sides."

So spake the goddess, and the prospect clear'd,
The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.
The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,
And on his knees salutes his mother earth:
Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his pray'r:

"All hail! ye virgin daughters of the main!
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own Ulysses bows;
Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
The growing virtues of my youthful son,
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful offerings on your altars laid."

Then thus Minerva: "From that anxious breast
Dismiss those cares, and leave to heaven the rest.
Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
Then future means consult"—she spoke, and trod
The shady grot, that brighten'd with the god.
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;
The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought;
These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd;
The entrance with a rock the goddess clos'd.

Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade,
Confer the hero and the martial maid.
The goddess of the azure eyes began:—
"Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!
The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:

Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
And proud addresses to the matchless queen.
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives."
To this Ulysses: "O celestial maid!
Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:
Else had I seen my native walls in vain,
Like great Atrides just restor'd and slain.
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,
As when we wrapt Troy's heaven-built walls in fire.
Though leagued against me hundred heroes stand,
Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand."
She answer'd: "In the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might.
If thou but equal to thyself be found,
What gasping numbers then shall press the ground!
What human victims stain the feastful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
And secret walk, unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand shall wither every grace,
And every elegance of form and face,
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Disfigure every limb with coarse attire,
And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life,
Estrange thee from thy own, thy son, thy wife;
From the loath'd object every sight shall turn,
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.
"Go first the master of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:
For thee he sighs; and to the royal heir,
And chaste Penelope, extends his care.

At the Corsican rock he now resides,
Where Arethusa's sable water glides;
The sable water and the copious mast
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!
With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.
Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, still with female beauty gay:
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of fame."
At this the father, with a father's care:
"Must he too suffer, he, O goddess! bear
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched share?
Through the wild ocean plough the dangerous way,
And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?
Why would'st not thou, oh all-enlighten'd mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?"
To whom Minerva: "Be thy soul at rest;
And know, whatever heaven ordains, is best.
To fame I sent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known.
Secure he sits, near great Atrides plac'd;
With friendships strengthen'd, and with honours grac'd.
But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er;
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:
In vain! far sooner all the murderous brood
This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood."
She spake, then touch'd him with her powerful wand:
The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A swift old age o'er all his members spread;
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
His robe, which spots indelible besmear,
In rags dishonest flutters with the air:

r's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;
ged staff his trembling hand sustains;
t his side a wretched scrip was hung,
patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
k'd the chief, so mov'd! to mortal eyes
t uncouth! a man of miseries!
Pallas, cleaving her wide fields of air,
arta flies, Telemachus her care.

THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE CONVERSATION WITH EUM

ULYSSES arrives in disguise at the house of Eu
is received, entertained, and lodged, with th
tality. The several discourses of that faithful
the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal hi
conversations on various subjects, take up this

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIV.

But he, deep musing, o'er the mountains stray'd
Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forests overhung.
Eumæus at his sylvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.
Ulysses found him busied, as he sat
Before the threshold of his rustic gate;
Around the mansion in a circle shone
A rural portico of rugged stone:
(In absence of his lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile)
The wall was stone from neighbouring quarries
borne,
ncircled with a fence of native thorn,
nd strong with pales, by many a weary stroke
stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
equent and thick. Within the space were rear'd
velve ample cells, the lodgements of his herd.
ll fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
e males without (a smaller race) remain'd;
om'd to supply the suitor's wasteful feast,
tock by daily luxury decreas'd;

Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here sat Eumæus, and his cares applied
To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.
Of four assistants who his labour share,
Three now were absent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the suitor-train:
But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,
Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
And wearied heaven with wishes for his lord.

Soon as Ulysses near the' enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down sat the sage; and cautious to withstand,
Let fall the' offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls:
With showers of stones he drives them far away:
The scattering dogs around at distance bay.

"Unhappy stranger! (thus the faithful swain
Began with accents gracious and humane)
What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a shameful fate?
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my master's sorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, supported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapless lord;
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
Now cover'd with the eternal shade of death!

"But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality:
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the share
Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?"

He said; and seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest;
A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed.

ouch'd the hero's tender soul, to find
ist reception from a heart so kind:
d oh, ye gods! with all your blessings grace
thus broke forth) this friend of human race!"
ie swain replied: "It never was our guise
light the poor, or aught humane despise;
Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.
e, alas! is all the good I can;
n oppress'd, dependant, yet a man:
pt such treatment as a swain affords,
e to the insolence of youthful lords!
ience is by unequal gods remov'd
man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
hom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,
more, had fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:
ate condemn'd him to a foreign shore;
have I sorrow'd, but my master more.
cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:
erish Helen! perish all her kind!
whose curs'd cause, in Agamemnon's name,
rod so fatally the paths of fame."
s vest succinct then girding round his waist,
rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,
ght to the lodgements of his herd he run,
re the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;
wo, his cutlass launch'd the spouting blood;
e quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
asty on the hissing coals he threw;
smoking back the tasteful viands drew,
chers and all; then on the board display'd
ready meal, before Ulysses laid,
flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new,
luscious as the bee's nectareous dew:
sat companion of the friendly feast,
open look; and thus bespoke his guest:
ake with free welcome what our hands prepare,
food as falls to simple servants' share;

The best our lords consume; those thoughtless peers,
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet sure the gods their impious acts detest,
And honour justice and the righteous breast.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey,
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
E'en these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast;
Some voice of God close whispering from within,
"Wretch! this is villany, and this is sin."
But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulysses is no more.
Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:
Constant as Jove the night and day bestows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair islands of the neigbouring main,
Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway
The wide-extended continents obey:
First on the main land, of Ulysses' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin feed;
As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgements for the tusky herd;
Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen
Twelve herds of goats that grace our utmost green,
To native pastors is their charge assign'd;
And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
All to the suitors' wasteful board preferr'd."
Thus he, benevolent: his unknown guest
With hunger keen devours the savoury feast;
While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;

he king with smiling looks his joy express'd,
nd thus the kind inviting host address'd:
"Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,
o rich, so potent, whom you style your lord?
ate with such affluence and possessions bless'd,
nd now in honour's glorious bed at rest.
/hoever was the warrior, he must be
o fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
/ho (so the gods, and so the fates ordain'd)
ave wander'd many a sea, and many a land."
"Small is the faith the prince and queen ascribe
Replied Eumæas) to the wandering tribe:
or needy strangers still to flattery fly,
nd want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
ach vagrant traveller that touches here,
eludes with fallacies the royal ear,
'o dear remembrance makes his image rise,
.nd calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.
uch thou may'st be. But he whose name you crave
oulders in earth, or welters on the wave,
r food for fish, or dogs, his relics lie,
r torn by birds are scatter'd through the sky.
o perish'd he: and left (for ever lost)
uch wo to all, but sure to me the most.
o mild a master never shall I find:
ess dear the parents whom I left behind,
ess soft my mother, less my father kind.
ot with such transport would my eyes run o'er,
gain to hail them in their native shore,
s lov'd Ulysses once more to embrace,
estor'd and breathing in his natal place.
'hat name, for ever dread, yet ever dear,
'en in his absence I pronounce with fear:
n my respect, he bears a prince's part;
ut lives a very brother in my heart."
Thus spoke the faithful swain, and thus rejoin'd
'he master of his grief, the man of patient mind:

"Ulysses, friend! shall view his old abodes,
Distrustful as thou art, nor doubt the gods.
Nor speak I rashly, but with faith averr'd,
And what I speak attesting heaven has heard.
If so, a cloak and vesture be my meed;
Till his return no title shall I plead,
Though certain be my news, and great my need.
Whom want itself can force untruths to tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.
"Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove!
And every god inspiring social love!
And witness every household power that waits
Guard of these fires, and angel of these gates!
Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey,
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return."
"Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulysses hail this happy shore
(Replied Eumæus:) to the present hour
Now turn thy thought and joys within our pow'r.
From sad reflection let my soul repose;
The name of him awakes a thousand woes.
But guard him, gods! and to these arms restore!
Not his true consort can desire him more;
Not old Laertes, broken with despair;
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus! my sorrows flow
Afresh for thee, my second cause of wo!
Like some fair plant set by a heavenly hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he bless'd the land;
In all the youth his father's image shin'd,
Bright in his person, brighter in his mind.
What man, or god, deceiv'd his better sense,
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?
To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,
To seek his father's fate, and find his own!

For traitors wait his way, with dire design
To end at once the great Arcesian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
And now, my venerable guest, declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air:
Sincere, from whence begun your course relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight."
Thus he: and thus, with prompt invention bold:
The cautious chief his ready story told:
"On dark reserve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But most the kind inviter's cheerful face?
Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round;
Not the whole circle of the year would close
My long narration of a life of woes.
But such was heaven's high will! know, then, I came
From sacred Crete, and from a sire of fame,
Castor Hylacides (that name he bore)
Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore;
Bless'd in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race:
But when that fate which all must undergo,
From earth remov'd him to the shades below,
The large domain his greedy sons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas! was left my wretched share,
Except a house, a covert from the air:
But what by niggard fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth supplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind.)

Now wasting years my form [illegible] strength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
Yet by the stubble you [illegible] guess the grain,
And m[illegible] lgar man.
. P[illegible] the partial storm,
A[illegible] the fa[illegible] to deform:
[illegible] e foe to flight,
and [illegible] h of the night.
Let [illegible] orms appear,
I say him not, [illegible] ne to fear.
Before the rest [illegible] I [illegible] eady steel;
The first I [illegible] d, or he fell.
But works o[illegible] disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour [illegible] e care.
To [illegible]ose the mast, the [illegible]e dart to wing,
And send swift arrow[illegible] the bounding string,
Were arts the gods made [illegible] ateful to my mind;
Those gods who turn (to [illegible] rious ends design'd)
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war:
Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame,
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty [bleed,
Our states myself and Idomen employ
To lead their fleets and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd: the tenth saw Ilion fall;
Homeward we sail'd, but heaven dispers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay;
So will'd the god who gives and takes away.
Nine ships I mann'd, equipp'd with ready store,
Intent to voyage to the Egyptian shores;
In feast and sacrifice my chosen train [main.
Six days consum'd; the seventh we plough'd the

Crete's ample fields diminish'd to our eye;
Before the Boreal blast the vessels fly:
Safe through the level seas we sweep our way;
The steersman governs, and the ships obey.
The fifth fair morn we stem the' Egyptian tide,
And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And spies commission to explore the land.
But sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise.
The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields
Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.
Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight: the gathering vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove?
(And sure the thought was dictated by Jove;
O had he left me to that happier doom,
And sav'd a life of miseries to come!)
The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,
And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,
I meet the monarch with a suppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side:
My state he pitied, and my tears he dried,
Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
"In Egypt thus with peace and plenty bless'd
I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest:
On seven bright years successive blessings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
A false Phœnician, of insidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind,

With semblance fair invites me to his home;
I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam;)
Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
Till the swift sun his annual circle made.
To Lybia then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a stranger to betray,
And sell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
Aloof from Crete before the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
And far from ken of any other coast,
When all was wild expanse of sea and air,
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.
He hung a night of horrors o'er their head,
(The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread)
He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is toss'd,
And all in clouds of smoth'ring sulphur lost.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The sable crows with intercepted flight [hue,
Drop endlong; scar'd, and black with sulphurous
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
Such end the wicked found! But Jove's intent
Was yet to save the' oppress'd and innocent.
Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal strife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth soft wafts me to Thresprotia's shore.
The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,
The sire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulysses to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd in this court he stay'd,
And here his whole collected treasure laid;

nyself the vast unnumber'd store
:l elaborate and refulgent ore,
rass high heap'd amidst the regal dome;
ıse supplies for ages yet to come!
me he voyag'd to explore the will
e on high Dodona's holy hill,
neans might best his safe return avail,
ne in pomp, or bear a secret sail?
't has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,
ng solemn all the powers divine,
ɔon Ulysses would return, declar'd,
ilors waiting, and the ships prepar'd.
ıt the king dismiss'd me from his shores,
r Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;
ɔd Acastus' friendly care consign'd:
her counsels pleas'd the sailors' mind:
auds were plotted by the faithless train,
isery demands me once again.
s remote from shore they plough the wave,
eady hands they rush to seize their slave;
with these tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me
round,
ɔ'd of my own) and to the vessel bound.
, at Ithaca's delightful land
ip arriv'd: forth issuing on the sand,
ought repast: while to the' unhappy kind,
tying gods themselves my chains unbind.
lescended, to the sea applied
ted breast, and shot along the tide.
ass'd beyond their sight, I left the flood,
ok the spreading shelter of the wood.
prize escap'd, the faithless pirates mourn'd,
em'd inquiry vain, and to their ship return'd.
'd by protecting gods from hostile eyes
ed me to a good man and a wise;
: beneath thy hospitable care,
ait the woes heaven dooms me yet to bear."

"Un[illegible] my mind!
(Thus [illegible] sigh rejoin'd)
For real s[illegible] ieve sincere,
Check not w[illegible] springing tear;
Nor turn the [illegible] oundless joy
For him, whom h[illegible] destin'd to destroy.
Oh! had he perish[illegible] on some well-fought day,
Or in his friend[illegible] embraces died away!
That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
Historic marbl[illegible] is praise: [raise
His praise, eternal on[illegible] ithful stone,
Had with transmissive [illegible] ra grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by [illegible] the dreary coast,
Sunk is the h[illegible] g[illegible]ry lost!
While pensiv[illegible] solitary den,
Far from gay [illegible] and the ways of men,
I linger life; [illegible] he c[illegible] t repair,
But when the [illegible] constant q[illegible] n commands my care;
Or when, to taste her ho[illegible] able board,
Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord;
And these indulge their want, and those their wo.
And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many such have I been warn'd; but chief
By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,
For murder banish'd from his native home.
He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
Stay'd but a season to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months should waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless store.
O thou! whom age has taught to understand,
And heaven has guided with a favouring hand,
On god or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.
Not for such ends my house and heart are free,
But dear respect to Jove, and charity."
"And why, O swain of unbelieving mind!
(Thus quick replied the wisest of mankind)

my oath? yet more my faith to try,
ompact let us ratify,
s every power that rules the sky!
sses from his labours rest,
r prize a tunic and a vest;
e my hopes invite me, straight transport
Dulichium's friendly court.
reets not thy desiring eye,
)m yon dread precipice on high;
ward of fraud and perjury."
ess, O guest! great laud and praise were
ine
ie swain) for spotless faith divine,
:ial rites and gifts bestow'd,
y hospitable hearth with blood:
l the gods my righteous toils succeed,
he hand that made a stranger bleed?
the' approaching hours of silent night
refection, then to rest invite;
ir humble cottage let us haste,
unenvied, rural dainties taste."
nmun'd these; while to their lowly dome
l swine return'd with evening home;
reluctant, to their several sties,
bstreperous, and ungrateful cries.
e slaves—"Now from the herd the best
ionour of our foreign guest:
let us the genial banquet share,
ind many are the griefs we bear;
e who from our labours heap their board,
their feeder, and forget their lord."
:aking, with despatchful hand he took
axe, and cleft the solid oak;
e earth he pil'd; a boar full fed,
rs age, before the pile was led:
, whom acts of piety delight,
of the gods, begins the rite;

First shears the forehead [illegible] hoar,
And suppliant stands, inv[illegible]ing every power
To speed Ulysses t[illegible]ive shore.
A knotty stake the[illegible] at his head,
Down dropt he groaning, [illegible]nd the spirit fled.
The scorching flames clim[illegible] round on every side:
Then the sing'd members [illegible]hey with skill divide;
On these, in rolls of fat in[illegible]olv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay [illegible]om every part.
Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they threw;
Some cut in fragments, fr[illegible]n the forks they drew:
These while on several tables they dispose,
As priest himself the blameless rustic rose;
Expert the des[illegible] to dispart
In seven just p[illegible]e of hand and heart,
One sacred to [illegible]apart they lay;
Another to the w[illegible]son of May:
The rural tribe in [illegible] share the rest,
The king the chine, [illegible]nour of the feast,
Who sat delighted at his servant's board:
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.
"O be thou dear (Ulysses cried) to Jove,
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!"
"Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain replied)
Enjoyment of the good the gods provide.
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:
All power is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils.
This said, the first fruits to the gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He sat, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.
The bread from canisters Mesaulius gave,
(Eumæus' proper treasure bought this slave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A servant added to his absent lord)

His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.
Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar;
The driving storm the watery west wind pours,
And Jove descends in deluges of show'rs.
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise;
In mere necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his host he spoke:
"Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace:
'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merry measure frisk about,
And many a long-repented word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense.
Once I was strong (would heaven restore those days,)
And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelaus, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('twas their own com-
A deathful ambush for the foe to lay; [mand,)
Beneath Troy walls by night we took our way:
There, clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
We made the osier-fringed bank our bed.
Full soon the' inclemency of heaven I feel,
Nor had these shoulders covering, but of steel.
Sharp blew the north: snow whitening all the fields
Froze with the blast, and gathering glaz'd our shields.
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.

Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
When now was wasted more than half the night,
And the stars faded at approaching light;
Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid
Fast by my side, and shivering, thus I said:
'Here longer in this field I cannot lie,
The winter pinches, and with cold I die.
And die asham'd (O wisest of mankind,)
The only fool who left his cloak behind.'
"He thought, and answer'd: (hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit;
That wit, which or in council, or in fight,
Still met the' emergence, and determin'd right)
'Hush thee, he cried, (soft-whispering in my ear)
Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear—'
And then (supporting on his arm his head)
'Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he said)
Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:
E'en now a vision stood before my eye,
And sure the warning vision was from high:
Let from among us some swift courier rise,
Haste to the general, and demand supplies.'
"Upstarted Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garment down;
Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
That instant, in his cloak I wrapp'd me round:
And safe I slept, till brightly-dawning shone
The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.
"O were my strength as then, as then my age,
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honours, and the offices of men:
Some master or some servant would allow
A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now!"
"Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd the' attentive swain.)
Thy lips let fall no idle words or vain!

arment shalt thou want, nor aught beside
for the wandering suppliant to provide.
ı the morning take thy clothes again,
ere one vest suffices every swain;
ange of garments to our hinds is known:
hen return'd, the good Ulysses' son
better hand shall grace with fit attires
iest, and send thee where thy soul desires."
: honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
lrew before the hearth the stranger's bed:
eecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide,
reads: and adds a mantle thick and wide:
store to heap above him, and below,
uard each quarter as the tempests blow.
lay the king, and all the rest supine;
ut the careful master of the swine:
hasted he to tend his bristly care:
arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air;
eighty falchion o'er his shoulder tied:
aggy cloak a mountain goat supplied:
his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
eks his lodging in the rocky den.
: to the tusky herd he bends his way,
e, screen'd from Boreas, high o'er-arch'd they
lay.

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE RETURN OF TELEMACHUS.

THE goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaus, and arrive at Pylos: where they part; and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the meantime Telemachus arrives on the coast; and, sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XV.

Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns.
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal portico display'd,
With Nestor's son, Telemachus was laid:
In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;
Not thine, Ulysses! care unseal'd his eyes:
Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
When, "O Telamachus! (the goddess said)
Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd:
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robbers' prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
E'en now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore:
Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands.
Through both, Eurymachus pursues the dame;
And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
Hence therefore, while thy stores thy own remain,
Thou know'st the practice of the female train;

Lost in the children of the present spouse,
They slight the pledges of their former vows:
Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
Till heaven decrees to bless thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline;
Observe the warnings of a power divine:
For thee their snares the suitor lords shall lay
In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca:
To seize thy life shall lurk the murderous band,
Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
No——sooner far their riot and their lust
All covering earth shall bury deep in dust!
Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heavenly guardian shall instruct the gales
To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails:
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends;
But seek thou first the master of the swine,
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline)
There pass the night: while he his course pursues
To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
That thou safe sailing from the Pylian strand
Art come to bless her in thy native land."

Thus spoke the goddess; and resum'd her flight
To the pure regions of eternal light.
Meanwhile Pisistratus he gently shakes,
And with these words the slumbering youth awakes:
"Rise, son of Nestor! for the road prepare,
And join the harness'd coursers to the car."
"What cause (he cried) can justify our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidding night?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way.
Nor think of flight before the Spartan king
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring;

Gifts, which, to distant ages safely stor'd,
The sacred act of friendship shall record." [east,
Thus he. But when the dawn bestreak'd the
The king from Helen rose, and sought his guest.
As soon as his approach the hero knew,
The splendid mantle round him first he threw.
Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke:
"Hail, great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy friends in vain for license move.
Swift let us measure back the watery way,
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay."
"If with desire so strong thy bosom glows,
Ill (said the king) should I thy wish oppose;
For oft in others freely I reprove,
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;
True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The noblest presents that our love can make;
Meantime commit we to our women's care
Some choice domestic viands to prepare:
The traveller, rising from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.
Then if a wider course shall rather please
Through spacious Argos, and the realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot shall attend;
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.
No prince will let Ulysses' heir remove
Without some pledge, some monument of love:
These will the caldron, these the tripod give,
From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live."

To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, replied:
"O monarch, care of heaven! thy people's pride!
No friend in Ithaca my place supplies;
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My stores expos'd, and fenceless house, demand
The speediest succour from my guardian hand;
Lest in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain."
His purpose when the generous warrior heard,
He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Boethœdes Eteoneus come;
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.
Meantime the king, his son, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent.
The king selected from the glittering rows
A bowl; the prince a silver beaker chose.
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her various textures of unnumber'd dies,
And chose the largest; with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part:
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
And thus the king Ulysses' heir address'd:
"Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thundering Jove
With happiest omens thy desires approve!
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Enchas'd with gold, this valued gift be thine:
To me this present, of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable monarch came;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of kings, and labour of a god."
Then gave the cup: while Megapenthes brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen, advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said:

"Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove:
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy pride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Meantime may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain."
She said, and gave the veil:—with grateful look
The prince the variegated present took.
And now, when through the royal dome they pass'd,
High on a throne the king each stranger plac'd.
A golden ewer the' attendant damsel brings,
Replete with water from the crystal springs;
With copious streams the shining vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
The glittering canisters are crown'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour; rich repast!
While Eteoneus portions out the shares,
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.
And now (each sated with the genial feast,
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd)
Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend,
The horses join, the polish'd car ascend:
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.
The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the powers divine)
His right hand held: before the steeds he stands,
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters these commands:
"Farewell and prosper, youths!—let Nestor know
What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Through the long dangers of the ten years' war."
"Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.

And oh! return'd, might we Ulysses meet!
To him thy presents show, thy words repeat:
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise?"
Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the ri
Advanc'd the bird of Jove; auspicious sight!
A milk-white fowl his clenching talons bore,
With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.
Peasants in vain with threatening cries pursue,
In solemn speed the bird majestic flew
Full dexter to the car: the prosperous sight
Fill'd every breast with wonder and delight.
But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,
And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke:
"Say if to us the gods these omens send,
Or fates peculiar to thyself portend?"
Whilst yet the monarch paus'd, with doubts
press'd,
The beauteous queen reliev'd his labouring bre
"Hear me (she cried) to whom the gods h
given
To read this sign, and mystic sense of heaven.
As thus the plumy sovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd through the wide ethereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So shall thy godlike father, toss'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundless main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come)
From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome."
"Oh! if this promis'd bliss by thundering Jov
(The prince replied) stand fix'd in fate above;
To thee, as to some god, I'll temples raise,
And crown thy altars with a costly blaze."
He said; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong:
The bounding shafts upon the harness play.
Till night descending intercepts the way.

ocles, at Pheræ, they repair,
e boasted sire was sacred Alpheus' heir;
him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,
und the hospitable rites unpaid.
on as morning, from her orient bed,
ng'd the mountains with her earliest red,
join'd the steeds, and on the chariot sprung:
razen portals in their passage rung.
los soon they came: when thus begun
stor's heir Ulysses' godlike son:
not Pisistratus in vain be press'd,
nconsenting hear his friend's request;
end by long hereditary claim,
s his equal, and in years the same.
ther from our vessel, I implore,
ourses drive; but lash them to the shore.
ng thy father would his friend detain;
l his proffer'd kindness, urg'd in vain."
hero paus'd, and ponder'd this request,
love and duty warr'd within his breast.
gth resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
sh'd his panting coursers to the strand.
while within the poop with care he stor'd
gal presents of the Spartan lord;
speed be gone (said he,) call every mate,
t to Nestor I the tale relate.
ıe, the fervour of his generous heart
s no repulse, nor could'st thou soon depart;
lf will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
ds alone, the Pylian monarch kind.
ıen arriv'd he thy return shall know,
ill his breast with honest fury glow?"
ıid, the sounding strokes his horses fire,
on he reach'd the palace of his sire.
ow (cried Telemachus) with speedy care
very sail, and every oar prepare."
ıs the word his willing mates obey,
ize their seats, impatient for the sea.

Meantime the prince with sacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
When lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore:
A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long,
Till, urg'd by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.
Neleus his treasures one long year detains;
As long, he groan'd in Phylacus's chains:
Meantime, what anguish and what rage combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind!
Yet 'scap'd he death; and, vengeful of his wrong,
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the fair
To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air:
Argos the rich for his retreat he chose,
There form'd his empire; there his palace rose.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The first begot Oicleus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's saviour, and divinely wise,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies,
Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius, Clitus; whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above:
And Polyphides; on whom Phœbus shone
With fullest rays, Amphiaraus now gone;
In Hyperesia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counsels of the god.
From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom, as to heaven he press'd
His ardent vows, the stranger thus address'd:
"O thou! that dost thy happy course prepar
With pure libations, and with solemn pray'r;
By that dread power to whom thy vows are ps
By all the lives of these; thy own dear head;

Declare, sincerely, to no foe's demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land."
"Prepare then (said Telemachus) to know
A tale from falsehood free, not free from wo.
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,
And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name!)
Was once my sire: though now for ever lost
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
Whose fate inquiring, through the world we rove;
The last, the wretched proof of filial love."
The stranger then: "Nor shall I aught conceal,
But the dire secret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I slew;
Whose powerful friends the luckless deed pursue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam,
But bear, O bear me o'er yon azure flood;
Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!"
"Stranger (replied the prince) securely rest
Affianc'd in our faith: henceforth our guest."
Thus affable, Ulysses' godlike heir
Takes from the stranger's hand the glittering spear:
He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
And by his side the guest accepted plac'd.
The chief his orders gives: the' obedient band
With due observance wait the chief's command:
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea.
Crunus they pass'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,
When thickening darkness clos'd the doubtful day;
The silver Phæa's glittering rills they lost,
And skimm'd along by Elis' sacred coast.
Then cautious through the rocky reaches wind,
And turning sudden, shun the death design'd.
Meantime the king, Eumæus, and the rest,
Sat in the cottage, at their rural feast:

The banquet past, and satiate every man,
To try his host Ulysses thus began:
"Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your guest;
The last I purpose in your walls to rest:
To-morrow for myself I must provide,
And only ask your counsel and a guide;
Patient to roam the street, by hunger led,
And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulysses' roof I may relate
Ulysses' wanderings to his royal mate;
Or, mingling with the suitors' haughty train,
Not undeserving, some support obtain.
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of industry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dext'rous works contend,
The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend;
To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame;
Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.
Such are the tasks of men of mean estate,
Whom fortune dooms to serve the rich and great."
"Alas! (Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind?
If on that godless race thou would'st attend,
Fate owes thee sure a miserable end!
Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,
And pull descending vengeance from on high.
Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast;
A blooming train in rich embroidery dress'd,
With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends;
And smiling round celestial youth attends.
Stay then: no eye askance beholds thee here;
Sweet is thy converse to each social ear;
Well pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
Till good Telemachus accepts his guest
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires."

To him the man of woes:—"O gracious Jove!
Reward this stranger's hospitable love,
Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greatest wo:
On all their weary ways wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train.
To such a man since harbour you afford,
Relate the further fortunes of your lord;
What cares his mother's tender breast engage,
And sire forsaken on the verge of age;
Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the house of darkness and of death?"

To whom the swain: "Attend what you inquire:
Laertes lives, the miserable sire;—
Lives, but implores of every power to lay
The burden down, and wishes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from the' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortless, he wastes away
Old age, untimely posting ere his day.
She too, sad mother! for Ulysses lost
Pin'd out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous gods! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart!)
While yet she was, though clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleasing converse minister'd relief:
With Climene, her youngest daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the softly stealing pace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' isle she sent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor less the darling object of her love.
Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,
Yet Providence deserts me not at last;

My present labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Blank and discountenanc'd the servants stand,
Nor dare to question where the proud command.
No profit springs beneath usurping pow'rs:
Want feeds not there where luxury devours;
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains."
The suffering chief at this began to melt:—
"And, oh Eumæus! thou (he cries) hast felt
The spite of fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parents' arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants! a man of miseries!
Thy whole sad story, from its first, declare:
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train, [main?
Rude pirates seiz'd, and shipp'd thee o'er the
Doom'd a fair prize to grace some prince's board,
The worthy purchase of a foreign lord."
"If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A story, fruitful of events, attend:
Another's sorrow may the ear enjoy;
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
Long nights the now declining year bestows:
A part we consecrate to soft repose;
A part in pleasing talk we entertain,
For too much rest itself becomes a pain.
Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares resuming with the dawning day:
Here let us feast;—and to the feast be join'd
Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind;—
Review the series of our lives, and taste
The melancholy joy of evils past:

For he who much has suffer'd, much will know;
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on wo.
"Above Ortygia lies an isle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name:
(There curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder trace
The sun's diurnal and his annual race)
Not large, but fruitful; stor'd with grass to keep
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep.
Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine, the glad natives know,
Nor sink by sickness to the shades below:
But when a length of years unnerves the strong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along;
They bend the silver bow with tender skill,
And void of pain the silent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities rise with equal pride.
But both in constant peace one prince obey,
And Ctesius there, my father, holds the sway.
Freighted, it seems, with toys of every sort,
A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land.
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train,
To wash her robes descending to the main,
A smooth-tongued sailor won her to his mind;
(For love deceives the best of womankind)
A sudden trust from sudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all she knew.
'I too (she cried) from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
But snatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphians sold me to this man's embrace.'
'Haste then (the false designing youth replied)
Haste to thy country: love shall be thy guide:
Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast;
For still he lives, and lives with riches bless'd.'

'Swear first (she cried) ye sailors! to restore
A wretch in safety to her native shore.'
Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore.
She then proceeds: 'Now let our compact made
Be nor by signal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew descried
By road frequented, or by fountain side.
Be silence still our guard. The monarch's spies
(For watchful age is ready to surmise)
Are still at hand; and this reveal'd must be
Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.
Your vessel loaded, and your traffic pass'd,
Despatch a wary messenger with haste:
Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,
And more, the infant offspring of the king.
Him, child-like wandering forth, I'll lead away,
(A noble prize!) and to your ship convey.'
"Thus spoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
A year they traffic, and their vessel load.
Their stores complete, and ready now to weigh,
A spy was sent their summons to convey;
An artist to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elaborate frame:
Each female eye the glittering links employ;
They turn, review, and cheapen every toy.
He took the' occasion as they stood intent,
Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went.
She straight pursued, and seiz'd my willing arm;
I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.
Three golden goblets in the porch she found;
(The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd)
Hid in her fraudful bosom, these she bore.
Now set the sun, and darken'd all the shore:
Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
Prepar'd to launch the freighted vessel rides,
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, [sw
With level oar along the glassy deep.

Six calmy days and six smooth nights we sail,
And constant Jove supplied the gentle gale.
The seventh, the fraudful wretch (no cause de-
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow died. [scried)
Down dropp'd the caitiff corpse, a worthless load,
Down to the deep; there roll'd the future food
Of fierce sea-wolves, and monsters of the flood.
An helpless infant, I remain'd behind:
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
Sold to Laertes by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land."
To him the king: "Reciting thus thy cares,
My secret soul in all thy sorrow shares:
But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high will)
Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
Torn from thy country to no hapless end,
The gods have, in a master, given a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
(For she needs little) daily bread and wine.
While I, so many wanderings past and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty bestows."
So pass'd in pleasing dialogue away
The night: then down to short repose they lay;
Till radiant rose the messenger of day.
While in the port of Ithaca, the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
Their sails they loos'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And cast their anchors, and the cables tied:
Then, on the breezy shore descending, join
In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine.
When thus the prince: "Now each his course pursue;
I to the fields, and to the city you.
Long absent hence, I dedicate this day
My swains to visit, and the works survey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies
Our debt of safe return, in feast and sacrifice."

Then Theoclymenus: "But who shall lend,
Meantime, protection to thy stranger-friend?
Straight to the queen and palace shall I fly;
Or, yet more distant, to some lord apply?
The prince return'd:—"Renown'd in days of yore
Has stood our father's hospitable door;
No other roof a stranger should receive,
Nor other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my absence riot fills the place:
Nor bears the modest queen a stranger's face;
From noiseful revel far remote she flies;
But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.
No:———let Eurymachus receive my guest;
Of nature courteous, and by far the best;
He woos the queen with more respectful flame,
And emulates her former husband's fame.
With what success, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or wo."
Thus speaking, on the right up soar'd in air
The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger;
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove:
The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the vessel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine show'r.
The' observing augur took the prince aside,
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried:
"Yon bird that dexter cuts the' aërial road,
Rose ominous, nor flies without a god!—
No race but thine shall Ithaca obey:
To thine, for ages, heaven decrees the sway."
"Succeed the omen, gods! (the youth rejoin'd)
Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind;
And soon each envied happiness attend
The man who calls Telemachus his friend."
Then to Peiræus: "Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful servant, by thy prince belov'd!
Till we returning shall our guest demand,
Accept this charge, with honour, at our hand."

To this Peiræus: "Joyful I obey;
Well pleas'd the hospitable rites to pay.
The presence of thy guest shall best reward
(If long thy stay) the absence of my lord."
With that, their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark and launch into the sea.
All with obedient haste forsake the shores,
And plac'd in order, spread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his sandals takes;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed javelin shakes.
They part; while, lessening from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew:
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain,

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS arriving at the lodge of Eumæus, sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses, commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVI.

Soon as the morning blush'd along the plains,
Ulysses and the monarch of the swains
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to pasture send the bristly care.
The prince's near approach the dogs descry,
And, fawning round his feet, confess their joy.
Their gentle blandishment the king survey'd,
Heard his resounding step, and instant said:
"Some well-known friend, Eumæus! bends this way;
His steps I hear; the dogs familiar play."
While yet he spoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Transported from his seat Eumæus sprung,
Dropt the full bowl, and round his bosom hung;
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a shower of joy.
As some fond sire who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only son receives,
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy
Forward he springs, and clasps the favourite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumæus spread,
As if the grave had given him from the dead.
"And is it thou, my ever-dear delight!
Oh art thou come to bless my longing sight?

Never, I never hop'd to view
When o'er the waves you
way.
Enter, my child! beyond
O give t
Enter, on
Too much
The p
To seek
But say, if in the
Severely chaste,
Thus he; and
"Severely ch
But lost to ever
In tedious cares, and
He ended, and (re
The javelin, pointed
They reach'd the
shin'd;

ate
es restor'd,
heir lord.
ess powers
sylvan bowers."
us, I obey.
ook my way.
en reside
ic'd a bride?"
arch of the swains:
emains,
ites the day
he night away."
as they pass
star of brass)
he dome with marble

His seat Ulysses to the prince resign'd.
"Not so:—exclaims the prince with decent grace)
For me, this house shall find an humbler place:
To' usurp the honours due to silver hairs
And reverend strangers, modest youth forbears."
Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,
And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.
There sat the prince: the feast Eumæus spread,
And heap'd the shining canisters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whose verge a mimic ivy twines.
And now the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulysses to Eumæus said:
"Whence, father, from what shore this stra
What vessel bore him o'er the wat'ry way?
To human step our land impervious lies,
And round the coast circumfluent oceans ris

The swain returns:—"A tale of sorrows hear.
spacious Crete he drew his natal air:
ig doom'd to wander o'er the land and main;
heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
f-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew
m Thesprot mariners, a murderous crew.
thee my son the suppliant I resign:
ive him my protection;—grant him thine."
Hard task (he cries) thy virtue gives thy friend,
ling to aid, unable to defend.
strangers safely in the court reside,
lst the swill'd insolence of lust and pride?
n I unsafe.—The queen in doubt to wed,
pay due honours to the nuptial bed!
haps she weds: regardless of her fame,
if to the mighty Ulyssean name.
wever, stranger! from our grace receive
h honours as befit a prince to give:
dals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove;
d safe to sail with ornaments of love.
l then, thy guest amid the rural train
from the court, from danger far, detain.
mine with food the hungry to supply,
d clothe the naked from the' inclement sky.
e dwell in safety from the suitors' wrongs,
d the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.
should'st thou suffer, powerless to relieve
ust behold it, and can only grieve.
brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
rpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain."
o whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
th warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
ince audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
once to pity and resent thy wrong.
heart weeps blood, to see a soul so brave
e to base insolence of power a slave.
tell me, dost thou, prince, dost thou behold,
d hear, their midnight revels uncontroll'd;

Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise;
Or priests in fabled oracles advise?
Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy pow'r,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?
O that I were from great Ulysses sprung,
Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were strung;
Or, heavens! might he return! (and soon appear
He shall, I trust; a hero scorns despair)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worst foe, if that avenging day
Be not their last.—But should I lose my life,
Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,
I choose the noble part; and yield my breath,
Rather than bear dishonour, worse than death:
Than see the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid;
Than see the wealth of kings consum'd in waste,
The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feast."

Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply;
"Nor leagued in factious arms my subjects rise;
Nor priests in fabled oracles advise;
Nor are my brothers who should aid my pow'r
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boast no brother:—heaven's dread king
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring:
Alone Laertes reign'd Arcesius' heir;
Alone Ulysses drew the vital air;
And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unbless'd offspring of a sire unbless'd!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our wo,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with shady hills.
E'en Ithaca and all her lords invade
The imperial sceptre, and the regal bed.

The queen, averse to love, yet aw'd by pow'r,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour:
Meantime their license uncontroll'd I bear;
E'en now they envy me the vital air: [are.
But heaven will sure revenge, and gods there
"But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.
Yet secret go: for numerous are my foes;
And here at least I may in peace repose."
To whom the swain: "I hear, and I obey.
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee lost. Shall I my speed employ
To bless his age, a messenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his son away
Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray:
Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his wo,
He dress'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the wat'ry way,
Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,
Wild springs the vine, no more the garden blows;
Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost,
Pensive and pale he wanders half a ghost."
"Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)
Yet cease to go—what man so bless'd but mourns?
Were every wish indulg'd by favouring skies,
This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.
But to the queen with speed despatchful bear
Our safe return, and back with speed repair:
And let some handmaid of her train resort
To good Laertes in his rural court."
While yet he spoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away.
Then from the heavens the martial goddess flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the skies;

In form, a virgin of soft beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the' illustrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd;
But unapparent as a viewless shade
Escap'd Telemachus: (the powers above
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move)
The dogs intelligent confess'd the tread
Of power divine; and howling, trembling, fled.
The goddess, beckoning, waves her deathle
hands;
Dauntless the king before the goddess stands.
"Then why (she said) O favour'd of the skies
Why to thy godlike son this long disguise?
Stand forth reveal'd:—with him thy cares emplo
Against thy foes.—Be valiant, and destroy!
Lo, I descend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy side, thy guardian pow'r."
She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold:
At once with grace divine his frame improves;
At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:
Youth flush'd his reddening cheek, and from h
brows
A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;
His blackening chin receives a deeper shade;
Then from his eyes upsprung the warrior maid.
The hero re-ascends: the prince o'eraw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a god.
Then with surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears)
"How art thou chang'd! (he cried) a god appear
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If heaven be thy abode, with pious care
Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
To win thy grace:—O save us power divine!"
"Few are my days (Ulysses made reply,)
Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.

thy father.—O my son! my son!
t father, for whose sake thy days have run
scene of wo; to endless cares consign'd,
outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind."
hen rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
h the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
rs bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:
strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.
Ah me! (exclaims the prince with fond desire)
u art not—no, thou canst not be my sire.
ven such illusion only can impose,
he false joy, to aggravate my woes.
o but a god can change the general doom,
give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
, worn with years, in weeds obscene you trod;
, cloth'd in majesty, you move a god!"
Forbear (he cried) for heaven reserve that name;
to thy father but a father's claim:
er Ulysses shalt thou never see:
Ulysses;—I, my son, am he.
ce ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,
given at length to view my native coast.
as, unconquer'd maid, my frame surrounds
h grace divine;—her power admits no bounds:
o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed;
strong as youth, magnificent I tread.
gods with ease frail man depress, or raise,
lt the lowly, or the proud debase."
le spoke and sat. The prince with transport flew;
g round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew:
less the father pour'd a social flood!
y wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young:—
y cry, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a prey
some rude churl, and borne by stealth away.

So they aloud—and tears in tides had run,
Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun;
But, checking the full torrent in its flow,
The prince thus interrupts the solemn wo:
"What ship transported thee, O father, say,
And what bless'd hands have oar'd thee on the [way?"
"All, all (Ulysses instant made reply,)
I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!
Phæacians bore me to the port assign'd;
A nation ever to the stranger kind.
Wrapt in the' embrace of sleep, the faithful train
O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign.
Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.
Hither, intent the rival rout to slay,
And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain
The names and numbers of the' audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Assistant force; or singly to destroy." [name,
"O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy
Thy well-tried wisdom, and thy martial fame:
Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost—
Can we engage—not decades, but an host?
Can we alone in furious battle stand,
Against that numerous and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers:—From Dulichium came
Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name;
Six are their menial train; twice twelve the boast
Of Samos: twenty from Zacynthus' coast:
And twelve our country's pride; to these belong
Medon and Phemius skill'd in heavenly song.
Two sewers from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.
With such a foe the' unequal fight to try,
Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.
Then what assistant powers you boast, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate."

Mark well my voice (Ulysses straight replies)
at need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?
hielded to the dreadful fight we move,
nighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove?"
Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd)
inst the banded powers of all mankind:
y, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,
her the strength of man, and awe the gods."
Such aids expect (he cries,) when strong in
rise terrific to the task of fight. [might
thou, when morn salutes the' aërial plain,
court revisit, and the lawless train:
hither in disguise Eumæus leads;
ged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.
re, if base scorn insult my reverend age;
it, my son! repress thy rising rage.
trag'd, cease that outrage to repel;
it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.
strive by prayer and counsel to restrain
r lawless insults, though thou strive in vain;
wicked ears are deaf to wisdom's call;
vengeance strikes whom heaven has doom'd
to fall.
more attend: when she whose power inspires
thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires,
e the sign:—that instant from beneath,
t convey the instruments of death,
our and arms: and if mistrust arise,
veil the truth in plausible disguise:
hese glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to Troy,
es view'd with stern heroic joy:
, beaming o'er the' illumin'd wall they shone:
dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.
r them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)
the pollution of the fuming fires;
when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
ush to arms, and stain the feast with blood;

Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite
The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight.'
"Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and a fenceful shield.
But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,
By that regard a son his father owes,—
The secret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train
Hide it from all:—e'en from Eumæus hide;—
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains: to note the loyal few
Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew;
And noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove
Who loves his prince:—for sure you merit love."
To whom the youth: "To emulate I aim
The brave and wise, and my great father's fame.
But reconsider, since the wisest err:—
Vengeance resolved, 'tis dangerous to defer.
What length of time must we consume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train!
While the proud foes, industrious to destroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damsels that attend the throne:
Dispers'd the youth resides; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from Jove."
While in debate they waste the hours away,
The' associates of the prince repass'd the bay.
With speed they guide the vessel to the shores;
With speed debarking land the naval stores;
Then faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And trust the presents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies to' impart
Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart.

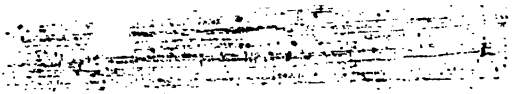
Lest a sad prey to ever-musing cares,
Pale grief destroy what time awhile forbears.
The' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud—"Thy son, O queen, returns."
Eumæus sage approach'd the' imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone.
Then measur'd back the way—The suitor band,
Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded stand;
And issuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale assembly, sat.
At length Eurymachus: "Our hopes are vain;
Telemachus in triumph sails the main.
Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud display;
Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey!"
Scarce had he spoke, when turning to the strand
Amphinomus survey'd the' associate band;
Full to the bay within the winding shores
With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.
"O friends! (he cried—elate with rising joy)
See to the port secure the vessel fly!
Some god has told them; or themselves survey
The bark escap'd, and measure back their way."
Swift at the word descending to the shores,
They moor the vessel and unlade the stores:
Then moving from the strand, apart they sat;
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.
"Lives then the boy?"—"He lives (Antinous cries)
The care of gods and favourite of the skies.
All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
Aurora flam'd above the eastern hills.
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day,
Took in the ocean with a broad survey.
Yet safe he sails!—the powers celestial give
To shun the hidden snares of death, and live.
But die he shall:—and thus condemn'd to bleed,
Be now the scene of instant death decreed:

Hope ye success? undaunted crush the foe.
If he not wise? know this, and strike the blow.
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averse too justly to our cause?
Strike, ere, the states conven'd, the foe betray
Our murderous ambush on the watery way.
Or choose ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky?
The brave prevent misfortune:—then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in solitude and shade:
And give the palace to the queen a dow'r,
Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.
But if submissive you resign the sway,
Slaves to a boy; go, flatter and obey.
Retire we instant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of kings consum'd in vain.
Then wed whom choice approves: the queen be given
To some bless'd prince, the prince decreed by heaven."
Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends,
Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends,
Who o'er Dulichium stretch'd his spacious reign
(A land of plenty, bless'd with every grain;)
Chief of the numbers who the queen address'd;
And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.
Soft were his words; his actions wisdom sway'd.
Graceful as fale he paus'd—then mildly said:
"O friends forbear! and be the thought with stood
'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood!
Consult we first the' all-seeing powers above,
And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they assent, e'en by this hand he dies,
If they forbid, I war not with the skies."

He said: the rival train his voice approv'd,
And, rising, instant to the palace mov'd.
Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noise they sat,
Recumbent on the shining thrones of state.
Then Medon, conscious of their dire debates,
The murderous council to the queen relates.
Touch'd at the dreadful story, she descends:
Her hasty steps a damsel train attends.
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival powers she stands:
And veiling decent with a modest shade
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous said:
"O void of faith! of all bad men the worst!
Renown'd for wisdom, by the' abuse accurs'd!
Mistaking fame proclaims thy generous mind!
Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.
Wretch! to destroy a prince that friendship gives;
While in his guest his murderer he receives:
Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong
The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Hast thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art,)
Who sav'd thy father with a friendly part?
Lawless he ravag'd with his martial powers
The Taphian pirates on Thesprotia's shores;
Enrag'd, his life, his treasures they demand;
Ulysses sav'd him from the avenger's hand.
And would'st thou evil for his good repay?
His bed dishonour, and his house betray?
Afflict his queen? and with a murderous hand
Destroy his heir?—but cease;—'tis I command."
"Far hence those fears (Eurymachus replied,)
O prudent princess! bid thy soul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that hero slay,
While I behold the golden light of day?
No: by the righteous powers of heaven I swear,
His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.
Ulysses, when my infant days I led,
With wine suffic'd me, and with dainties fed:

My generous soul abhors the' ungrateful part,
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm:—if heaven destroy,
We must resign: for man is born to die."
Thus smooth he ended;—yet his death conspir'd.
Then, sorrowing, with sad step the queen retir'd.
With streaming eyes, all comfortless, deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord;
Nor ceas'd, till Pallas bid her sorrows fly,
And in soft slumbers seal'd her flowing eye.
And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,
Came, late returning to his sylvan bow'r.
Ulysses and his son had dress'd with art
A yearling boar: and gave the gods their part:
Holy repast! That instant from the skies
The martial goddess to Ulysses flies:
She waves her golden wand, and reassumes
From every feature every grace that blooms:
At once his vestures change; at once she sheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads:
Lest to the queen the swain with transport fly,
Unable to contain the' unruly joy.
When near he drew, the prince breaks forth;—
"Proclaim
What tidings, friend? what speaks the voice of fame:
Say, if the suitors measure back the main;
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain?"
"Whether (he cries) they measure back the flood
Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,
Escap'd my care: where lawless suitors sway,
(Thy mandate borne) my soul disdain'd to stay.
But from the' Hermæan height I cast a view,
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freight a shining band: with martial air
Each pois'd his sheild, and each advanc'd his spear.
And if aright these searching eyes survey,
The' eluded suitors stem the watery way."

The prince, well pleas'd to disappoint their wiles,
Steals on his sire a glance, and secret smiles.
And now, a short repast prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled:
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.



THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, returning to the city, relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace: where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is described.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVII.

r as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
nkled with roseate light the dewy lawn,
aste the prince arose, prepar'd to part:
hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;
on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,
thus he greets the master of the swine:
My friend, adieu: let this short stay suffice;
ste to meet my mother's longing eyes,
end her tears, her sorrows, and her sighs.
thou, attentive, what we order heed:
hapless stranger to the city lead;
ublic bounty let him there be fed,
bless the hand that stretches forth the bread.
vipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
will may covet, but my power denies.
is raise anger in the stranger's thought,
pain of anger punishes the fault.
very truth I undisguis'd declare;
what so easy as to be sincere?"
) this Ulysses: "What the prince requires,
wift removal, seconds my desires.
vant like mine, the peopled town can yield
: hopes of comfort, than the lonely field.
fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
toop to tasks a rural lord demands.

Adieu!—but since this ragged garb can bear
So ill the' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours' space permit me here to stay:
My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day."
Thus he:—nor aught Telemachus replied,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breast elate,
Revolving deep the suitors' sudden fate.
Arriving now before the' imperial hall,
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall:
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;
The marble pavement with his step resounds.
His eye first glanc'd where Eurycles spreads
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds.
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.
All crowded round: the family appears
With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.
Swift from above descends the royal fair;
(Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air)
Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;
Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes:
Few words she spoke, though much she had to say;
And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way.
"Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
Has heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast thou known
Thy father's fate, and tell me all thy own."
"O dearest, most rever'd of womankind;
Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind
(Replied the prince;) nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.
Go bathe, and, rob'd in white, ascend the towers;
With all thy handmaids thank the' immortal powers;

To every god vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed:
While to the' assembled council I repair;
A stranger sent by heaven attends me there;
My new-accepted guest I haste to find,
Now to Piræus' honour'd charge consign'd."
The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bath'd; and rob'd in white, with all her train,
To every god vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance the prince then pass'd the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves;
The gazing crowd admire him as he moves.
Him, gathering round, the haughty suitors greet
With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their false addresses generous he denied;
Pass'd on, and sat by faithful Mentor's side;
With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage
(His father's counsellors, rever'd for age.)
Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,
Much ask'd the seniors: till Piræus came.
The stranger-guest pursued him close behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.
He (when Piræus ask'd for slaves to bring
The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful answer'd: "Those we shall not
Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove, [move,
We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,
Us and our house if treason must o'erthrow,
Better a friend possess them, than a foe:
If death to these, and vengeance, heaven decree,
Riches are welcome then, not else, to me.
Till then, retain the gifts."—The hero said,
And in his hand the willing stranger led.
Then disarray'd, the shining bath they sought,
(With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble wrought.

Obedient handmaids with assistant toil
Supply the limpid wave and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew.
The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
Replenish'd from the pure translucent springs;
With copious streams that golden ewer supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.
Full opposite, before the folding gate,
The pensive mother sits in humble state.
Lowly she sat, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
The prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast.
Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd.
When thus the queen:—"My son! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?
(The couch deserted now a length of years,
The couch for ever water'd with my tears)
Say wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crew
Return, and riot shake our walls anew,)
Say wilt thou not the least account afford?
The least glad tidings of my absent lord?"
To her the youth: "We reach'd the Pylian plains.
Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderness to him are known,
Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;
No father with a fonder grasp of joy
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe,
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath:
For further search, his rapid steeds transport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
There Argive Helen I beheld; whose charms
(So heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms

My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And still his words live perfect in my mind:
'Heavens! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane?
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
Meantime returning, with remorseless sway
The monarch savage rends the panting prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulysses reassert his claim.
O Jove! supreme! whom men and gods revere;
And thou, whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
His prowess Philomelides confess'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd.
Then soon the' invaders of his bed, and throne,
Their love presumptuous shall by death atone.
Now what you question of my ancient friend,
With truth I answer:—thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.
Sole in an isle, imprison'd by the main,
The sad survivor of his numerous train,
Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
No sailors there, no vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut the immeasurable way—'
This told Atrides, and he told no more.
Then safe I voyag'd to my native shore."
He ceas'd;—nor made the pensive queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh.
When Theoclymenus the seer began:
" O suffering consort of the suffering man!

What human knowledge could, those kings might tell
But I the secrets of high heaven reveal.
Before the first of gods be this declar'd:
Before the board whose blessings we have shar'd;
Witness the genial rites, and witness all
This house holds secret in her ample wall!
E'en now, this instant, great Ulysses laid
At rest, or wandering in his country's shade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing and in view
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this sure auguries the gods bestow'd,
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road."
"Succeed those omens, heaven! (the queen replied)
So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind;
And every envied happiness attend
The man who calls Penelope his friend."
Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court
(Scene of their insolence) the lords resort.
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.
Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive;
And from the field the victim flocks they drive.
Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them best,
And honour'd with a portion of their feast)
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play.
Swift to the hall they haste; aside they lay
Their garments and succinct the victim slay.
Then sheep and goats and bristly porkers bled,
And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.
While thus the copious banquet they provide;
Along the road, conversing side by side,
Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain:
When thus Eumæus, generous and humane:
"To town, observant of our lord's behest,
Now let us speed; my friend, no more my guest!
Yet like myself I wish'd thee here preferr'd,
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.

ıch to raise my master's wrath I fear;
rath of princes ever is severe.
ıeed his will, and be our journey made
the broad beams of Phœbus are display'd,
brown evening spreads her chilly shade."
st thy advice (the prudent chief rejoin'd,)
ıch as suits the dictate of my mind.
ın:—but help me to some staff to stay
ble step,—since rugged is the way."
ıss his shoulders then the scrip he flung,
ɔatch'd, and fasten'd by a twisted thong.
Eumæus gave. Along the way
y they fare: behind, the keepers stay.
with their watchful dogs (a constant guard)
his absence, and attend the herd.
ɔw his city strikes the monarch's eyes;
ıow chang'd! a man of miseries!
ɔn a staff, a beggar old and bare,
dishonest fluttering with the air!
ass'd the rugged road, they journey down
vern'd way descending to the town,
, from the rock, with liquid lapse distils
id fount; that, spread in parting rills,
ent thence to serve the city brings:
ful work! adorn'd by ancient kings.
ı, Ithacus, Polyctor there
ptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care;
ble urns receiv'd it from above,
aded with a green surrounding grove;
silver alders, in high arches twin'd,
the cold stream, and tremble to the wind.
h, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen
ɔy altar, deep embower'd in green;
constant vows by travellers are paid,
ɔly horrors solemnize the shade.
ɛ with his goats (not vow'd to sacred flame,
mper'd luxury,) Melanthius came;

Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the stranger, and impetious spoke:
"The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is usher to another still.
Heaven with a secret principle endued
Mankind, to seek their own similitude.
Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd guest?
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feast!
Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with scorn:
To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain;
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.
To beg, than work, he better understands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.
For any office could the slave be good,
To cleanse the fold, or help the kid to food,
If any labour those big joints could learn,
Some whey, to wash his bowels, he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,
Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I prophesy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly shalt thou buy thy bread,
With many a footstool thundering at thy head."
He thus:—nor insolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his rustic heel his king unknown;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he, like a pillar stood,
Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road;
Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.
Short was that doubt:—to quell his rage inur'd,
The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endur'd.
But hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obtesting, and this prayer conceiv'd:
"Daughters of Jove! who from the' ethereal bowers
Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flowers!

Nymphs of this fountain! to whose sacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!
To whom Ulysses' piety preferr'd
The yearly firstlings of his flock, and herd;
Succeed my wish; your votary restore!
O be some god his convoy to our shore!
Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence,
And humble all his airs of insolence,
Who, proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge."
"What mutters he? (Melanthius sharp rejoins)
This crafty miscreant big with dark designs?
The day shall come—nay, 'tis already near,—
When, slave! to sell thee at a price too dear,
Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er;
A load and scandal to this happy shore.
Oh! that as surely great Apollo's dart,
Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the heart
Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour
In lasting safety from the father's pow'r."
So spoke the wretch; but shunning further fray,
Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their way.
Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place: and plenty heap'd the board.
Meantime they heard, soft-circling in the sky,
Sweet airs ascend, and heavenly minstrelsy;
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the strain)
Ulysses hearken'd, then address'd the swain:
"Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and respondent to the master's fame!
Stage above stage the' imperial structure stands,
Holds the chief honours and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts enclose,
And the strong gates defy a host of foes.

Far other cares its dwellers now employ;
The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy:
I see the smoke of sacrifice aspire,
And hear (what graces every feast) the lyre."
Then thus Eumæus:—"Judge we which were best;
Amidst yon revellers a sudden guest
Choose you to mingle, while behind I stay?
Or I first entering introduce the way?
Wait for a space without; but wait not long,
This is the house of violence and wrong:
Some rude insult thy reverend age may bear;
For like their lawless lords, the servants are."
"Just is, O friend! thy caution, and address'd
(Replied the chief) to no unheedful breast:
The wrongs and injuries of base mankind
Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields.
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I pass'd, and many a stern debate;
And now in humbler scene submit to fate.
What cannot want? the best she will expose;
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes.
She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms,
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms
Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head!—
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board;
But ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every sylvan chace renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.

Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected, in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.
He knew his lord:—he knew, and strove to meet;
(In vain he strove) to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul:
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole;
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dried
The drop humane:—then thus impassion'd cried.
"What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate!
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty! therefore now despis'd?
Such dogs, and men, there are; mere things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great."
"Not Argus so (Eumæus thus rejoin'd,)
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind:
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
O had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong!
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the generous creature bare;
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch pauses at the door;
The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the first of all,
Observ'd Eumæus entering in the hall:
Distant he saw, across the shady dome;
Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come.
There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd,
In order due, the steward of the feast;
(Who now was busied carving round the board)
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him instant was the banquet spread,
And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulysses, lowly at the door,
A figure despicable, old, and poor,
In squalid vest with many a gaping rent,
Propt on a staff, and trembling as he went.
Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,
Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight;
(Smooth'd by the workmen to a polish'd plain)
The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain.
"These viands, and this bread, Eumæus, bear,
And let yon mendicant our plenty share:
Then let him circle round the suitors' board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord.
Bold let him ask, encourag'd thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and shame agree?"
His lord's command the faithful servant bears;
The seeming beggar answers with his pray'rs.
"Bless'd be Telemachus! in every deed
Inspire him Jove! in every wish succeed!"
This said, the portion from his son convey'd,
With smiles receiving, on his scrip he laid.
Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,
He fed; and ceas'd when silence held the lyre.

Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes,
To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,
And learn the generous from the' ignoble heart;
(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all the' offending train)
With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,
With such an image touch'd of human wo;
Inquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man, majestic in distress.
While thus they gaze and question with their eyes,
The bold Melanthius to their thought replies:
"My lords! this stranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus usher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race."
"And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?
(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of these our court already grace;
Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.
Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,
To share our feast, and lead the life of kings!"
To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:
"Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from distant nations to his own,
The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are sought those men divine
Who public structures raise, or who design;
Those to whose eyes the gods their ways reveal,
Or bless with salutary arts to heal,
But chief to poets such respect belongs;
By rival nations courted for their songs:
These states invite, and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.

It is not so with want!—how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need?
Unjust to me and all that serve the state,
To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.
For me, suffice the approbation won
Of my great mistress, and her godlike son."
To him Telemachus;—"No more incense
The man by nature prone to insolence:
Injurious minds just answers but provoke—"
Then turning to Antinous, thus he spoke:
"Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command
Thus drives the stranger from our court and la
Heaven bless its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.
This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board.
To give another's is thy hand so slow?
So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow?
"Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty str
(Antinous cries with insolent disdain)
Portions like mine if every suitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the sla
He spoke; and lifting high above the board
His ponderous footstool, shook it at his lord.
The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread:
He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped;
But first before Antinous stopp'd, and said:
"Bestow, my friend!—thou dost not seem the w
Of all the Greeks, but princelike and the first:
Then as in dignity, be first in worth;
And I shall praise thee through the boundless ea
Once I enjoy'd, in luxury of state,
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great.
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better d
And hospitality was then my praise;
In every sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.

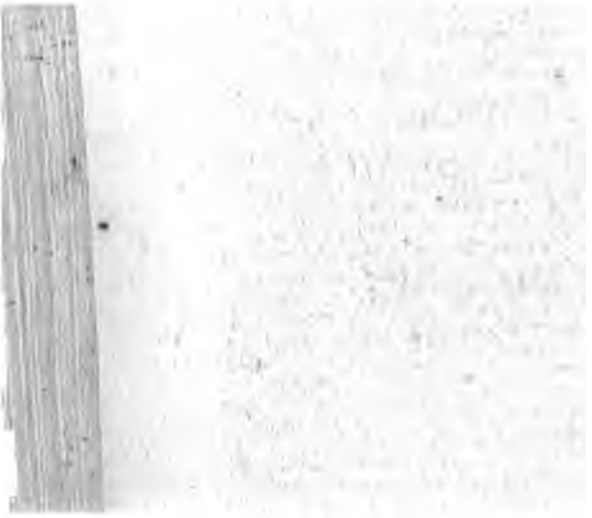
But Jove, all-governing, whose only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er the' Egyptian main:
By Egypt's silver flood our ships we moor:
Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;
But impotent of mind, with lawless will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:
The reddening dawn reveals the hostile fields
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:
Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in servitude detain;
Death ill exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took aboard;
And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer;
Still curs'd by fortune, and insulted here."
To whom Antinous thus his rage express'd:—
"What god has plagued us with this gormand guest?
Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind,
Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind,
Another Egypt shalt thou quickly find.
From all thou begg'st, a bold audacious slave,
Nor all can give so much as thou canst crave.
Nor wonder I at such profusion shown:— [own."
Shameless they give, who give what's not their
The chief retiring;—"Souls like that in thee,
Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmost need afford
The smallest portion of a wasteful board,
Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps:—
Yet starving want amidst the riot weeps."

The haughty suitor with resentment burns;
And sourly smiling, this reply returns:
"Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng;
And dumb for ever be thy slanderous tongue!"
He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His shoulder-blade receiv'd the ungentle shock:
He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But shook his thoughtful head: nor more complain'd:
Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he threw,
And thus with semblance mild address'd the crew:
"May what I speak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.
If, when the sword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if defending what is justly dear,
From Mars impartial some broad wound we bear,
The generous motive dignifies the scar.
But for mere want how hard to suffer wrong!
Want brings enough of other ills along:
Yet if injustice never be secure,
If fiends revenge, and gods assert the poor,
Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,
And make the dust Antinous' bridal bed."
"Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,
(The suitor cried) or force shall drag thee hence
Scourge through the public street, and cast thee there,
A mangled carcass for the hounds to tear."
His furious deed the general anger mov'd:
All, e'en the worst, condemn'd; and some prov'd.
"Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd
Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound.
Unbless'd thy hand!—if in this low disguise
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies;

They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind."
Telemachus, absorb'd in thought severe,
Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no tear;
But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook:
While thus his mother to her virgins spoke:
"On him and his may the bright god of day
That base inhospitable blow repay!"
The nurse replies: "If Jove receives my pray'r,
Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air."
"All, all are foes, and mischief is their end;
Antinous most to gloomy death a friend
Replies the queen:) the stranger begg'd their grace,
And melting pity soften'd every face;
From every other hand redress he found,
But fell Antinous answer'd with a wound."
Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent queen:
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.—
Much of the' experienc'd man I long to hear;
For his certain eye or listening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord."
Thus she;—and good Eumæus took the word:
"A private audience if thy grace impart,
The stranger's words may ease the royal heart.
His sacred eloquence in balm distils,
And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills.
Three days have spent their beams, three nights have run
Their silent journey, since his tale begun,
Unfinish'd yet; and yet I thirst to hear!
As when some heaven-taught poet charms the ear,
Suspending sorrow with celestial strain,
Wreath'd from the gods to soften human pain)
Time steals away with unregarded wing,
And the soul hears him, though he cease to sing.

"Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's guest) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind to waft him o'er,
With boundless treasure, from Thesprotia's shore."
To this the queen: The wanderer let me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox, and browsing goat,
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.
For where's an arm like thine, Ulysses! strong,
To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong?"
She spoke:—Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;
Constrain'd; his nostril echoed through the crowd.
The smiling queen the happy omen bless'd:
"So may these impious fall, by fate oppress'd!"
Then to Eumæus: "Bring the stranger; fly!
And if my questions meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe, he shall retire,
A gift in season which his wants require."
Thus spoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries:
"The queen invites thee, venerable guest!
A secret instinct moves her troubled breast,
Of her long absent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and sooth her soul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou, her grateful mind
Of decent robes a present has design'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her subjects shall supply."
"Fair truth alone (the patient man replied)
My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by heaven.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I stand:—the hand of violence is here:
Here boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,
And injur'd suppliants seek in vain for aid.
Let for a space the pensive queen attend,
Nor claim my story till the sun descend;

Then in such robes as suppliants may require,
Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar, and lawless riot cease,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace."
Swift to the queen returns the gentle swain:
"And say, (she cries) does fear, or shame, detain
The cautious stranger? With the begging kind
Shame suits but ill." Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
"He only asks a more propitious hour,
And shuns (who would not?) wicked men in pow'r;
At evening mild, meet season to confer,
By turns to question, and by turns to hear."
"Whoe'er this guest (the prudent queen replies)
His every step and every thought is wise.
For men like these on earth he shall not find,
In all the miscreant race of humankind."
Thus she. Eumæus all her words attends.
And, parting, to the suitor powers descends:
There seeks Telemachus; and thus apart
In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart:
"The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
These sons of murder thirst thy life to take;
O guard it, guard it, for thy servant's sake!"
"Thanks to my friend, he cries: but now the hour
Of night draws on; go, seek the rural bow'r:
But first refresh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the gods convey.
Our life to heaven's immortal powers we trust:
Safe in their care; for heaven protects the just."
Observant of his voice, Eumæus sat
And fed recumbent on a chair of state.
Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along
'Twas riot all amid the suitor throng:
They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful song,
Till now declining toward the close of day,
The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.



THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE FIGHT OF ULYSSES AND IRUS.

THE beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVIII.

While fix'd in thought the pensive hero sat,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour,
He flew, attendant on the genial hour,
Him on his mother's knees, when babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:
But Irus his associates call'd the boy,
Practis'd, the common messenger, to fly;
Irus, a name expressive of the employ.
From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes. [way,
"Hence, dotard, hence! and timely speed thy
Lest dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay;
See how with nods assent yon princely train!
But honouring age, in mercy I refrain.
In peace away! lest, if persuasions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail."
To whom, with stern regard:—"Oh, insolence;
Indecently to rail without offence!
What bounty gives, without a rival share:
I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canst thou envy when the great relieve?

Know from the bounteous heavens all riches flow;
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow.
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, should once my fury burn,
How wouldst thou fly, nor e'en in thought return!"

"Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl replied)
A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!
Why cease I, gods! to dash those teeth away,
Like some vile boar's, that greedy of his prey
Uproots the bearded corn?—rise; try the fight;
Gird well thy loins; approach, and feel my might:
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!"

Thus in a wordy war their tongues display
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray.
Antinous heard, and in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train:

"This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ:
And lo! the gods conspire to crown our joy.
See, ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand! [spring
Why urge we not to blows?"—Well pleas'd they
Swift from their seats, and, thickening, form a ring.

To whom Antinous:—"Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him bestow
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;
Grant him unrivall'd in these walls to stay,
The sole attendant on the genial day."

The lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,
And fears well-feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart:

"Worn as I am with age, decay'd with wo;
Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage:
Yet fearful of disgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey.

But swear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight."
The peers assent: when straight his sacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and sternly said:
"Stranger, if prompted to chastise the wrong
Of this bold insolent, confide, be strong!
The' injurious Greek that dares attempt a blow,
That instant makes Telemachus his foe;
And these my friends* shall guard the sacred ties
Of hospitality;—for they are wise."
Then girding his strong loins, the king prepares
To close in combat, and his body bares;
Broad spread his shoulders; and his nervous thighs
By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns, rise:
Ample his chest; his arms are round and long,
And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong
(Attendant on her chief:) the suitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud:
"Irus, alas! shall Irus be no more;
Black fate impends, and this the' avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim,
Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame!"
Then pale with fears, and sickening at the sight,
They dragg'd the unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank visage fled the coward blood,
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood.
"Oh that such baseness should disgrace the light!
O hide it, death, in everlasting night!
(Exclaims Antinous)—can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and wo!
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day,
Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd,
A tyrant fiercest of the tyrant-kind;

* Antinous and Eurymachus.

Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey
To hungry hogs, and lops the man away."
While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,
In every joint the trembling Irus shook.
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,
Or save his life: and soon his life to save
The king resolves; for mercy sways the brave.
That instant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends.
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might: yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd; the crashing jaw-bone broke:
Down dropt he stupid from the stunning wound;
His feet extended, quivering, beat the ground;
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood;
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with blood.
The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies;
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcass trailing prints the ground:
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd reclining on the palace walls;
Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:
"There terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show;
Lest heaven in vengeance send some mightier wo."
Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulders flung
The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung,
Ill join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measur'd back the way.

There as he rested, gathering in a ring,
The peers with smiles address'd their unknown king:
"Stranger, may Jove and all the' aërial powers
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe;
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a king."
While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canisters of shining mold,
Amphinomus; and wines that laugh in gold:
"And oh! (he mildly cries) may heaven display
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas, the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and stings of care."
To whom with thought mature the king replies:
"The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise.
Such was thy father! in imperial state,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the sire art thou, the son, declin'd:
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes, or grovelling creeps on earth,
Most vain is man! calamitous by birth.
To-day, with power elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power presumes:
Anon from heaven a sad reverse he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainst heaven the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful, as his bliss or wo;
Too high when prosperous; when distress'd too low.
There was a day, when with the scornful great
I swell'd in pomp, and arrogance of state:
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to justify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud: but firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd;

Be dumb when heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey:
But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.
O may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian pow'r,
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,
These lawless riots end in blood and death."

Then to the gods the rosy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblets to the chief restores.
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,
He shook the graceful honours of his head:
His boding mind the future wo forestalls:—
In vain; by great Telemachus he falls;
For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns
To join the peers; resumes his throne, and mourns.

Meanwhile Minerva with instinctive fires
Thy soul, Penelope, from heaven inspires;
With flattering hopes the suitors to betray,
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day;
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's to raise,
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries:

"Eurynome! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulse; though my soul disdains:
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;
Who smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there."

"Go warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,
(Replied the sagest of the royal train)
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, descend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress:
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.

Some joy remains:—to thee a son is given,
Such as in fondness parents ask of heaven."
" Ah me! forbear (returns the queen,) forbear:
O talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care!
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.
The day that bore Ulysses from this coast
Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.
But instant bid Autonoè descend,
Instant Hippodamè our steps attend:
Ill suits it female virtue, to be seen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men."
Then while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva shoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her senses, as the couch she press'd,
She pours a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest:
With every beauty every feature arms;
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms:
In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires;
(Immortal gifts! to kindle soft desires)
From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.
Such Venus shines, when with a measur'd bound
She smoothly gliding swims the' harmonious round,
When with the graces in the dance she moves,
And fires the gazing gods with ardent loves.
Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends;
And to the queen the damsel-train descends:
Wak'd at their steps, her flowing eyes unclose;
The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes:
" Howe'er 'tis well, that sleep awhile can free
With soft forgetfulness a wretch like me;
Oh! were it given to yield this transient breath!
Send, O Diana, send the sleep of death!
Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the silent grave my cares?
O my Ulysses! ever honour'd name!
For thee I mourn, till death dissolves my frame."

Thus wailing slow and sadly she descends:
On either hand a damsel-train attends:
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers she stands;
A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd,
Her beauty seems, and only seems, to shade:
Sudden she lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And sudden flames in every bosom rise;
They send their eager souls with every look,
Till silence thus the' imperial matron broke:

"O why, my son, why now no more appears
That warmth of soul that urg'd thy younger years?
Thy riper days no growing worth impart;
A man in stature, still a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame, unprofitably strong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero sprung:
But the just gods in vain those gifts bestow—
O wise alone in form, and brave in show!
Heavens! could a stranger feel oppression's hand
Beneath thy roof, and couldst thou tamely stand?
If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline,
His is the sufferance, but the shame is thine."

To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
"That generous soul with just resentment burns.
Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' wo:
But impotent these riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel.
Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,
And numbers leagued in impious union dread.—
But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
From Irus; and the guilty Irus bleeds.
O would to Jove! or her whose arms display
The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That you proud suitors, who licentious tread
These courts, within these courts like Irus bled!
Whose loose head tott'ring, as with wine oppress'd,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast:

Powerless to move, his staggering feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly."
Then to the queen Eurymachus replies:
"O justly lov'd, and not more fair than wise!
Should Greece through all her hundred states survey
Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy sway,
In rival crowds contest the glorious prize,
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes.
O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind!"
"Ah me! (returns the queen) when from this shore
Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more!
The gods decreed these eyes no more should keep
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues last:—my brightest charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine! the gods o'ercast
My soul with woes, that long, ah long, must last!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That sadly tore my royal lord away:
He grasp'd my hand, and "oh, my spouse! I leave
Thy arms (he cried,) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame speaks the Trojans bold; they boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.
My sentence is gone forth:—and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous heaven that I must bleed!
My father, mother, all, I trust to thee;—
To them, to them transfer the love of me:
But when my son grows man, the royal sway
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!"
Such were his words and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch and give me up to cares;
The' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the most complete that breathes the air!

Fallen e'en below the rights to women due!
Careless to please, with insolence ye woo!
The generous lovers, studious to succeed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
By precious gifts the vow sincere display:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey."
Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his queen deceive
The suitor-train, and raise a thirst to give:
False hopes she kindles: but those hopes betray,
And promise, yet elude, the bridal day.
While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous cries,
"Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise!
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And custom bids thee without shame receive;
Yet never, never, from thy dome we move
Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love."
The peers despatch their heralds to convey
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confusion rise
Rich from the artist's hand! twelve clasps of gold
Close to the lessening waist the vest unfold:
Down from the swelling loins the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,
Eurymachus presents, and ear-rings bright,
With triple stars that cast a trembling light.
Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art
And every peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,
And slow behind her damsel-train attends.
Then to the dance they form the vocal strain
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;
And now he raises, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening shades:
Three vases heap'd with copious fires display
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;

From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,
And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the king:—"Ill suits your sex to stay
Alone with men! ye modest maids, away!
Go, with the queen the spindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool;
Be it my task the torches to supply,
E'en till the morning lamp adorns the sky:
E'en till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepless I watch:—for I have learn'd to bear."
Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,
(Melantho, from the loins of Dolius sprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus!—With eyes
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:
"Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain,
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl:
Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind;
Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy stay,
Shall send thee howling all in blood away?"
To whom with frowns:—"O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue.
Know, to Telemachus I tell the' offence:
The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense."
With conscious shame they hear the stern rebuke,
Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look.
Then to the servile task the monarch turns
His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns
With added day: meanwhile in museful mood,
Absorb'd in thought, on vengeance fix'd, he stood.

I now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs
[illegible] Ulysses, points the suitors' tongues:
[illegible] of age, to taunt the virtuous man,
[illegible] and gay, Eurymachus began:
"Hear me (the [illegible]) confederates and friends!
[illegible] no doubt, this stranger kindly sends:
The shining baldness of his head survey
It aids our torchlight, and reflects the ray."
Then to the king that levell'd haughty Troy:—
"Say if large hire can tempt the to employ
Those hands in works; to tend the rural trade,
To dress the walk, and form the' embowering shade;
So food and raiment constant will I give:
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive."
To whom incens'd:—"Should we, O prince,
In rival tasks beneath the burning rage [engage
Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,
Foodless, the scythe along the burden'd field—
Or should we labour, while the ploughshare woun
With steers of [illegible] strength, the' allotted grou
Beneath my labours, how [illegible] wondering eyes
Might see the sable field at once arise!
Should Jove dire war unloose; with spear and s
And nodding helm, [illegible] read the' ensanguin'd
Fierce in the van, then would'st thou, w
thou, say,
me glutton, in that glorious day
[illegible] thoughts the brave di
[illegible] not I am base.
[illegible] coward tr

Irreverent to the great, and uncontroll'd.
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps, these outrages from Irus flow,
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe!"
He said, and with full force a footstool threw:
Whirl'd from his arm with erring rage it flew.
Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.
Not so a youth who deals the goblet round:
Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound:
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies;
He shrieks, he reels, he falls,—and breathless lies.
Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the sky;
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry:
"O had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkness and of death,
Ere yet he trod these shores!—To strife he draws
Peer against peer, and what the weighty cause?
A vagabond!—for him the great destroy,
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy."
To whom the stern Telemachus uprose:—
"Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows!
Whence this unguarded openness of soul,
But from the license of the copious bowl?
Or heaven delusion sends:—but hence; away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey."
Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke:
'Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:
"True are his words: and he whom truth offends,
Not with Telemachus, but truth, contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid;
Retire we hence!—but crown with rosy wine
The flowing goblet to the powers divine:
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands:
This justice, this the social right demands."
The peers assent:—the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and bore in order round;

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO EURYCLEA.

ULYSSES and his son remove the weapons out of the armory. Ulysses in conversation with Penelope gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete, and describes exactly his person and address; affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Eurycleа; who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident with all its particulars.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIX.

Consulting secret with the blue-ey'd maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulysses staid:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;
And thus the son the fervent sire address'd:
"Instant convey those stately stores of war
To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care:
The cause demanded by the suitor-train,
To sooth their fears a specious reason feign:
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
His arms deform'd the roof they wont adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,
Lest they by sight of swords to fury fir'd,
Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl."
The prince obedient to the sage command,
To Euryclea thus:—"The female band
In their apartments keep: secure the doors:
These swarthy arms among the covert stores
Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapour of the smouldering flame."
"In happy hour (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise!

Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?"
"Without infringing hospitable right,
This guest (he cried) shall bear the guiding light.
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast;
They share the meal that earn it ere they taste."
He said:—from female ken she straight secures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliar to his son Ulysses bears
The plumy-crest'd helms, and pointed spears,
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends.
Not such the sickly beams, which unsincere
Gild the gross vapour of this nether sphere:
A present deity the prince confess'd,
And rapt with ecstasy the sire address'd:
"What miracle thus dazzles with surprise?
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise:
The walls, where'er my wondering sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!
Some visitant of pure ethereal race
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace."
"Be calm, (replies the sire,) to none impart,
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart.
Celestial, mantled in excess of light,
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,
To explore the conduct of the female train.
The pensive queen perchance desires to know
The series of my toil, to sooth her woe."
With taper flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove the obsequious youth ascends,
Soft slumb'rous shades his drooping eye-lids close,
Till on her ivory throne Aurora glows.

Whilst, forming plans of death, Ulysses stay'd,
In council secret with the martial maid,
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, descending from her bower of state.
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory silver'd thick the footstool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd.
To different tasks their toil the nymphs address'd:
The golden goblets some, and some restor'd
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:
These to remove the' expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd the' attack, incontinent of spleen:
"Avaunt (she cried) offensive to my sight!
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-state asquint to pry:
A day-devourer, and an evening spy!
Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge"—and wav'd it hissing in her hand.
The' insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, "Why so turbulent of soul? he cries;
"Can these lean shrivell'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage?
In crowds, we wear the badge of hungry fate;
And beg, degraded from superior state!
Constrain'd! a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give.
A palace, wealth, and slaves I late possess'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bless'd;
My gate, an emblem of my open soul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid!
Tis Jove's high will; and be his will obey'd!

Nor think thyself exempt:—that rosy prime
Must share the general doom of withering time.
To some new channel soon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace the' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;
Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys;
Potent to punish what he cannot praise."
Her keen reproach had reach'd the sovereign's ear:—
"Loquacious insolent! (she cries,) forbear:
To thee the purpose of my soul I told;
Venial discourse, unblam'd, with him to hold:
The storied labours of my wandering lord,
To sooth my grief he haply may record.
Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung:
Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!
But thou, on whom my palace-cares depend,
Eurynomè, regard the stranger-friend:
A seat, soft spread with furry spoils, prepare;
Due-distant, for us both to speak and hear."
The menial fair obeys with duteous haste:
A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd:
Due-distant for discourse the hero sat;
When thus the sovereign from her chair of state;
"Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land."
He thus: "O queen! whose far-resounding fame
Is bounded only by the starry frame,
Consummate pattern of imperial sway,
Whose pious rule a warlike race obey!
In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd:
With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd:
And fish of every fin thy seas afford:
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confess,
And bless the power that still delights to bless.

Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;
In sweet oblivion let my sorrows sleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay censorious train appear
A winy vapour melting in a tear."

"Their gifts the gods resum'd (the queen rejoin'd,)
Exterior grace, and energy of mind,
When the dear partner of my nuptial joy
Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
My lord's protecting hand alone would raise
My drooping verdure, and extend my praise!
Peers from the distant Samian shore resort;
Here, with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,
And Ithaca, presumptuous, boast their loves:
Obtruding on my choice a second lord,
They press the hymenæan rite abhorr'd.
Misrule thus mingling with domestic cares,
I live regardless of my state affairs:
Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve;
But ever for my lord in secret grieve!—
This art, instinct by some celestial power,
I tried, elusive of the bridal hour:
'Ye peers, I cry, who press to gain a heart
Where dead Ulysses claims no future part,
Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A pall of state, the ornament of death.
For when to fate he bows, each Grecian dame
With just reproach were licens'd to defame,
Should he, long honour'd in supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.'
The fiction pleas'd! their loves I long elude:
The night still ravell'd, what the day renew'd.

Three years successful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectul fraud the fourth reveal'd;
Befriended by my own domestic spies,
The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falsify the brede.
My anxious parents urge a speedy choice,
And to their suffrage gain the filial voice:
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores—
But, stranger! as thy days seem full of fate,
Divide discourse; in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race;
No poor unfather'd product of disgrace."

"Princess! (he cries,) renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land,
Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source;
And tears repeat their long-forgotten course!
So pays the wretch, whom fate constrains to roam,
The dues of nature to his natal home!—
But inward on my soul let sorrow prey;
Your sovereign will my duty bids obey.

"Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:
Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians, dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due:
The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share:
Cnossus, her capital of high command;
Where sceptred Minos with impartial hand
Divided right; each ninth revolving year,
By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.
His son Deucalion bore successive sway;
His son, who gave me first to view the day!
The royal bed an elder issue bless'd,
Idomeneus; whom Ilian fields attest

Of matchless deed: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,
Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete, the great Ulysses came;
For elemental war, and wintry Jove,
From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the shelfy coast
Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.
His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The hero speeded to the Cnossian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find;
In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd.
Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest.
Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign,
A public treat, with jars of generous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd the aërial space,
My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore."
Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair similitude of truth beguiles
The queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in wo,
From her bright eyes the tear unbounded flow.
As snows collected on a mountain freeze;
Then milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,
Ids in a stream, and murmurs through the vales:
, melted with the pleasing tale he told,
wn her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
to her present lord laments him lost,
l views that object which she wants the most!
hering at heart to see the weeping fair,
eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare:

Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;
Firm wisdom interdicts the softening tear.
A speechless interval of grief ensues,
Till thus the queen the tender theme renews:
"Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof
Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:
Delineate to my view my warlike lord;
His form, his habit, and his train record."
"'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden sight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight:
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd:
But what I can, receive:—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd
O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast
The double-clasping gold the king confess'd;
In the rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn,
Bore on full stretch, and seiz'd a dappled fawn:
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone
A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun:
The female train, who round him throng'd to gaze,
In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.
A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,
I gave, enamell'd with Vulcanian art:
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,
Dimension'd equal to his size, express'd
Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.
A favourite herald in his train I knew,
His visage solemn sad, of sable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread:
Eurybates! in whose large soul alone
Ulysses view'd an image of his own."
His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd;
In all he told she recognia'd her lord:

But when the storm was spent in plenteous showers,
A pause inspiriting her languish'd powers;
" O thou, (she cried) whom first inclement fate
Made welcome to my hospitable gate;
With all thy wants the name of poor shall end;
Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!
The vest much envied on your native coast,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboss'd,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd:
When my lov'd lord this blissful bower enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to survive, and never to return!"
Then he, with pity touch'd: " O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondness of your soul reprove
For such a lord! who crown'd your virgin love
With the dear blessing of a fair increase;
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I speak the mighty wo suspend:
Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend.
The royal object of your dearest care,
Breathes in no distant clime the vital air;
In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly shore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store!
His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree,
To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.
To better fate the blameless chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the storm; till by the billows toss'd,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coast.
That race, who emulate the life of gods,
Receive him joyous to their bless'd abodes:
Large gifts confer; a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.

But your wise lord (in whose capacious soul
High schemes of power in just succession roll)
His bliss refus'd from favouring fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phædon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway
Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)
That anchor'd in his port the vessels stand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dodonian urge the wat'ry way;
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast,
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul his state to shroud
In dark disguise, or come, a king avow'd,
Thus lives your lord: nor longer doom'd to roam,
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power!
By the bless'd genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my speech: before the sun
His annual longitude of heaven shall run;
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign."
"What thanks, what boon, (replied the queen) are due,
When time shall prove the storied blessing true!
My lord's return should fate no more retard,
Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.
But my prophetic fears, alas! presage
The wounds of destiny's relentless rage.
I long must weep! nor will Ulysses come,
With royal gifts to send you honour'd home!

Your other task, ye menial train forbear:
Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare;
With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Up-rising early with the purple morn,
His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the social feast
Partaking free, my sole invited guest,
Whoe'er neglects to pay distinction due,
The breach of hospitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my sex I most exceed
In real fame, when most humane my deed:
And vainly to the praise of queen aspire,
If, stranger! I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the feastful bow'r.—A narrow space
Confines the circle of our destin'd race;
'Tis ours, with good the scanty round to grace.
Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,
Dreaded in life, the mutter'd curse pursues;
By death disrob'd of all their savage pow'rs,
Then, licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend;—
The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame,
And distant tongues extol the patron-name."

"Princess, (he cried) in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd and obstinate in wo.
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew,
These tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)
I chose, the livery of a woful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With splendid palls and canopies of state:
Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I scorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The delicacy of your courtly train
To wash a wretched wanderer would disdain:

But if, in track of long experience tried,
And sad similitude of woes allied,
Some wretch reluctant views aërial light,
To her mean hand assign the friendly rite."
Pleas'd with his wise reply, the queen rejoin'd:
"Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,
In all who grac'd this hospitable bow'r
I ne'er discern'd before this social hour.
Such servant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the lord of my desires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd:
Of matchless prudence, and a duteous mind;
Though now to life's extremest verge declin'd,
Of strength superior to the toil assign'd.—
Rise, Euryclea! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare:
This debt his correspondent fortunes claim:
Too like Ulysses,—and perhaps the same!
Thus old with woes my fancy paints him now!
For age untimely marks the careful brow."
Instant, obsequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea, with a trembling hand,
She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impassion'd to herself replies:
"Son of my lord, and monarch of my cares
What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears!
Are thus by Jove who constant beg his aid,
With pious deed, and pure devotion, paid?
He never dar'd defraud the sacred fane
Of perfect hecatombs in order slain;
There oft implor'd his tutelary pow'r,
Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;
That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recognise an equal heir.
O destin'd head! The pious vows are lost,
His god forgets him on a foreign coast!—

Perhaps, liks thee, poor guest! in wanton pride
The rich insult him, and the young deride!
Conscious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.
A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast;
In thy whole form Ulysses seems express'd:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,
None imag'd e'er like thee my master lost."
Thus half discover'd through the dark disguise,
With cool composure feign'd, the chief replies;
"You join your suffrage to the public vote;
The same you think, have all beholders thought."
He said: replenish'd from the purest springs,
The laver straight with busy care she brings.
In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind
The scar with which his manly knee was sign'd,
His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His shoulders intercept the' unfriendly rays.
Thus cautious in the' obscure he hop'd to fly
The curious search of Euryclea's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.
This on Parnassus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandsire sent him to the sylvan chace,
Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame:
Hermes his patron-god those gifts bestow'd,
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load.)
His course to Ithaca this hero sped,
When the first product of Laertes' bed

Was new disclos'd to birth; the banquet ends,
When Eurycléa from the queen descends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.
"Receive (she cries) your royal daughter's son;
And name the blessing that your prayers have won."
Then thus the hoary chief:—"My victor arms
Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:
A sure memorial of my dreaded fame
The boy shall bear; Ulysses be his name!
And when with filial love the youth shall come
To view his mother's soil, my Delphic dome
With gifts of price shall send him joyous home."
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime
Ulysses sought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her ancient lord* an equal joy possess'd;
Instant he bade prepare the genial feast:
A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled,
Whose stately growth five flowery summers fed:
His sons divide, and roast with artful care
The limbs: then all the tasteful viands share.
Nor ceas'd discourse (the banquet of the soul)
Till Phœbus wheeling to the western goal
Resign'd the skies, and night involv'd the pole.
Their drooping eyes the slumb'rous shade oppress'd,
Sated they rose, and all retir'd to rest.

Soon as the Morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden shafts the rear of night;
Ulysses, and his brave maternal race,
The young Autolyci, assay the chace.
Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades;
What time the sun, from ocean's peaceful stream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.

* Autolycus.

The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wilds the woodmen fierce assail;
And foremost of the train, his cornel spear
Ulysses wav'd, to rouse the savage war.
Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,
A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:
Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thunderous shower,
Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bow'r,
With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar!
Rous'd by the hounds' and hunters' mingling cries,
The savage from his leafy shelter flies:
With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,
And bristles high empale his horrid chine.
Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poising his lifted lance in act to throw;
The savage renders vain the wound decreed,
And springs impetuous with opponent speed!
His tusks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
Aslope they glanc'd, the sinewy fibres tore,
And bar'd the bone:—Ulysses, undismay'd,
Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd:
To the right shoulder-joint the spear applied,
His further flank with streaming purple dyed:
On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain.
With joy, and vast surprise, the' applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.
With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound;
Then chanting mystic lays, the closing wound
Of sacred melody confess'd the force;
The tides of life regain'd their azure course.
Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim:
Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.
He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chase, and early praise achiev'd.

Deep o'er his knee inseam'd, remain'd the scar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Eurycléa found, the' ablution ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand re-
leas'd:
The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife express'd
Of grief, and joy, alternate in her breast.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length abrupt—"My son!—my king"—she cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye she cast,
Ardent to speak the monarch safe restor'd:
But studious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.
His hand to Eurycléa's mouth applied,
"Art thou foredoom'd my pest? (the hero cried:)
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:
At length return'd, some god inspires thy breast
To know thy king, and here I stand confess'd.
This heaven-discover'd truth to thee consign'd,
Reserve, the treasure of thy inmost mind:
Else if the gods my vengeful arm sustain,
And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train,
With their lewd mates thy undistinguish'd age
Shall bleed, a victim to vindictive rage."

Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
"What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe?
Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd;
With ribs of steel, and marble heart immur'd.
When heaven, auspicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd,

The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare."
" Thy aid avails me not, (the chief replied)
My own experience shall their doom decide;
A witness-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal."
He said: obsequious with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys the' exhausted vase:
The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil
With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil.
Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,
His former seat receiv'd the stranger-guest;
Whom thus with pensive air the queen address'd:
" Though night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,
Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seize,
Awhile, reluctant to her pleasing force,
Suspend the restful hour with sweet discourse.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domestic cares employ:
And, unattended by sincere repose,
The night assists my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's hush'd beneath her brooding shade,
My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.
As when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel, in bowery shades unseen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied strains,
And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance misled the mother to destroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,
A sad variety of woes I mourn!
My mind reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious from care to care incessant strays.
Now, wavering doubt succeeds to long despair:
Shall I my virgin nuptial vow revere;

And joining to my son's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and assist his reign?
Or, since mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores;
Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord,
And from the peers select the noblest lord;
So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride?
A visionary thought I'll now relate;
Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate.
"A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove;
Each favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful sway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous stream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:
With tender sympathy to sooth my soul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements he thus began.
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man:)
'O queen! no vulgar vision of the sky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy:
View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the suitors fated to my sword.'
This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceas'd.
When from the downy bands of sleep releas'd,
Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train
I found, insatiate of the golden grain.'
"The vision self-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:
Ulysses speaks his own return decreed,
And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed."

"Hard is the task, and rare (the queen rejoin'd)
Impending destinies in dreams to find!
Immur'd within the silent bower of sleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantastic train:
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns far incas'd with polish'd horn;
Where images of truth for passage wait,
With visions manifest of future fate,
Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,
Which spoke Ulysses to his realm restor'd:
Delusive semblance!——But my remnant life
Heaven shall determine in a gameful strife:
With that fam'd bow Ulysses taught to bend,
For me the rival archers shall contend.
As on the listed field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to six in equal space;
Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,
Sure through six circlets flew the whizzing dart:
So, when the sun restores the purple day,
Their strength and skill the suitors shall assay:
To him the spousal honour is decreed,
Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.
Torn from these walls (where long the kinder pow'rs
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)
On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam;
The pleasure past supplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful
dream!"

"Propose the sportive lot, (the chief replies)
Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's prize:
Ulysses will surprise the' unfinish'd game
Avow'd, and falsify the suitors' claim."

To whom with grace serene the queen rejoin'd:
In all thy speech what pleasing force I find!
O'er my suspended wo thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the pleasing tale.

But heaven, that knows what all terrestrials need,
Repose to night, and toil to day decreed:
Grateful vicissitude!—Yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn,
Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy
Estranged, since dear Ulysses sail'd to Troy!
Meantime instructed in the menial tribe
Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe."

Thus affable, her bower the queen ascends,
The sovereign step a beauteous train attends:
There imag'd to her soul Ulysses rose;
Down her pale cheek new-streaming sorrow flows:
Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,
And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHILE Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the pal
to the disorders of the women. Minerva cu
casts him asleep. At his awaking, he desires
from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast c
brated by the people: and the suitors banqu
Telemachus exerts his authority amongst the
ing which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus,
tinue in their excesses. Strange prodigies a
clymenus the augur, who explains them to t
he wooers.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XX.

An ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed
(The remnants of the spoils the suitor-crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)
Then o'er the chief, Eurynomè the chaste
With duteous care a downy carpet cast;
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,
And, ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey,
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure repair,
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wavering his thoughts in dubious balance hung,
Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the shame,
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the peers consummate the disgrace.
Round his swollen heart the murmurous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,
And bays the stranger-groom: so wrath compress'd
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
"Poor suffering heart! (he cried) support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.

Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years' toil
Dire Polycheme devour'd:—I then was freed,
By patient prudence, from the death decreed."
Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost;
Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,
The savoury cates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient for repast;
Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd,
In self-debate the suitors' doom resolv'd.
When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heaven descends the Jove-born martial maid;
And hovering o'er his head, in view confess'd,
The goddess thus her favourite care address'd:
"O thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes;
Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bless'd in thy queen! bless'd in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the gods when suppliant fathers bow,
They name, the standard of their dearest vow."
"Just is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd,)
Dreads full of fate'd struct my various mind,
In contemplation wrapt.—This hostile crew
What single arm hath prowess to subdue?
Or if by Jove's, and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed, O say, celestial maid,
Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,
Nations embattled to revenge the slain?"
"Oh impotence of faith! (Minerva cries)
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the gods!—Lo Pallas' self descends,
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast:
Though myriads leagued thy rightful claim contest,
My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field!

Now, pay the debt to craving nature due;
Her faded powers with balmy rest renew."
She ceas'd: ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;
His care dissolves in visionary joys:
The goddess, pleas'd, regains her natal skies.
Not so the queen: the downy bands of sleep
By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep;
A gloomy pause ensued of dumb despair——
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent prayer:
"Diana! speed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toss through the void illimitable space:
Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let ocean shroud!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan fair
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;
Thyself untimely and thy consort died:
But four celestials both your cares supplied.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd
A form majestic, and sagacious mind:
With shapely growth Diana grac'd their bloom,
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilst to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea sought the bower of Jove,
(The god supreme, to whose eternal eye
The registers of fate expanded lie)
Wing'd harpies snatch'd the' unguarded charge away,
And to the furies bore a grateful prey.
Be such my lot! Or thou Diana speed
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead:
To seek my lord among the warrior-train,
Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking sense alone assail,
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches' care the torture ends:
No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!

The night renews the day-distracting theme,
And airy terrors sable every dream.
The last alone a kind illusion wrought;
And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought,
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies."

Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan;
The sounds assault Ulysses' wakeful ear;
Mis-judging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.
Up-springing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide without, imbib'd the morning air)
And thus the gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r:

"Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heaven to friend,
If the long series of my woes shall end,
Of human race now rising from repose,
Let one a blissful omen here disclose;
And to confirm my faith, propitious Jove!
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above."

Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying god his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:
With springing hope the hero's heart rebounds.
Soon, with consummate joy to crown his pray'r,
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.
Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind:
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of man,)
Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind,
And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd:

"Father of gods and men! whose thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and shake the pole;
Whoe'er from heaven has gain'd this rare ostent
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent,)
In this bless'd moment of accepted pray'r,
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
And be this festival decreed their last!"

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.
Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir;
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,
A radiant sabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;
And Euryclea thus he there address'd:

"Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection, and repose,
Bestow'd the stranger-guest? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiscuous grace on all, the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest errs;)
The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires."

She thus: "O cease that ever-honour'd name
To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine suffic'd the guest;
In vain the queen the night-refection press'd;
Nor would he court repose in downy state,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!
A hide beneath the portico was spread,
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:

A downy carpet cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air."
His cornel javelin pois'd, with regal port,
To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth issuing from the dome the prince repair'd.
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him sourly stalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train:
"What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain:
The seats with purple clothe in order due;
And let the' abstersive sponge the board renew:
Let some refresh the vase's sullied mould;
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear.
Despatch! for soon the suitors will assay
The lunar feast-rites to the god of day."
She said; with duteous haste a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come.
Some wield the sounding axe; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train,) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind;
In lodgements first secure his care he view'd,
Then to the king this friendly speech renew'd:
"Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;
Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?"
"Some pitying god (Ulysses sad replied)
With vollied vengeance blast their towering pride!
No conscious blush, no sense of right restrains
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:

From vice to vice their appetites are tost;
All cheaply sated at another's cost!"
While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the suitors' feast preferr'd:
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs resound:
And to the chief austere, aloud began
The wretch, unfriendly to the race of man:
"Here, vagrant, still! offensive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words.
These arguments I'll use:—nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host!"
Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd;
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.
From Cephalenia, cross the surgy main,
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful swain.
A steer, ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race!
Imported in a shallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the bristly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind:
"What guest is he, of such majestic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through the' eclipse of fate, the rays divine
Of sovereign state with faded splendour shine.
If monarchs by the gods are plung'd in wo,
To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!"
Then affable he thus the chief address'd,
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd:
"Stranger! may fate a milder aspect shew,
And spin thy future with a whiter clue!——
O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!

Unpitcous of the race thy will began!
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulysses, from his state a wanderer still,
Upbraids thy power, thy wisdom, or thy will:
O monarch ever dear!—O man of wo!—
Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!
Like thee, poor stranger guest, denied his home!
Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!
Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
Oh, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, till sorrow sink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,
A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import,
To cram these cormorants that crowd his court:
Who in partition seek his realm to share;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine, revere.
Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy—
Then, happier thoughts return the nodding scale;
Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail:
In opening prospects of ideal joy,
My king returns; the proud usurpers die."

To whom the chief: "In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd,
Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
Attest, O Jove! the truth I now relate!
This sacred truth attest each genial power,
Who bless the board, and guard this friendly bower!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,

Thy wondering eyes shall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain
And to the shades devote the suitor-train."
"O Jove supreme (the raptur'd swain replies)
With deeds consummate soon the promis'd joys!
These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung,
In that bless'd cause should emulate the young—
Assents Eumæus to the prayer address'd;
And equal ardours fire his loyal breast."
Meantime the suitors urge the prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove
Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove;
Sinister to their hope! this omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus presaging cried:
"The gods from force and fraud the prince defend.
O peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:
Your future thought let sable fate employ;
And give the present hour to genial joy."
From council straight the' assenting peerage ceas'd;
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.
Disrob'd, their vests apart in order lay,
Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:
With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
With fire prepar'd they deal the morsels round;
Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By sage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar supplied:
High canisters of bread Philætius plac'd:
And eager all devour the rich repast.
Dispos'd apart, Ulysses shares the treat!
A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,
The prince appoints; but to his sire assigns
The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.

"Partake, my guest, (he cried) without control
The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl.
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age:
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be;
From my great sire too soon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease;
Lest arms avenge the violated peace."
Aw'd by the prince; so haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
"Be patient, peers! (at length Antinous cries)
The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
Would Jove permit the meditated blow,
That stream of eloquence should cease to flow."
Without reply vouchsaf'd, Antinous ceas'd:—
Meanwhile the pomp of festival increas'd:
By heralds rank'd, in martial order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
The lunar-hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
Observant of the prince's high behest,
His menial train attend the stranger-guest:
Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;
And urg'd, for title to a consort queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green;
(Ctesippus nam'd) this lord Ulysses ey'd,
And thus burst out imposthumate with pride.
"The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of esteem bestow:
This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;

He saw their secret souls, and thus began:
"Those vows the gods accord—behold the man!
Your own Ulysses! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from his hapless land:
At length he comes; but comes despis'd, unknown;
And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought;
E'en in their wishes and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends! If Jove this arm succeed,
And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions, and with faithful wives:
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend:
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye;
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chas'd the tusky boar."
His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd:
Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amaz'd;
With tearful eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast;
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears:—no word was in their power;
In solemn silence fell the kindly shower.
The king too weeps, the king too grasps their hands,
And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.
Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,
But first the wise man ceas'd, and thus begun:
"Enough—on other cares your thought employ;
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then: not all at once; but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way:

To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty suitors will deny the bow;
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let some matron wait;
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Though arms or shouts, or dying groans they hear.
To thy strict charge, Philætius! we consign
The court's main gate: to guard that pass be thine."
This said, he first return'd: the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul and thus began:
"I mourn the common cause: for, oh my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends?
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every shore,)
But baffled thus! confess'd so far below
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow!
How shall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakness scorn!"—Antinous thus replied:
"Not so, Eurymachus: that no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day,
Which thoughtless we in games would waste away:
Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forego,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the sewer approach; and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine:
So end our night: before the day shall spring,
The choicest offerings let Melanthius bring:
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high curling to the skies;
So shall the patron of these arts bestow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow."

They heard, well pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite complete, up rose the thoughtful man;
And thus his meditated scheme began:
"If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief, if it hurt not great Antinous' ear
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear,)
And if Eurymachus the motion please;
Give heaven this day, and rest the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the skies!
But since till then this trial you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day;
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain
Or if my woes (a long continued train)
And wants and insults make me less than man."
Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors' eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.
Antinous then:—"O miserable guest!
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer;
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this insolence we owe:
And much thy betters wine can overthrow.
The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung;
Boundless the Centaur rag'd; till one and all
The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.

Hence with long war the double race was curs'd:
Fatal to all; but to the aggressor first.
Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends.
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain:
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings
(The worst of mortals, e'en the worst of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer;
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here."
To this the queen her just dislike express'd:—
"'Tis impious, prince! to harm the stranger-guest;
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name:
And some respect Telemachus may claim.
What if the' immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow?
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wand'ring stranger for my lord?
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene,
Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean!"
"O fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of fame;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
The weakest woman:—all can wrong the brave.
'Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
Of that brave chief whose bow they could not bend!
In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
And did what all those princes could not do.'
Thus will the common voice our deed defame;
And thus posterity upbraid our name."
To whom the queen:—"If fame engage your views,
Forbear those acts which infamy pursues:

Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Spea khim descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear
A two-edg'd falchion, and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest."
" O royal mother! ever honour'd name!
Permit me (cries Telemachus) to claim
A son's just right.—No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms descend;
And mine alone they are to give or lend.
Retire, O queen! thy household task resume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me."
Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There in her chamber as she sat apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul:
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.
Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
" Hold, lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;
If heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors aid."

Thus they.—Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
"Proceed, false slave, and slight their emp
words;
What! hopes the fool to please so many lords?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand,
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from t
land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
The' oppressive suitors from my walls expel!
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!"
The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring
The strifeful bow, and give it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling then aside,
"Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cried:)
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom."
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an instant were the palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought;)
Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untried so long.
While some deriding—"How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,

Or else would copy; or in bows he deals:
Perhaps he makes them; or perhaps he steals."
"Heaven to this wretch (another cried) be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find."
Heedless he heard them:—but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes, responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro:
So the great master drew the mighty bow;
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly [cry.
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's
A general horror ran through all the race;
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above ensued:—the' unfolding sky
In lightning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of heaven's almighty lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board
(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly, the messengers of death.)
Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, releas'd, and gave it wing:
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds; [sounds.
Pierc'd through and through, the solid gate re-
Then to the prince:—"Nor have I wrought thee shame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.

Ill I deserve these haughty peers' disdain:—
Now let them comfort their dejected train:
In sweet repast the present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;—
Music, the banquet's most refin'd delight."

He said, then gave a nod;—and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF THE SUITORS.

ULYSSES begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philœtius. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXII.

THEN fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a god.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,
And thus terrific, to the suitor-crew:
"One venturous game this hand has won to-day;
Another, princes! yet remains to play:
Another mark our arrow must attain.
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain."
Swift as the word the parting arrow sings;
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings,
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;
E'en then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death!
For fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon past,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,

And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall.
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye:
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
"Aim'st thou at princes? (all amaz'd they said)
Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vultures shall tear thee"—Thus incens'd they spoke;
While each to chance ascrib'd the wondrous stroke:
Blind as they were; for death e'en now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That whither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke.
"Dogs, ye have had your day:—ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids, lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
E'en to our bed, presumptuous, you aspir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of gods above:
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches! now is come;
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom."
Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the suitors stood;
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide;
Alone the bold Eurymachus replied:
"If, as thy words import (he thus began,)
Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd
In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land.

The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition, was his guide:
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
These were his aims;—but juster Jove denied.
Since cold in death the' offender lies, O spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their pray'r!
Brass, gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray:
Two hundred oxen every prince shall pay;
The waste of years refunded in a day.
Till then thy wrath is just."——Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:
"All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call:
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all.
Your blood is my demand! your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms: or fight or fly,
This choice is left ye, to resist or die:
And die I trust ye shall."——He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
"Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead.
Be mindful of yourselves; draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards
(So need compels.) Then, all united, strive
The bold invader from his post to drive:
The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad archer soon have shot his last."
Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord.
The wary chief the rushing foe repress'd;
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:
His failing hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!

Before him wide, in mix'd effusion roll
The' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound;
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground:
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness div'd, and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arms extends
To force the pass: the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents the' attack:
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore.
He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies;
And, "Arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries;)
Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield:
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain."
"Haste and return (Ulysses made reply,)
While yet the' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Lest thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driven from the gate, the' important pass be lost."
With speed Telemachus obeys; and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies.
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his sire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone;
At once each servant brac'd his armour on:
Around their king a faithful guard they stand.
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand,
Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.

Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield;
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.
There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.
A double strength of valves secur'd the place;
A high and narrow, but the only pass:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaus thus:—"Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour town? the town shall force the door,
And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more."
Melanthius then:—"That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.
But other methods of defence remain;
Myself with arms can furnish all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts shall pierce the prince and king."
He said; and mounting up the lofty stairs,
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and sudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.
The hero stands oppress'd with mighty wo:
On every side he sees the labour grow:—
"Oh curst event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius or the women have betray'd——
Oh my dear son!"——The father with a sigh:
Then ceas'd;—the filial virtue made reply:
"Falsehood is folly; and 'tis just to own
The fault committed:—this was mine alone;

His barbarous insult e'en the goddess fires;
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires:
"Art thou, Ulysses? where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans' daily dread,
Knows nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?
If this, when Helen was the cause, were done,
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy son!
Rise then in combat; at my side attend;
Observe what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend!"
She spoke; but willing longer to survey
The sire and son's great acts, withheld the day;
By further toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory:
Then with a charge of form eludes their sight,
P[illegible] on a rafter's height,
A[illegible] rising fight
D[illegible] Agelaus, leads
T[illegible] succeeds:
W[illegible], Pr[illegible] great Polyctor's son,
S[illegible] Polyxus, and stern Amphimedon,
With Dolioptolemus these six survive;
T[illegible] of all the shafts had left alive.
A[illegible] the carnage desperate as they stand,
Th[illegible] Agelaus rous'd the lagging band:
"The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding princes shall bestrow the floor:
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast:
The four remain;—but four against an host.
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart.
One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain."
Then all at once their mingled lances threw!
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew:

First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound;
Then straiten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column tied,
The howling felon swung from side to side.
Eumæus scoffing then with keen disdain;
"There pass thy pleasing night, O gentle swain!
On that soft pillow, from that envied height
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east,
To drive thy victims to the suitor's feast."
This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay;
Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away:
Each, breathing death, resum'd his dangerous post
Near great Ulysses; four against an host.
When lo! descending to her hero's aid,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, war's triumphant maid:
In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his side;
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cried:
"Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend;
Oh every sacred name in one!—my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er through life's whole series I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And aiding this one hour, repay it all."
Thus he:—but pleasing hopes his bosom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverse host the phantom warrior ey'd;
And first loud threatening, Agelaüs cried:
"Mentor beware; nor let that tongue persuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid:
Our force successful shall our threat make good,
And with the sire's and son's commix thy blood,
What hop'st thou here?—Thee first the sword shall slay;
Then lop thy whole posterity away:
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend:
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend."

His barbarous insult e'en the goddess fires;
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires:
"Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans' daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?
If this, when Helen was the cause, were done,
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy son!
Rise then in combat; at my side attend;
Observe what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend!"
She spoke; but willing longer to survey
The sire and son's great acts, withheld the day;
By further toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their sight,
Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the rising fight.
Demastor's son, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war: Eurynomus succeeds:
With these, Pisander, great Polyctor's son,
Sage Polybus, and stern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus: these six survive;
The best of all the shafts had left alive.
Amidst the carnage desperate as they stand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band:
"The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding princes shall bestrow the floor:
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast:
The four remain;—but four against an host.
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart:
One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain."
Then all at once their mingled lances threw!
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew:

In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,
One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls;
The storm pass'd innocent.—The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
"'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So speed them heaven) our javelins at the foe.
That impious race to all their past misdeeds
Would add our blood:—Injustice still proceeds."
He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus, Ulysses slew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus falls:
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The rest retreat: the victors now advance;
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steely shower;
Again made frustrate by the virgin-power:
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall,
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall:
Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless, on the pavement sounding dead.
Then bold Amphimedon his javelin cast;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanc'd
On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanc'd:
Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)
Each sung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear,
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain;
And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain.
Pierc'd through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
And thus Philætius gloried o'er the dead:
"There end thy pompous vaunts and high disdain,
O sharp in scandal, voluble and vain!

How weak is mortal pride! To heaven alone
The' event of actions and our fates are known;
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear."
Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
And Damastorides that instant fell:
Fast by Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's javelin tore its bloody way
Through all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.
Now Pallas shines confess'd: aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, distracted, through the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breese's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle spring.
Not half so keen, fierce vultures of the chase
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quivering net:
No help, no flight; but wounded every way,
Headlong they drop; the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound;
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground.
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.
Leiodes first before the victor falls:
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
"O, gracious, hear:—nor let thy suppliant bleed
Still undishonour'd or by word or deed
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd
Full oft was check'd the injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd and they justly fell

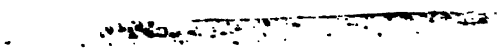
O spare an augur's consecrated head,
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead."
"Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land!
Against Ulysses have thy vows been made:
For them, thy daily orisons were paid:
Yet more, e'en to our bed thy pride aspires:—
One common crime one common fate requires."
Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forsook;
Full through his neck the weighty falchion sped:
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd;
Phemius, the sweet, the heaven-instructed, bard.
Beside the gate the reverend minstrel stands;
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands:
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laertes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then prostrate, stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus, with accents soft began:
"O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fate would wrong:
For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing;—by heaven, and heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown;
And (what the gods bestow) the lofty lay,
To gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force and not desire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay,
Nor servile flattery, stain'd the moral lay."

The moving words Telemachus attends,
His sire approaches, and the bard defends:—
"O mix not, father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head:
Medon, the herald, too our arms may spare;
Medon, who made my infancy his care:
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live."
Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapt in a new slain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:
"O prince! O friend! lo here thy Medon stands;
Ah, stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood."
To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:
"Be bold; on friendship and my son rely:
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed.
Thou, with the heaven-taught bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires"—With timorous awe
From the dire scene the' exempted two withdraw;
Scarce sure of life, look round,—and trembling move
To the bright altars of protector Jove.
Meanwhile Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all the' offending kind.
Not one!—complete the bloody tale he found;
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So, when by hollow shores the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain,

All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiffening prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.
And now the king commands his son to call
Old Euryclea to the deathful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays;
The aged governess with speed obeys:
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes:
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams;
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er;
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete,
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said:
"Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
To insult the dead is cruel and unjust;
Fate, and their crime, have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind;
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails, an unlamented shade.
But thou sincere! oh Euryclea, say,
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?"
Then she:—"In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive:
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope, obey:
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.

Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
There wake her with the news"—the matron cried.
"Not so (Ulysses more sedate replied,)
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds."
In haste the matron parts: the king proceeds:
Now to dispose the dead the care remains
"To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains:
The' offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (every table cleans'd, and every throne,
And all the melancholy labour done,)
Drive to yon court, without the palace-wall:
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
So with the suitors let them mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust."
He said:—the lamentable train appear:
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burden, and beneath
The porch depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.
The chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire task, imperious, from above.
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er;
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor,
Wash'd with the' effusive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way;
There compass'd close between the dome and wall,
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince:—"To these shall we afford
A fate so pure, as by the martial sword?
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name?"
Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;

Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below:
Thus on some tree, hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corpse to waver with the wind.
Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell—
They wash, and to Ulysses take their way;
So ends the bloody business of the day.
To Euryclea then address'd the king:
"Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend;
The matron-train with all the virgin band
Assemble here, to learn their lord's command."
Then Euryclea:—"Joyful I obey;
But cast those mean dishonest rags away:
Permit me first thy royal robes to bring:
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king."
"Bring sulphur straight and fire" (the monarch cries.)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.
With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand;
A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face:
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
E'en he indulges the sweet joy of tears.



THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

EURYCLEA awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses's return, and the death of the suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her, but supposes some god has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has passed during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIII.

THEN to the queen, as in repose she lay,
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.
"And sleeps my child? the reverend matron cries:
Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!
At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! the suitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day;
Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!"
Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd:
"Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
The righteous powers who tread the starry skies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,
And human thought with unresisted sway,
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
And folly with the tongue of wisdom speaks.
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!
Was it to flatter, or deride, my woes?
Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy;
Why must I wake to grieve; and curse thy shore,
O Troy?—may never tongue pronounce thee more!

Be gone: another might have felt our rage:
But age is sacred: and we spare thy age."
To whom with warmth: "My soul a lie disdains:
Ulysses lives: thy own Ulysses reigns:
That stranger, patient of the suitors' wrongs,
And the rude license of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine! thy son, his latent guest
Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burst at once in vengeance on the foes."
While yet she spoke, the queen in transport sprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung:
Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear—
"Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be slain, though by an hero's hand?"
"I saw it not, (she cries) but heard alone,
When death was busy, a loud dying groan:
The damsel-train turn'd pale at every wound;
Immur'd we sat, and catch'd each passing sound.
When death had seiz'd her prey, thy son attends,
And at his nod the damsel-train descends;
There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,
And the dead suitors almost swam in blood.
Thy heart had leapt the hero to survey,
Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore!—now with sulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aspires;
Heap'd lie the dead without the palace-walls:—
Haste, daughter, haste, thy own Ulysses calls!
Thy every wish the bounteous gods bestow;
Enjoy the present good, and former wo:
Ulysses lives his vanquish'd foes to see.
He lives, to thy Telemachus and thee!"
"Ah no! (with sighs Penelope rejoin'd)
Excess of joy disturbs thy wandering mind.

How bless'd this happy hour, should he appear!
Dear to us all,—to me supremely dear!
Ah no! some god the suitors' deaths decreed:
Some god descends, and by his hand they bleed.
Blind! to contemn the stranger's righteous cause,
And violate all hospitable laws!
The good they hated, and the powers defied:
But heaven is just; and by a god they died.
For never must Ulysses view this shore;
Never!——the lov'd Ulysses is no more;"
"What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction:—Ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulysses o'er the wat'ry way,
A boar fierce-rushing in the sylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh: I saw, I saw the scar,
And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.
Then, daughter, haste away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!"
To whom with dubious joy the queen replies:
"Wise is thy soul; but errors seize the wise.
The works of gods what mortal can survey;
Who knows their motives, who shall trace their way?
But learn we instant how the suitors trod
The paths of death; by man, or by a god?"
Thus speaks the queen; and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At every step debates, her lord to prove!
Or, rushing to his arms, confess her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves in state,
Oppos'd, before the shining fire she sat.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the silence break:
Amaz'd she sat, and impotent to speak:

O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus:—"Oh who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in silence? why with winning charms
Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
When twice ten years are past of mighty woes;
To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,
The gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!"
"O my Telemachus! (the queen rejoin'd)
Distracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to question: doubts on doubts arise.
O deign he, if Ulysses, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!"
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies:
Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wise;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king:
No more.——This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands:
By us, in heaps the illustrious peerage falls;
The' important deed our whole attention calls.
"Be that thy care, (Telemachus replies)
The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;
For wisdom all is thine!—lo, I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind."
"Then instant to the bath (the monarch cries;)
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;

While the sweet lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings:
That hence the' eluded passengers may say,
"Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!"
The suitors' death unknown till we remove
Far from the court and act inspir'd by Jove."
Thus spoke the king: the' observant train obey:
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array:
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damsels form the sprightly dance.
The voice, attun'd to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobserv'd: the Greeks eluded say
"Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour."
Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.
Meanwhile the wearied king the bath ascends;
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,
O'er every limb a shower of fragrance sheds:
Then dress'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The warrior-goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks, of hyacinthine dye.
As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly skill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And the pale silver glows with fusil gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a god he moves;
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing consort sat.
"And oh my queen! (he cries) what power above
Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!
Canst thou, Penelope, when heaven restores
Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,
Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey
Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day?

Haste, Euryclea, and despatchful spread
For me, and me alone, the' imperial bed:
My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
But heaven with adamant has arm'd her breast."
"Ah no! (she cries) a tender heart I bear;
A foe to pride; no adamant is there:
And now, e'en now it melts! for sure I see
Once more Ulysses my belov'd in thee!
Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy!
Haste, from the bridal bower the bed translate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dress'd in state!"
Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with disguise;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies:
"Alas for this! what mortal strength can move
The' enormous burden,—who but heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth must move, if heaven commands,
Then hear sure evidence, while we display
Words seal'd with sacred truth; and truth obey:
This hand the wonder fram'd: an olive spread
Full in the court its ever-verdant head;
Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose, and heav'd into the sky:
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial-bower,
And roof'd defensive of the storm and shower;
The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins.
And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain
Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise;
And bore it, regular, from space to space:
Athwart the frame, at equal distance lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye.
Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mould
With silver shone, with elephant and gold.

But if o'erturn'd by rude ungovern'd hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, O queen, to say:—and now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart?"
While yet he speaks, her powers of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recovering, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew:
The tears pour'd down amain:—and, "Oh, she cries,
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous powers, that mortal lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love;
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove;
'Twas caution, oh my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms,
Ere Greece rose dreadful in the' avenging day,
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
But heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that Greece should bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with wo.
But why these sorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone

(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bow'r.)
Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield."
Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.
As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars;
Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulf'd in crowds at once the sailors die;
If one more happy, while the tempest raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land:
The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her lov'd lord, and to his bosom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
But Pallas backward held the rising day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main,
Whose flaming steeds, emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.
At length Ulysses with a sigh replies:
"Yet fate, yet cruel fate, repose denies.
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By heaven above, by hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tiresias through the' eternal gates
Of hell I trod, to learn my future fates.
But end we here——the night demands repose;
Be deck'd the couch! and peace awhile, my woes!
To whom the queen: "Thy word we shall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away,
Since the just gods, who tread the starry plains,
Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns.
But what those perils heaven decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart."
To this the king: "Ah why must I disclose
A dreadful story of approaching woes?

Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
When thou must learn, what I must speak, with tears?
Heaven, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main:
An oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes
The unknown instrument with strange surprise,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Then swift resailing to my native shores,
Due victims slay to all the' ethereal powers.
Then heaven decrees in peace to end my days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays:
Unknown to pain in age resign my breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
My people blessing, by my people bless'd.
"Such future scenes the' all-righteous powers display,
By their dread seer, and such my future day."
To whom thus firm of soul:—"If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath,
While heaven a kind release from ills foreshows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!"
But Euryclea with despatchful care,
And sage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repose her steps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè descends;
A torch she bears to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.

Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.
And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair;
But in discourse the king and consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away.
Intent he hears Penelope disclose
A mournful story of domestic woes
His servants' insults; his invaded bed;
How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled;
His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,
And the wild riots of the suitor-train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates;
All he unfolds: his listening spouse turns pale
With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale;
Sleepless devours each word; and hears, how slain
Cicons on Cicons swell the ensanguin'd plain;
How to the land of Lote unbless'd he sails,
And images the rills, and flowery vales;
How dash'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unrevenged), and quaff'd the spouting gore;
How the loud storms in prison bound, he sails
From friendly Æolus with prosperous gales;
Yet fate withstands! a sudden tempest roars,
And whirls him groaning from his native shores:
How on the barbarous Læstrygonian coast,
By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost;
How scarce himself surviv'd: he paints the bower,
The spells of Circe, and her magic power;
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To seek Tiresias in the vales of death;
How in the doleful mansions he survey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's shade;
And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts;
Then how, unarm'd, he pass'd the Siren coasts,
The justling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous waves,

The cave of death! How his companions slay
The oxen sacred to the god of day,
Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempest guides,
And whelms the' offenders in the roaring tides:
How struggling through the surge, he reach'd the shores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bow'rs,
Where the gay-blooming nymph constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life exempt from age and wo:
How sav'd from storms Phæacia's coast he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a god,
Who gave him last his country to behold,
With change of raiment, brass, and heaps of gold.
He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares
A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.
Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva rushes through the' aërial way,
And bids Aurora with her golden wheels
Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills:
Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch said:
"My queen; my consort! through a length of years,
We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears:
Thou, for thy lord; while me the' immortal pow'rs
Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.
Now, bless'd again by heaven, the queen display,
And rule our palace with an equal sway;
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds, with gifts or spoils.
But now I haste to bless Laertes' eyes
With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies:
The good old man, to wasting woes a prey,
Weeps a sad life in solitude away.
But hear, though wise! This morning shall unfold
The deathful scene, on heroes, heroes roll'd;

Thou with thy maids within the palace stay,
From all the scene of tumult far away!"
He spoke, and, sheath'd in arms, incessant flies
To wake his son; and bid his friends arise.
"To arms!" aloud he cries: his friends obey,
With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
And pass the city-gates; Ulysses leads the way.
Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas shrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE souls of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes: he finds him busied in his garden all alone: the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge; and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes the father of Antinous, rise against Ulysses; who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects; which concludes the Odyssey.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIV.

Cyllenius now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,
Points out the long uncomfortable way.
Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin hollow screams, along the deep descent.
As in the cavern of some rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene,
Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock:
So cowering fled the sable heaps of ghosts;
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
And now they reach'd the earth's remotest ends;
And now the gates where evening Sol descends,
And Leucas' rock, and ocean's utmost streams;
And now pervade the dusky land of dreams,
And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowering meads of asphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there;
Impassive semblance, images of air!
Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;
Ajax, and great Achilles, are no more!

Yet still a master-ghost the rest he aw'd,
The rest ador'd him, towering as he trod:
Still at his side is Nestor's son survey'd;
And lov'd Patroclus still attends his shade.
New as they were to that infernal shore,
The suitors stopt, and gaz'd the hero o'er:
When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides: him in pomp pursued
And solemn sadness, through the gloom of hell,
The train of those who by Ægisthus fell.
"O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind;
Com'st thou the first, to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon;
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun!
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
Historic marbles to record thy praise: [raise
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
But heavier fates were destin'd to attend!
What man is happy, till he knows his end?"
"O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)
Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain
Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific e'en in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every way.
Nor ceas'd the strife, till Jove himself oppos'd,
And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd.

Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard, and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ships the frighted host had fled,
But Nestor spoke;—they listen'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things.)
'Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main
To mourn Achilles leads her azure train.'
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heavenly vests, and round thee weep;
Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till seventeen nights and seventeen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day;
And fatted sheep, and sable oxen, slay;
With oils and honey blaze the' augmented fires,
And like a god adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies.
Soon as absorb'd in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase;
(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold)
There we thy reliques, great Achilles, blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:

In the same urn a separate space contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide the' extended Hellespont surveys;
Where all, from age to age who pass the coast,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The gods assented; and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.
Oft have I seen with solemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave,
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given;
And such thy honours, O belov'd of heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives; nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by stern Jove, at home to end my life,
By curs'd Ægisthus, and a faithless wife!"

Thus they:—while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.
On each majestic form they cast a view;
And timorous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon through the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd:
"Son of Melanthius! (he began) O say!
What cause compell'd so many and so gay,
To tread the downward melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?

Did nightly thieves, or pirates' cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?
Or well defending some beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest, for such I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forc'd a long month the wint'ry seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war."
" O king of men! I faithful shall relate
(Replied Amphimedon) our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursued his royal dame:
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor denied;
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in delusion spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
'Ye peers (she cried) who press to gain my heart,
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,
Yet a short space, your rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death:
Lest, when the fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.'
" The fiction pleas'd: our generous train complies;
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she plied; but studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd the' amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.

Forc'd, she completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.
"Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,
Ill fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confederate to the city and the court.
First came the son; the father next succeeds
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill us'd by all!—to every wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.
But when, arising in his wrath to' obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome,
Careful he treasur'd in a private room:
Then, to her suitors bade his queen propose
The archer's strife; the source of future woes,
And omen of our death!—In vain we drew
The twanging string, and tried the stubborn yew:
To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood,
Pour'd forth the darts that thirsted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a god!
First bleeds Antinous: thick the shafts resound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some god assisted, and unmann'd us all:

Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.
" Thus, great Atrides! thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou seest from yon fair realms above.
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected spread the marble floor.
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corpse,—the honours of the dead."
" Oh bless'd Ulysses (thus the king express'd
His sudden rapture,) in thy consort bless'd!
Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue shin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind:
Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
And model to the future age, shall last:
The gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
(Their great reward) a poet in her praise.
Not such, O Tyndarus! thy daughter's deed,
By whose dire hand her king and husband bled:
Her shall the muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread! and theme of tragic song!
The general sex shall suffer in her shame;
And e'en the best that bears a woman's name."
Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead:
While from the town, Ulysses, and his band,
Pass'd to Laertes' cultivated land.
The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain;
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.
There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few servants that divide his care,
Took their laborious rest and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his rustic band
And martial son, Ulysses gave command:
" Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the powers divine.

Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory:
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know,
(Their light and dearest object long ago)
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with
woe?"

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter, and he seeks the field.
Through rows of shade with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius nor his sons were there:
Nor servants, absent on another care;
To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard-bounds to strengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary king he found:
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair:
His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gardener stood,
And clear'd a plant encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his sire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himself; now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,
With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul.—
Not so:—his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay;
More gentle methods on weak age employs,
And moves the sorrows, to enhance the joys.

Then to his sire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said:
"Great is thy skill, O father! great thy toil:
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On every plant and tree thy cares are shown;
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
Not for thy sloth I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?
But chief, O tell me! (what I question most)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd
(Some surly islander, of manners rude,)
Nor further conference vouchsaf'd to stay;
Heedless he whistled, and pursued his way.
But thou! whom years have taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand:
A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave;
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
He said from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him whatever to a guest is ow'd
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd;

To him seven talents of pure ore I told, [gold,
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff with
A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames;
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames."
At this the father, with a father's fears
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears:)
"This is the land; but, ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once fam'd shore!
Thy ancient friend, O stranger, is no more!
Full recompense thy bounty else had borne;
For every good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
"But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd,
What years have circled since thou saw'st that guest?
That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
(Wretch that he was; and that I am!) my son!
If ever man to misery was born,
'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies, a prey to monsters of the main;
Or savage beasts his mangled reliques tear,
Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents shed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er the' untimely dead;
Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or dropp'd a tender tear!
"But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?"
Then thus the son:—"From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.

Some adverse dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wandering course, and drove us on your shore:
Far from the town, and unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our wearied vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursued
Ulysses parting through the sable flood;
Prosperous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair shore;
Whom heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more."
Quick through the father's heart these accents ran;
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man:
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:
He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,—
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,
"I, I am he;—O father, rise!—behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son,—so long desir'd, so long detain'd—
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:
These floods of sorrow, oh my sire, restrain!
The vengeance is complete; the suitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain."
Amaz'd, Laertes:—"Give some certain sign,
(If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."
"Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar,
When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,
To old Autolycus's realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know:
The several trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name;

Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice."
Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown:
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
"Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and gods there are above.
'Tis so—the suitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise?"

To this Ulysses:—"As the gods shall please
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side;
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends;
And there the young Telemachus attends.
Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The swains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
With awful port, and majesty divine;
His gazing son admires the godlike grace,
And air celestial dawning o'er his face.

"What god (he cried) my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves?"
"Oh! would to all the deathless powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!
(Replied the king elated with his praise)
My strength were still, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.
Such were I now, not absent from your deed
When the last sun beheld the suitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown
Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter on;
Nor had the sire been separate from the son."
They commun'd thus:—while homeward bent their way
The swains, fatigued with labours of the day;
Dolius the first, the venerable man;
And next his sons, a long-succeeding train:
For due refection to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the sire:
They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;
The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out:—"Oh long, oh daily mourn'd,
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!
Conducted sure by heaven! for heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne!

Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
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Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or sink at once forgotten with the dead."
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd!—dumb sorrows touch'd them all.
When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along;
(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke)
And Medon first the' assembled chiefs bespoke:
"Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand!
As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present god,
Who now before him, now beside him stood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his ways with blood:
In vain old Mentor's form the god belied;
'Twas heaven that struck, and heaven was on his side."
A sudden horror all the' assembly shook;
When, slowly rising, Halitherses spoke;
(Reverend and wise, whose comprehensive view
At once the present and the future knew:)
"Me too, ye fathers, hear!—from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the rein
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain:)
An absent hero's bed they sought to soil;
An absent heroes wealth they made their spoil:
Immoderate riot, and intemperate lust!
The' offence was great, the punishment was just.
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
Nor rush to ruin. Justice will prevail."
His moderate words some better minds persuade:
They part, and join him, but the number stay'd.
They storm, they shout, with hasty frenzy fir'd,
And second all Eupithes' rage inspir'd.

They case their limbs in brass; to arms they run:
The broad effulgence blazes in the sun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and death attends him there.

This pass'd on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
"May I presume to search thy secret soul?
O power supreme, O ruler of the whole!
Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state,
Or peaceful amity, or stern debate?
Declare thy purpose; for thy will is fate."

"Is not thy thought my own? (the god replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
The chief's return should make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done; and at thy will the fates succeed.
Yet hear the issue:—since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the suitors, heaven shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of the' unjust shall own;
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son:
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past, oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people bless'd.
LET ALL BE PEACE"—He said, and gave the nod
That binds the fates; the sanction of the god:
And prompt to execute the' eternal will,
Descended Pallas from the' Olympian hill.

Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress'd:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their power.

Four friends alone Ulysses cause embrace;
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms Laertes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And brazen panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display:
Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended maid:
The suffering hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd:
"Behold, Telemachus! nor fear the sight!
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend:
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread:
Regard thyself, the living, and the dead."
"Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste."
So spoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy;
"And, bless'd! thrice bless'd this happy day! (he cries)
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of the' Arcesian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!"
Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
"Son of Arcesius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in pray'r,
Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air."
She said, infusing courage with the word.
Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air:
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear:
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.

Before the father and the conquering son
Heaps rush on heaps: they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the sword and now the javelin fall
The rebel race! and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cried;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide:
"Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
From mutual slaughter: PEACE DESCENDS TO SPARE."
Fear shook the nations: at the voice divine
They drop their javelins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then stopp'd the goddess, trembled, and retir'd.
"Descended from the gods! Ulysses, cease:
Offend not Jove: obey, and give the peace."
So Pallas spoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The virgin-seed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
"And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

FINIS.

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